# The Outlook

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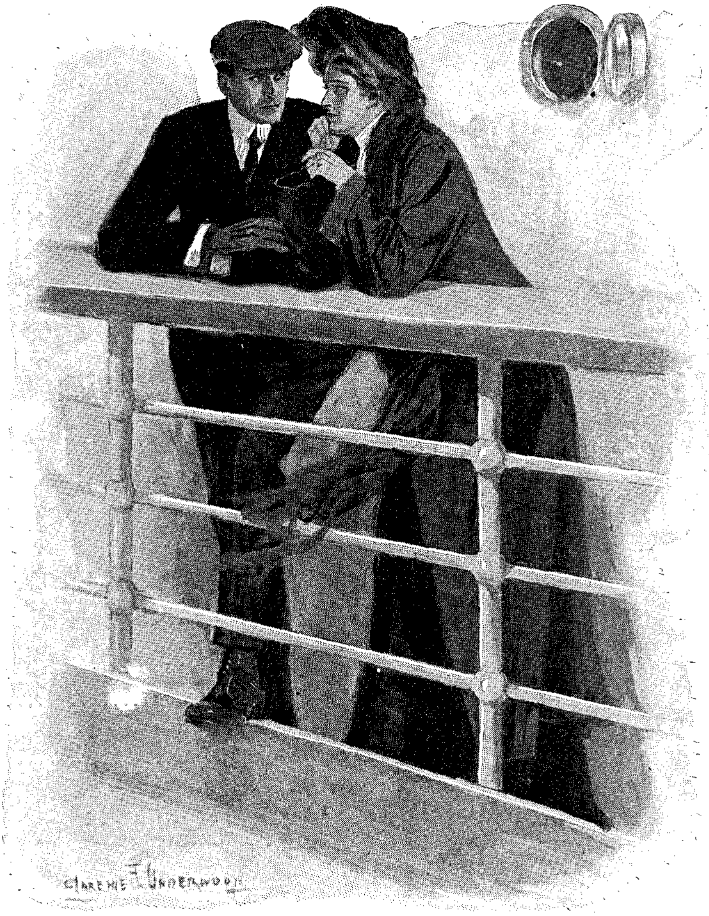

It is a mistake to suppose that you can buy good soap "anywhere in Europe."

The fact is, that outside of the big cities, it is almost impossible to obtain it. A few of the hotels furnish individual cakes of soap for the use of guests. But, as a rule, it is not satisfactory.

The thing to do is to take a plentiful supply of Ivory Soap with you.

How many cakes should you take? That depends. If you expect to be gone a month, four cakes are enough. Two months, eight cakes. Three months, twelve cakes.

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**Ivory Soap—It Floats.**

# The Outlook

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1906

### *Making a Parliament*

These days at St. Petersburg equal in interest those in England centuries ago, when Montfort created "the mother of Parliaments," and those in France something over a century ago, when Mirabeau galvanized the old advisory States General into legislative life. The seed sown by Simon de Montfort directly influenced a people small in numbers compared with the hundred and forty million Russians affected by the Parliament's birth ten days ago at St. Petersburg, even though the English Parliament was to be an exemplar for all succeeding similar bodies. Secondly, the speeches already made in the Russian Parliament show that it possesses thinkers and speakers who may rival even Mirabeau himself. Finally, as to demeanor, the Russian Parliament's proceedings may well be compared with those of the States General of old time and of the French Parliament to-day; whatever dignity and restraint there has been at St. Petersburg is the more remarkable in consideration of the facts that a few days before the opening of the Russian Parliament the exasperatingly reactionary "Fundamental Laws" were published, making the work of the forthcoming National Assembly appear futile, and that, on the eve of Parliament's opening, the police broke up a caucus of duly elected members. Favorable impressions have been strengthened by each day's discussion on the reply from the members of the Duma, or lower house of Parliament, to the address from the throne. When we remember that these men came into their present functions through partial, not general, suffrage, and were also chosen indirectly, not directly, with the hope of securing as conservatively inclined members as possible, the clear and definite enunciation by hitherto apparently inert masses of a trenchant policy is one of the happy surprises of our time. The speeches of those supposed to be least able as orators—namely, the muzhiks, or peasants—were naturally the subjects of the keenest curiosity. They were, of course, delivered in the simple language and in the dialects of their villages; they startled the Duma by their intelligence as by their often extreme statement; if the muzhiks had had their way throughout, the reply would have been more radical than it is. They were somewhat held in check, however, by the Constitutional Democrats, or Cadets, with whom they are in alliance for working purposes. Next to their speeches was the equally unwonted spectacle in such a place of pleas for amnesty for prisoners made by extreme radicals. "We demand an amnesty," declared Professor Stchepin, of Odessa, "not to celebrate the opening of the Duma, nor to obtain a single pardon for criminals, but on principle, because we can no longer consider as criminals those on whose behalf we make our demand."

### *Russian Political Parties*

The main work of framing the reply, however, was done by the Constitutional Democrats. Before the recent electoral campaign began there were very many political parties in Russia—if the word "party" can properly be applied to loosely organized "unions." It looked as if the important issues would be lost sight of under minute points of doctrine which were dividing the liberal elements. The Constitutional Democrats or Cadets alone knew how to organize themselves into a disciplined party. They introduced campaign methods which some of their leaders had studied during forced exile abroad. They adopted a broad and general platform. But their main strength lay in the leaders themselves—

men like Petrunkevitch, Hessen, Miliukov, Struve. Many voted for the Cadet candidate, not because they believed in the programme of the party, but because they had confidence in the men who were directing the party. The Socialist parties, the Social Democrats, and the extremists, the Social Revolutionists, are now regretting their short-sighted policy of boycotting the elections. Turning now to the more conservative of the Liberal parties, there is first the Constitutional Reform party, led by such men as Kovalevsky, Gambarov, and Arseniev. They did not wish to submit to the disciplinary organization of the Cadets. But they are very close to them in all vital points at issue, and are already co-operating with them in the Duma. The "Octobrists" or "Union of the 17th of October" (30th in our calendar) have adopted as their programme the Freedom Manifesto of that date. This party forms the Parliamentary center. Though the Manifesto as a platform is a broad and liberal one, little confidence seems to be felt in the men who are leading this party. They are known to be ready to compromise with the Government. For that reason, more than any other, they lost many votes to the Cadets. Still further removed from the Cadets are the Conservatives, and, finally, the conservative extremists, the reactionaries; of both of these parties, fortunately, there will not be many members. Their strength is, of course, in the Council of the Empire, or upper house, of which one-half is still nominated by the Emperor. The Cadets stand for a constitutional monarchy, parliamentary rights, a limited autonomy in Poland, a general suffrage, and absolute equality for Jews. Their agrarian programme seems the most radical of any of the moderate liberal parties. The Cadets drew up their electoral ticket with a view to appealing to the largest number of votes. In Moscow they sacrificed a prominent leader in order to have a workman on their ticket. In St. Petersburg, where to a certain extent the workmen had boycotted the Duma, so that there was no possible candidate among the workman electors, a workman was not put up. By this policy, as well as by their principles, they constitute a large majority in the Duma, controlling four-fifths of its members.

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*The Duma to the Emperor* At the close of the general discussion the Duma voted a reply which contains the following demands:

1. General amnesty.
2. The abolition of the death penalty.
3. The suspension of martial law and all exceptional laws.
4. Full civil liberty.
5. The abolition of the Council of the Empire, the upper house of Parliament.
6. The revision of the fundamental law.
7. The establishment of the responsibility of Ministers.
8. The right of interpellation.
9. Forced expropriation of land belonging to the Crown, the Church, and the nobles.
10. Guarantees of the rights of trades unions.

The Duma's reply has been described by the "Novoe Vremya" "as a purely revolutionary document, such as might appear as a leading article in a Social Democratic newspaper." In truth, however, of the above demands the only really revolutionary one is that for the forced expropriation of lands belonging to the Crown, the Church, and the nobles. It may be claimed that to this the abolition of the Council of the Empire is but a logical corollary. Those radical orators, however, who declared last week that they would "teach England and America a lesson in democracy" may reflect that a legislature of one body commends itself to few peoples as the safest form of parliament, despite the sometimes justified murmurs in England about "mending or ending" the House of Lords. It will be doubtless ultimately mended as to rights of birth as constituting rights of membership; it will hardly be "ended," any more than will the American Senate. The Russian reformers stood on far firmer ground in asking for a Ministry responsible to Parliament and not to the Crown—thus at a bound Russia would put herself alongside England, outdistancing Germany, where the Ministry is responsible to the Crown only—in justly demanding the power of the purse, in praying for the abolition of the death penalty (a questionable request), the freedom of strikes, and amnesty for prisoners. The question of course arises: What will Nicholas II. do? The reactionaries would have him flout the reply and dissolve Parliament. But that would be to invite revolution. The Emperor naturally shrinks from a course inviting such consequences. The programme of the Moderates and Liberals would also be upset by a dissolution of Parliament. It may be assumed that they and Nicholas II. are now of one mind, though for different reasons, that of the Liberals being that they want an uninterrupted Parliamentary session, so that they may force through their rather radical but not confiscatory agrarian project, upon which they count to strengthen themselves with the country before another election occurs. Under all these circumstances, then, the whole world is watching St. Petersburg with absorbing attention. For, whatever the Emperor does or does not do, the Russian capital is now taking its historic place alongside the other birthplaces of Parliaments.

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*An Interesting Visitor* One of the prime duties of different peoples to-day is to become acquainted with one another; for it grows clear that in the twentieth century all races will be compelled by circumstances to learn to live together, not only with tolerance, but with brotherly feeling, if antagonisms between races are not to verge upon local civil wars. For this reason the visits of rulers of various countries to the countries of other peoples, with the opportunities of studying foreign institutions and looking at things from an unaccustomed point of view, are among the most useful methods of education. Until very lately the visits of Orientals of high official position to this country were few and far between, and the coming of the Gaekwar of Baroda to travel in America is not only interesting but important. He is the ruler of the second of the three principal Indian States under British rule. It is a small State, but an unusually rich one, and, what is more important, an unusually progressive one. The present Gaekwar is said to be a man of high character, of great kindliness of nature, and an eminently wise administrator. His temper and the distance which separates him from the traditional Indian ruler are indicated by the statement which he is reported to have made recently, that the best government is that which makes the greatest number of people happy—a phrase which suggests that this Hindu potentate has been a faithful reader of Stevenson, whose gracious ambition it was to become good himself and to make other people happy. It is probably due to the working out of this attitude in practical government that the people of Baroda have come to be ranked among the foremost of the Hindu peoples and that the conditions of the country are unusually prosperous. Americans need to learn a good deal from Oriental repose, religious feeling, and courtesy, and Orientals need to learn a good deal from Occidental energy, grip on the great principle of personality, and the determination, though very imperfectly carried out as yet, to make social and political institutions conform to ethical ideas. This interchange of experience and knowledge between the East and the West finds little record, but promises to be far and away the most important commerce between the two parts of the world during the coming decades; and the visit of a leading Hindu ruler is for that reason an important event in current affairs.

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*The Pan-American Conference* Of the delegates appointed to represent this country at the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro in July, Mr. James S. Harlan, formerly Attorney-General of Porto Rico and a son of Associate Justice Harlan, has resigned. His place has been filled by the appointment of Professor Paul Samuel Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, the well-known publicist, whose "World Politics" has attained such deserved repute. Professor Reinsch will bring to the American delegation a rich equipment, and should be a valued counselor. Mr. Buchanan, president of our delegation, Mr. Dean, the secretary, and several delegates are sailing from New York by the steamer Byron on

July 2. Others go from Southampton by the steamer Thames June 29, while Secretary Root sails by the United States gunboat Charleston. All of these gentlemen should arrive in good time for the opening of the Conference, July 21. Some weeks ago it appeared possible that the meeting of the Hague Conference might conflict with the Pan-American Conference. The Emperor of Russia summoned the Hague Conference to meet in July, a convenient month, for several good reasons, to Russia and to the Netherlands, the latter power, of course, acting as host. On hearing, however, of objection being raised by our Government to July, because it was the time long since announced for the Rio Conference, and on being informed by the Netherlands Government of its willingness to make different accommodations for the entertainment of the Hague Conference, the Emperor immediately agreed to postpone it. When the Hague Conference is finally called, therefore, we expect that sufficient time will have elapsed for those members of the Rio Conference who are also to be members of the Hague Conference to proceed from South America to Europe. The chief reason why the Latin-American republics purpose sending, in many instances, the same men to both conferences, is that those best equipped to discuss the question of international debt-collecting at Rio will also be the best able to influence the decision at The Hague from the standpoint of the debtor nations.

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*A Sea-Level vs. a Lock Canal*

Last week the Senate Committee on Inter-Oceanic Canals voted in favor of constructing a sea-level canal, in consequence of which Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, from the Committee, reported favorably a bill providing for such canal across the Isthmus of Panama. The bill directs that—

> A sea-level canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans be constructed in accordance with the report and plan of the Board of Consulting Engineers for the Panama Canal, created by the order of the President, dated June 24, 1905, in pursuance of an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the construction of a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," approved June 28, 1902.

A timely argument for a sea-level type is found in the object-lesson just furnished by the San Francisco earthquake, and on this the report says:

> The assertion that any particular spot in the tropics is exempt from all danger from such convulsions of nature as recently visited California, or wrought great havoc near Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886, or changed the face of nature in southwestern Missouri near the beginning of this century, would not be hazarded by any wise man. We can have no guaranty that the Canal Zone will in the future be exempt from such disaster.

There is one structure, however, proposed for a sea-level canal, which would be presumably injured by earthquakes—the Gamboa dam. The report points out, nevertheless, that this is unlikely, since the dam is to rest on solid rock, reinforced by strong walls, and buttressed on either side by walls of rock. The lock type would, of course, mean many locks built on alluvial bases, likely to crack in seismic disturbances, leaving ships stranded, while years would probably be required to repair the walls and locks that might be injured. The report also refers to the ease with which one person with a high explosive could render a lock canal unserviceable at the time of war, when it might be most needed, by blowing up one of the locks. The report compares the time required by vessels in passing through canals of the two types to the great advantage of the sea-level, showing that through the latter ships of all classes could be passed across the Isthmus in eight hours.

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*Ultimate Economy*

The report declares that while the cost of the sea-level canal would be about $250,000,000 and about $140,000,000 for a lock type, the difference in maintenance in favor of the sea-level type would be about $800,000 a year. This, capitalized at two per cent., would add $40,000,000 to the cost of a lock canal. To this the report adds $10,000,000 for the cost of nearly 120,000 acres which would be submerged by the lock plan, bringing the total cost up to $190,000,000. This would leave a difference of but $60,000,000 between the two plans. The difference in time of construction would be from two to three years. Hence, in the opinion of the Senate Committee, a sea-level canal, both for military and commercial purposes, is to be preferred to a lock canal, this opinion being further enforced by the ultimate net economy in its construction and maintenance over a lock canal. The majority of the Committee summarized its conclusions as follows:

1. The ideal canal is the one at sea level.
2. That its construction will be attended by no more and probably with less hazard than one requiring 170 feet of lockage and enormous earth dams on doubtful foundation.
3. That a sea-level canal will be much safer and more convenient than the other.
4. That but a little longer time will be consumed in its construction than the one with unprecedented locks.
5. That the maintenance of the canal at sea level will be much simpler and far more economical in operation and maintenance.
6. That the realizability of the ideal type at Panama is one of the chief advantages of this route.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that the sea-level canal does not entirely do away with locks, which in the opinion of engineers on the ground will be quite as exposed to earthquake dangers as a lock canal. As a matter of fact, all records and scientific indications go to show that there has been no earthquake in the Canal Zone for at least two hundred years. The President and Secretary of War are on record as favoring a lock canal, the majority of all the engineers who have studied the subject are supporters of the lock plan, and Mr. John Foster Carr, The Outlook's correspondent at Panama, points out that an overwhelming sentiment in favor of the lock system is found among scientific and practical men now engaged on the Isthmus in digging and constructing the canal.

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### *The Senatorial Tempest*

The space devoted by the daily papers to the incident in the Senate last week is out of all proportion to its importance; the future historian will hardly recall it at all, unless possibly as an illustration of the American tendency toward hysteria. When the Republican opponents of railway rate regulation endeavored to stifle the Hepburn Bill in committee, and it was reported to the Senate by a combination of Republican and Democratic votes, the "antis," in a moment of petulance, put it into the charge of Mr. Tillman, who had gone out of his way to insult the President, and was of all Senators probably the one personally most offensive to him. If this was an attempt to create party sentiment against the bill by giving it the appearance of a Democratic measure, it failed. The bill under Democratic leadership got as cordial support from the President and his immediate friends in the Senate as if it had been under Republican leadership. The course of debate presently made it clear that the Senate would adopt a bill which would embody the three principles laid down in the President's Message of last December: (1) Power in some administrative body to decide whether a railway rate complained of is reasonable and just, and, if not, to prescribe a maximum rate; (2) this decision to go into effect within a reasonable time, (3) "*subject to review by the courts.*" The words italicized are from the President's Message, and there is not the least reason to believe that he has ever desired to make the decisions of the administrative body superior to such judicial review. But the only hope of the Republican minority, who had thrown down the gage of battle to the President by putting his pet measure into the charge of his personal and political enemy, was to create the impression that he was opposed to the court review which he had officially declared to be an essential feature of the measure. They sedulously set themselves to produce this impression, and they were aided by certain newspaper correspondents who were either unscrupulous or careless in their report of current gossip, by Senator Bailey's advocacy of a provision prohibiting any stay of proceedings pending such review, and by the fact that the President himself believed it better to leave the courts to determine the method of their procedur and the extent of their powers rath than to define either in the bill.

*Its Political Significance*

The debate concerning the bill soon turned almost wholly upon this question. The earlier contentions that there were no evils to be cured, or that such evils as existed were amply provided for in existing laws, or that it was unconstitutional to delegate to a Commission power to fix rates, were all practically abandoned, and the Senate gave itself to discussing the minor question: Should the jurisdiction of the courts be assumed and they left to define it, or should it be affirmed and defined in the bill? Senator Tillman, for reasons best known to himself, has habitually refused to call at the White House, and of course the President could not call on him at the Senate Chamber, so that the anomaly was brought about of an Administration measure put in the hands of an opponent of the Administration, who refused to confer with the Administration on the subject. At this juncture there appeared on the scene ex-Senator Chandler as an intermediary between the President and Senator Tillman. The President thought he was delegated by Senator Tillman; Senator Tillman thought he was delegated by the President; he seems, in fact, to have been a volunteer accepted by both parties without any inquiry into his credentials. It may be thought that the President would have shown greater wisdom if he had refused to receive Mr. Chandler; yet to refuse to confer with a supposed delegate of Mr. Tillman would have been counted a discourtesy, and would have added to the ire of the already too irate Senator. Such an interpretative office as Mr. Chandler assumed requires the greatest accuracy and the greatest tact, qualities for which Mr. Chandler has never been celebrated. It is clear that, whatever he was in intention, he was in fact not a reconciler but a mischief-maker. That in his report of conversations he misremembered, misunderstood, and misreported is quite evident, and is not at all strange; such is ordinarily the fate of such diplomatists. A little more sanity on the part of Mr. Tillman and Mr. Bailey would have led them to anticipate such misreports and would have saved them from introducing into the Senate the language of the bar-room. The incident shows what passions have been aroused by the President's attempt to bring the great corporations under control, how unscrupulous have been some of the methods employed against him, and what courage and tenacity it has required to meet them. The Allison amendment, the acceptance of which is treated by certain Democratic papers as a backdown by the President, does nothing whatever, as The Outlook has heretofore pointed out, except to affirm that to be law which every Constitutional lawyer knew was law, namely, that the Circuit Courts have jurisdiction to subject to review the decisions of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Politically, the President's acceptance of the amendment has given the Republican Senators who were in opposition a chance to support the bill and save their political reputation, and it has destroyed alike the hopes of those who wished to defeat the bill by stirring up strife among its supporters, and those who sought to get the credit of the bill for the Democratic party by alienating from it Republican support. There is no evidence to support the charges of bad faith or vacillation brought against the President, and their only ultimate effect will be to react against the accusers.

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*Railway Graft*

The sworn testimony given last week before the Inter-State Commerce Commission has revealed the existence of graft in one of the great corporations which has heretofore had more than most corporations the confidence of the American public. Officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad acknowledged that they had received gratuities from favored shippers. Division superintendents, car distributors, and other high officials, it was shown, accepted as gifts stock in coal-mining companies; and a close relation was established between the receipt of these gifts and the bestowal of railway favors upon these particular coal companies. An assistant to the president of the Pennsylvania was at his own request given $5,000 in lieu of such stock. One division superintendent had received gratis from one mine shares which brought him an income of $1,200 a year. The general superintendent of one of the greatest divisions, as he himself testified, accepted outright as gifts several hundred shares of stock in various companies located on that road. In another company he was privileged in purchasing 200 shares of stock for $5,000, half the par value, and as it paid dividends of from ten to twenty per cent., this made a return of from twenty-four to forty per cent. on the investment. Another official of the Pennsylvania receives an income of more than five thousand dollars a year from dividends on coal company stocks which he had received as gratuities or presents. That the railway officials had shown favoritism to certain shippers by providing them with cars and sidings, while denying similar privileges to competitors of those shippers, was evident. Mr. Charles E. Pugh, second vice-president of the Pennsylvania, testified, for instance, that the railroad had put in sidings for the Keystone Company, of which Mr. R. K. Cassatt, son of the president of the railroad, is president; it was then shown by testimony that other companies which had apparently as much right to sidings had been denied them. Mr. Pugh, it ought to be said, has not, according to the testimony so far given, been in any way smirched. As the official in charge of the construction of sidings, he acknowledged that he had probably made mistakes in some of the orders he had given, and that that policy of the railroad was open to criticism; he also explained that it was not always easy to determine whether a company applying for the construction of a siding was in a financial condition to make its siding pay. In answer to a question, he briefly stated that his policy had been to discourage sidings, even though the shipper paid for it. The first vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad declares the revelations are a surprise to the management, and promises an investigation. The Pennsylvania Railroad has been managed with great efficiency; it has served the public well. Its president, Mr. A. J. Cassatt, is one of the most enlightened railway men of the country. It is therefore the more disconcerting to learn that in this great corporation there are flourishing conditions of corruption none the less odious than those which were revealed by the investigation into the conduct of insurance. If such conditions exist in so well organized a corporation as the Pennsylvania, it is not unnatural to conclude that similar conditions exist in other railway companies. These revelations, therefore, make all the more evident the necessity for governmental control of public utilities. The railways themselves ought from this investigation to learn that it would be to their own advantage to have the powers of the Federal Government for the supervision of their operations greatly increased; for it is certain that the only way by which the advocates of government ownership of railways can be answered is by enactment of laws which will give to the Government greater control.

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*The Standard Oil on the Defensive*

Following its informal though official denial of the charges made by Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations, the Standard Oil Company has issued a second and more formal reply addressed to the shareholders of the company. This reply takes up certain specific cases which the Commissioner cited as examples of injustice, and makes an explanation of them. This explanation is elaborate, and in parts involved and technical. Its conclusion is that the explanation, which was "freely given," would, the company believes, "be satisfactory to any man familiar with transportation problems." The implication here, of course, as in other parts of the reply, is that if Mr. Garfield is not satisfied, it is because he is not familiar with the problems of transportation. Moreover, since the Commissioner did not bring the questions at issue before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, "it is surely not within the limits of fairness," the company thinks, "for the Bureau of Corporations to cast aspersions upon a great corporation." The statement, which is signed by Mr. C. M. Pratt, Secretary, concludes by asserting that of the output of the Standard Oil Company during the past quarter-century more than sixty per cent. "has been shipped to foreign countries;" and by attributing the success of the corporation to its "economic and elaborate industrial organization." The day following the publication of this reply a rejoinder from Mr. Garfield was made public. His statement is specific, and its freedom from technicalities makes it much more intelligible to the non-expert than the Standard's reply. In it Mr. Garfield explicitly and with citation of particular facts denies some declarations made in the reply of the oil company, and points out the fallacies in others.

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*The Controversy* A fair idea of the nature of the Standard Oil Company's defense, and the methods by which Mr. Garfield meets it, may be had from two of the cases under dispute. One of these cases was that of the transportation of oil from Olean, New York, to Rochester, New York. The low rate of nine cents a barrel between these two points granted to a subsidiary company of the Standard Oil is explained by the Standard Oil as a rate between two refineries and as one that "has been in force for a great many years." One of these refineries, the Standard contends, is not equipped to turn out high grades of oil. The Standard then quotes a statement of a vice-president of the carrying road—the Pennsylvania Railroad—to the effect that "the traffic to be transported was crude oil and unfinished products, moving from one refinery to another, belonging to the same owners;" that the wording of the tariff was revised "so as to clearly confine the rate to crude oil and unfinished products thereof;" and that "it is not a secret rate, and never has been secret." As a rejoinder to this Mr. Garfield says that this rate was reissued and approved by this vice-president of the Pennsylvania on March 10, 1902, and "applied to 'petroleum products;'" that the tariff "did not confine the shipments to crude oil or unfinished products;" that in 1904 "more than 1,000 cars of illuminating oil, gasoline, and other finished oil products were shipped" on this and a corresponding rate which included Buffalo; that "a large portion of the States of New York and Vermont were supplied in this way;" that "this rate was unknown to independent shippers," and that the rate order had for its superscription "in capital letters and underscored, the words 'Not to be posted.'" The other case which we cite as illustration is that of the rate between Whiting, Indiana, and St. Louis, Missouri. This obviously involves inter-State traffic. In reply to Mr. Garfield's complaint that the rate between these points (technically between the Indiana town and East St. Louis, which is in Illinois) was, as granted to the Standard Oil, low and secret, the Standard explains that the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway issued a rate sheet from Chicago, Illinois, to East St. Louis, Illinois (a rate thus not involving inter-State commerce), and the road explained that this State rate applied "not only from Chicago proper, but from all points both in Illinois and Indiana within the so-called Chicago switching limits." The Standard adds, after some complicated explanation, that the application of these rates to points outside of the State of Illinois "is of long usage." Mr. Garfield cites a specific case to show that this rate was secret; but he answers the whole argument sufficiently on this point by the single sentence: "The mere inclusion of Whiting into the Chicago switching district, by an application sheet, does not make Whiting an Illinois shipping point." In Mr. Garfield's rejoinder there is no evidence of the amateurishness which the Standard Oil implies is characteristic of his investigation. His full report is now published.

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*Illinois Primary Elections* Illinois is the latest State to wrestle with the question of primary legislation. A law was passed by the Legislature at the regular session of last winter, governing the holding of primaries throughout the State. This act was declared unconstitutional on several grounds. Immediately after the decision of the court holding the law invalid, Governor Deneen called the Legislature together in special session to enact new primary legislation. This special session came to an end last week, after the enactment of a law which failed to meet the hopes and expectations of a very large proportion of the people of Illinois. Governor Deneen, in the campaign preceding his election, laid much stress on the question of primary legislation. He argued for a compulsory primary law applicable to the entire State. He did not explicitly champion direct primaries, but large numbers of voters undoubtedly thought he was in favor of some such plan of direct nomination as is embodied in the laws of Wisconsin and Minnesota. There is a very strong sentiment in Illinois, and especially in Chicago, for direct primaries. The Legislature refused to accede to the demand for direct primaries and the abolition of conventions, but enacted instead a mongrel statute that retains the convention and also provides for direct voting on candidates. While the law as passed is not just what Governor Deneen wanted, he used his influence at the critical juncture to prevent the enactment of a real direct primary law, and consequently he is much blamed for the unsatisfactory outcome. So far as the vote upon United States Senator and State and county officers is concerned, it is purely advisory. A candidate might receive an overwhelming majority of the popular vote and still not be nominated. The convention could do as it pleased. So far as Congressional and legislative officers are concerned, the law stipulates that the candidate receiving a plurality of the popular vote in a primary district shall be entitled to have the votes of the delegates from that primary district cast for him in the convention on the first ballot, which should mean that the candidate carrying the majority of the districts would be sure of the nomination. It is uncertain, however, as to whether there is any lawful method of compelling a delegate to vote in the convention as directed. The new Illinois law, in other words, retains the delegate convention system with all its possibilities for manipulation and boss domination, but adds a provision for an advisory popular vote on candidates. The system is likely to confuse the ordinary voter by its complications, but it has the merit of throwing legal safeguards around the primary similar to those at present surrounding the regular election. The law does not apply to city elections.

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***A Public School Centennial***

Last week Public School No. 1, of New York City, celebrated its centenary. This means that the public school system of New York City is in reality less than one hundred years old. It will surprise a great many people to learn that this first public school was not a public school in the sense in which that term is understood nowadays. When an American speaks of a public school, he means a free school maintained by the State for the use of all children of the community and supported by the taxation of all property holders within the community. Public School No. 1, on the other hand, was, when founded, merely a free school for children whose parents were too poor to educate them, and was maintained, not by the public sentiment of the city or the State, but by the efforts of a private association called the Public Education Society. It is interesting to note that this school grew out of an effort to establish a free school for girls. It seemed to be taken for granted in 1802, when this girls' school was started, that parents would educate their boys as well as they could, but it required a special organization to promote the education of girls. This public school No. 1, therefore, when it was finally established in 1806, marked not only the beginning of a public school system, but also the winning of an early victory for the education of all children, girls as well as boys, poor as well as rich. If there is one institution which most Americans regard as the greatest distinction of the United States, it is probably the public school system. Although its beginnings can be traced in the action of some of the earliest settlers on American shores, it is as a system much younger than the Union. Now so firmly established, it seems as if it were as old as the Constitution. As a matter of fact, it is a product of long-continued and sometimes bitter struggle. It was once as much of a novelty in the United States and as much an object of suspicion as municipally owned and operated street railways are now. Because it is familiar, we do not commonly recognize the fact that our public school system is a form of governmental activity which when applied to other utilities is to-day often regarded as "socialistic."

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*The Crapsey Verdict*

In the case of Dr. Crapsey, the court, with only one member dissenting, recommends—

> That the respondent should be suspended from exercising the functions of a minister of this Church until such time as he shall satisfy the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese that his belief and teaching conform to the doctrines of the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, as this Church has received the same. However, we express the earnest hope and desire that the respondent may see his way clearly during the thirty days that, under the canons of the Church, must intervene before sentence can be pronounced, to the full satisfaction of the ecclesiastical authorities, of such conformity on his part.

A minority report was filed by Dr. Francis S. Dunham:

> *Whereas*, The respondent constantly affirms his acceptance of all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed, and
>
> *Whereas*, This Creed declares the sacred mysteries of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and of the most Holy Trinity, and a belief in the Resurrection of the body, concerning which eternal verities of the Christian religion the said respondent is called in question, I find from his own statements and the evidence submitted for his defense that his error consists rather in presuming to define what God has not been pleased to reveal, and to interpret those doctrines in a manner not generally received by the Church, rather than in a denial and rejection of their truth and authority.

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*The Real Issue*

The court holds that Dr. Crapsey "impugns if he does not assert his disbelief" in "the doctrine that our Lord Jesus Christ is God, the Saviour of the world, as contained and enunciated in the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed," and in "the doctrine of Resurrection of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, as contained and enunciated in the Apostles' Creed and in the Nicene Creed." On the ultimate questions involved in this verdict, as The Outlook pointed out two weeks ago, there is no appeal. An appeal may be taken touching questions of procedure, but by a canon of the Church "no court of review shall determine any question of doctrine, faith, or worship." It is necessary to clear away all extraneous questions in order to understand what was really at issue in this case. Whether Dr. Crapsey was wise in his pulpit utterances; whether he possesses the sanity of judgment, the sense of fitness, the regard for his relations to a great organization which a minister ought to possess, are questions which were not at issue. The Church was not called upon to approve his doctrine; many people who will dissent from the verdict will dissent equally from Dr. Crapsey's views. It was not a question whether Dr. Crapsey was in error or not. There is a much more fundamental question: the question of the right way of dealing with error. And it is quite certain that the procedure in the court at Batavia was not the right way. Very serious objection may be taken, in the first place, to the constitution of the court, every member of which was named either by the Bishop or the standing committee of the diocese; and when Dr. Crapsey used his privilege of challenging two members, their successors were named by the prosecution. When an endeavor was made by the defense to secure an adjournment of three weeks in order that the court might be more fairly constituted by the Diocesan Convention, the request was refused; and the court did not conduct the trial in accordance with the procedure of common law. A minister was put on trial on a question of religious truth before a tribunal organized by men who were opposed to him, and tried under conditions which would have been regarded as grossly unfair in a court of law!

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*A Better Way*

Still more serious objection may be taken to the whole antiquated method of the heresy trial. Whether Dr. Crapsey was right or wrong is an unimportant matter compared with the attitude of the Church towards the men who fall into error. The one instrument of the Church for overcoming error is truth, and the one spirit in which the Church can deal with men is a spirit of love. Dr. Crapsey is conceded by his bitterest opponents to be a man devoted to his work, passionately in earnest and possessed of unusual powers of statement. That he has not always been a wise man must be evident to his best friends; that he has injured his cause by his lack of judgment and care in statement is equally evident; but the Church needs such men as Dr. Crapsey, and the Church ought to be strong enough to keep them within its fold; to overcome their errors, if they hold them, with its invincible truth, and to persuade them by sympathy and affection where it cannot convince them by authority. The Church has always laid the emphasis of condemnation on the minor heresy, and has too often been indifferent to the major heresy; for the real denial of Christ is not a difference of interpretation in regard to creedal statements of his nature, but the departure from his spirit and a violation of his laws in conduct and character. It is heresy in life rather than heresy in doctrine that has brought confusion upon the Church, cost it the sympathy and respect of hosts of earnest men and women, alienated from it to a very large degree the workingmen in all countries, and created the most serious problems with which it has to deal. In the face of those problems, of the attitude of great masses of perfectly sincere people toward the Church, such a trial as that which took place at Batavia will seem ridiculous to the cynic and tragically unintelligent to the man who loves the Church and understands modern life.

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*The Jamestown Celebration* It is to be hoped that the forthcoming celebration at Jamestown, Virginia, will be expressed as far as possible in forms which are harmonious with the historic localities. The restoration of the Bruton Parish Church at Williamsburg, for instance, illustrates the wise way in which to commemorate a great event. No church in America has more interesting associations than this venerable edifice, nor is any burying-ground richer in historic and family traditions. The restoration of the church, which is now rapidly approaching completion, has been planned and is being carried out with fidelity to the original designs, with sound judgment, and with due regard to the needs of the present generation. The site of the old church at Jamestown and the land in the immediate vicinity have been very carefully examined. Various excavations have been made; the complete foundations of the first brick church, built about 1640, have come to light. In order to preserve these foundations several courses of brick taken from the old church were run up and capped with cement and a temporary frame built over them to protect them from the weather. This temporary structure is now to be replaced by a brick building under the supervision of the National Society of Colonial Dames and at the suggestion of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. An impressive sea-wall has been constructed to protect Jamestown from further depredations by the river, and Mr. Samuel F. Yonge, United States engineer in charge of the James River, as the result of thorough study of the ruins at Jamestown, and with the aid of a Boston architect, has made a plan which it is believed will practically reproduce the lines and structure of the old church which was built in 1640 and burned in 1676, and the ruined tower of which has long been the most conspicuous and interesting monument of the earliest settlement of English-speaking peoples on this continent. The Boston "Evening Transcript" reports that the brick church built in the seventeenth century at Smithville, thirty miles down the James River, will serve as a model for the reproduction of the Jamestown Church.

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*The "Best Sellers"* The question, Which novels are most widely read? is not authoritatively answered by the statistics of "the best sellers" which "The Bookman" publishes every month; but that list is probably the nearest approximation that can be made short of the publication of the final lists of sales from the publishers of the books. It is interesting to notice the quality of the stories which are just now being most widely read, according to "The Bookman's" reports. Of these "The House of a Thousand Candles" holds a first place, followed by "The Wheel of Life," "The House of Mirth," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Truth about Tolna," and "Barbara Winslow, Rebel." Of these, three at least are stories of a high quality; serious interpretations of life, well constructed and carefully written. "The House of Mirth" and "The Wheel of Life" belong to very high class fiction in point of dignity of attitude and thoroughness of workmanship, and will rank among the best of the year in any literature. Mr. Tarkington's "Conquest of Canaan" has not quite the same substance, but it is a delightful piece of work, sincere, touched with emotion, and charmingly written. "The House of a Thousand Candles" is a highly improbable tale very effectively told, with a touch of brilliancy which is distinctly promising. "Barbara Winslow" is a well-intentioned story of the romantic type, with no particular freshness, but thoroughly wholesome. "The Truth about Tolna" is an extremely light performance—a story of the moment only. It is very encouraging, however, to compare such a story as "The Truth about Tolna" with the novels that were read in great numbers fifty years ago. Contrasted with the stories of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "The Truth about Tolna" is a brilliant performance. If it lacks construction, depth, reality, it has movement, vivacity, and a certain kind of invention, to say nothing of its clever dialogue, while the stories of Mrs. Southworth and Mrs. Stephens maintained a level of monotony of workmanship as buoyant as the Dead Sea. It is a far better piece of work than Miss Augusta Evans's "St. Elmo," which was intellectually pretentious, artificially impressive, and pompous in its display of second-hand learning. The world does move, in spite of the vast host of people who continue to waste their time on inferior fiction.

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*The Tailors and Art* Art in these modern days has many things to contend against: the lack of the love of beauty and the passion for it; the wide diffusion of bad taste in sculpture and painting; the giving over of public squares and parks to monstrosities in the way of memorial and commemorative statues and groups; the eccentricity of the individual artist, more eager to arrest attention than to create a beautiful piece of work; the philistinism of the "yellow rich" who are anxious to be known as art patrons, but who have an idea that art is merely an elaborate form of advertising; and the American tariff. And now, to make the situation more discouraging, the English tailors are up in arms against the failure of contemporary painters to portray modern clothing with accuracy. The journal of the trade, "The Tailor and Cutter," declares that contemporary painters cannot see the details of clothes, and predicts, as a consequence of this blindness, the failure to produce any art that will last. A very shocking instance of this blindness is found in the fact that in Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lord Roberts that distinguished painter has entirely neglected the top button of the tunic! He has done worse than this; he has left the tunic entirely without button-holes, and there is a terrible suspicion abroad that the breeches have no seams. Mr. Sargent has as yet made no public reply; and his admirers, who have thought him somewhat too ironical at times and too unfriendly to his sitters, but who have never failed to recognize the extraordinary brilliancy of his touch and the terrible accuracy of his portraiture, are waiting breathlessly to know whether he is to remain in the line with Velasquez, or to be classed with other inaccurate or incompetent persons. It is a great relief to know that there is one academician, a sculptor, whose accuracy in reproducing seams, lapels, button-holes, and other details of modern dress is accepted by the dealers of London as standard.

# *Progress in Railway Regulation*

Last week the United States Senate completed its task of amending the Hepburn Bill on Railway Rate Regulation as it came from the House of Representatives. Although the Senate has devoted over two months to this bill, in no similar period, we believe, has there been in that body more effective work done or abler discussion of the principles and methods of law and government.

The Hepburn Bill amends the original Inter-State Commerce Act of 1887 and the subsequent acts of Congress amending the original measure. It adds broadly and substantially to the Inter-State Commerce Law. By the remarkable vote of 71 to 3 the Senate passed the Hepburn Bill as finally amended. The three who voted in the negative were Senator Foraker, of Ohio, a Republican, who has steadily opposed legislation for Government control of railways, and Senators Morgan and Pettus, both of Alabama, Democrats, whose opposition was based, not only on the ground that railway rate regulation should be left to the determination of the courts, but also that the measure permitted interference with the rights of States. It is significant that certain Senators, popularly supposed to have the interests and approval of the great corporations of the country very much at heart, abstained from voting at all. In many details the Hepburn Bill is now different from the measure passed by the House, but the essential principles are preserved—the grant of authority to the Inter-State Commerce Commission, when a given rate has been shown to be unjust, to fix a just maximum rate, this rate to take effect within a reasonable time.

As the bill came from the House its first section, defining common carriers, was amended by the Senate to apply to "any corporation or any person or persons engaged in the transportation of oil or other commodity, except water and except natural or artificial gas, by means of pipe lines," thus bringing, we are glad to say, the oil industry of the country under the Commission's control. The section was further amended to include express companies and sleeping-car companies; to prohibit, with certain exceptions, the issue of free passes and other forms of free transportation; to prescribe that, after May 1, 1908, no inter-State carrier shall engage in the transportation of commodities of its own in competition with shippers over its lines, thus meeting the complaint justly raised against the coal-carrying roads by independent coal operators of discrimination in transportation; to require carriers on application from shippers to furnish necessary switches, terminals, and connections; finally, despite the "Jim Crow" agitation, to require equally good service and accommodation "to all persons paying the same compensation for inter-State transportation of passengers." The remainder of the first section is as it came from the House, defining refrigerator and other private car-line companies as common carriers under the Commission's jurisdiction, and providing specifically that all unjust and unreasonable transportation charges are prohibited and declared to be unlawful. The most important amendments to the second section, which relates to the keeping and publication of schedules, are the impressive re-enactment of the imprisonment clause of the Inter-State Commerce Act, unjustly repealed by the Elkins Law, and the declaration that any shipper who solicits and receives a rebate or discrimination shall forfeit three times the value involved in such discrimination. Section 3, relating to the Commission's procedure in the investigation of complaints, remains as it came from the House. Section 4 confers the rate-making power on the Commission. It has been amended by the elimination of the words "in its judgment," where it is provided that the Commission shall prescribe rates that are in its judgment just and reasonable, and also of the words "fairly remunertive" as qualifying a rate to be established by the Commission in place of one adjudged to be unreasonable. It is also provided that the Commission shall have authority over joint rates and through routes even when one of the connecting carriers is a water line. The remainder of the section is as it came from the House, providing that when the Commission, upon complaint and hearing, has adjudged a rate to be unjust, it may prescribe a maximum rate, the order to take effect within a reasonable time, and continue for a period not exceeding two years unless modified by the Commission or set aside by the court. Section 5, providing for action by the courts, has been amended specifically to state what had been freely inferred from the text of the Hepburn Bill. The section now directly vests the Federal circuit courts with jurisdiction to hear suits to test the validity of the Commission's orders, including hearings on application for preliminary injunctions, but provides that "no injunction, interlocutory order or decree suspending or restraining the enforcement of an order of the Commission shall be granted except on hearing after not less than five days' notice." In other respects the section is practically unchanged, any carrier which knowingly violates an order made by the Commission being liable to a fine of five thousand dollars for each separate offense, and every day of continuing violation being made a separate offense. Of course the provision is retained for appeals under the Expediting Act from the Circuit Court to the United States Supreme Court, where the case shall have priority of hearing and determination. Section 6, relating to rehearings before the Commission, and section 7, relating to the books, accounts, and reports required to be kept by the carriers, to which the Commission is to have the power of visitation, have been left practically unchanged. The Senate added an amendment, however, making the initial carrier liable on a through bill of lading. Section 8, reorganizing the Inter-State Commerce Commission, has been regrettably struck from the bill. A Commission to which is to be given enormous power remains as now, its members receiving a salary of $7,500 a year.

It will be seen from this résumé that the Hepburn Bill as passed by the Senate is both definite and comprehensive. Under its provisions the Federal Government will have greater powers for control of railways than ever before in the history of the country. The passage of the bill is, in our opinion, a great and far-reaching achievement in behalf of good government and a free industrial democracy.

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## An Inheritance Tax is Constitutional

Writing the day after the publication of the President's speech proposing a progressive inheritance tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, we said: "We doubt whether the Federal Government can, under the Constitution, levy such a progressive tax on all fortunes." That doubt was partly based on the fact that the United States Supreme Court has decided that an income tax is unconstitutional because it violates the section of the Constitution which forbids all direct taxes except as they are levied in proportion to the population. We have since made a somewhat careful examination of the authorities, and our matured conviction is that the weight both of judicial authority and of legal reasoning sustains the constitutionality of the tax proposed by the President. The decisive cases are Knowlton vs. Moore, and Magown vs. Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, both recent, and both in the Supreme Court of the United States. It is from these cases we cite below.

The Supreme Court adopts the following definition of a direct tax: "Direct taxes bear immediately upon persons, upon the possession and enjoyment of rights; indirect taxes are levied upon the happening of an event or an exchange." An inheritance tax is therefore not a direct tax, because it is a tax not on property but on succession. "The right to take property by devise or descent is the creation of the law, and not a natural right—a privilege, and therefore the authority which confers it may impose conditions upon it." Congress has therefore Constitutional authority to impose a progressive inheritance tax.

The history of United States legislation under the Constitution confirms this interpretation: "As early as 1797 Congress imposed a legacy tax." And this was "at a time when the founders of our Government and framers of our Constitution were actively participating in public affairs, thus giving practical construction to the Constitution which they had helped to establish."

The argument that liberty to levy a progressive tax on great fortunes is a dangerous liberty to be exercised by the Congress the Supreme Court disposes of thus:

> The grave consequences which it is asserted must arise in the future if the right to levy a progressive tax be recognized, involves in its ultimate aspect the mere assertion that free and representative government is a failure, and that the grossest abuses of power are foreshadowed unless the courts usurp a purely legislative function. If a case should ever arise, where an arbitrary and confiscatory exaction is imposed bearing the guise of a progressive or any other form of tax, it will be time enough to consider whether the judicial power can afford a remedy by applying inherent and fundamental principles for the protection of the individual, even though there be no express provision in the Constitution to do so.

A study of the course of judicial decisions on this subject shows that New Hampshire is the only State in which the inheritance tax has been declared unconstitutional by the courts for reasons which would apply to inheritance taxes in general; and that Justice Brewer is the only judge of the Supreme Court who has expressed that opinion. And there are a long array of State decisions and two or three Supreme Court decisions affirming the constitutionality and, impliedly if not explicitly, the justice and expediency of such a tax.

It is our carefully considered judgment that there is no good ground to doubt the constitutionality of the graduated inheritance tax proposed by the President.

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# Some Things Gained

The results of the wise use of the searchlight by the Armstrong Committee have defined themselves in substantial forms, and the more carefully the situation is studied the more clearly appear the depth and breadth of the moral revival in this country. So far as the business of life insurance is concerned, the Lawson method and spirit have gone into the background, and the Armstrong method and spirit have come to the front; that is to say, the period of sensational investigation has been succeeded by a period of legislative reconstruction. The Outlook has already outlined the scope of the various measures passed by the New York Legislature, all tending to one end—the safeguarding of the interests of the policy-holder. An attempt to defeat this legislation and to pass a measure which denied in fact what it promised in words was ignominiously beaten by the indignant protest of the people backed by the active intervention of the Governor. The insurance companies will be run hereafter for the benefit of the insured. This is a great and radical reform of the most far-reaching importance, touching the interests of a great class of people whose property ought to be most sacredly guarded.

An end has undoubtedly been put to political contributions on the part of corporations or of bodies of trustees charged with the management of the property and the guarding of the interests of others. The practice of making contributions to the campaign funds of one or the other or both parties in elections had become so established that it was accepted almost as a matter of course. Trustees do not seem to have considered the seriousness of the offense against morals nor the absurdity of this use of other people's money from the standpoint of sober business methods. It does not seem to have occurred to them that in making contributions in political campaigns they were giving away other people's money. As a matter of fact, they coolly contributed the money of stockholders and policy-holders without taking the trouble to consult them; and, in the case of the insurance companies, the trustees used money for this purpose which was put in their hands for the protection of those who could not protect themselves, and whose appeal, therefore, to the sense of honor of honorable men and to the sense of responsibility of business men should have been peculiarly keen and searching. They have also failed to note the humorous aspect of the situation. Every contribution made by a corporation to a political party has involved the giving of the money of many persons to forward political principles to which those persons were opposed. Every political creed is represented among the stockholders of every corporation; there is probably not an open corporation in the country which does not handle the funds of Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, and believers in one or another of the smaller political groups; and yet money contributed by the members of all these parties has been given to one party or the other, without reference to the political convictions of the involuntary donors.

An end has been put also to the age of unbusinesslike and ridiculous extravagance. It is easy to understand that the rapid accumulation of such colossal funds as those which have been piling up in the hands of the life insurance companies should lead men on insensibly to a habit of spending money lavishly. It has not been the salary accounts of the insurance companies alone which have registered this extravagance; a passion for spending seems to have covered the whole field of the management of the companies. Sometimes it has taken the most absurd and vulgar forms. It was recently brought out that the office of the president of one of the leading companies was furnished at an expense of ninety thousand dollars. The chairs in that office were massive, elaborately carved, and gilded affairs such as one sees in Europe only on the dais in a throne-room. No real business man could have gone into the room of that official without having an instinctive feeling of distrust of the good sense and the capacity for sound business management of the head of a great organization whose sense of fitness, of justice, and of humor failed to preserve him from so silly a manifestation of personal vanity. Nothing could have been further from a sound instinct and a cultivated taste, or even from an elementary feeling of what is fitting and dignified in a business office.

Among the larger results of the investigation must be counted, first and foremost, the awakening of the conscience of the country. That conscience has never been dead, but it has sometimes been comatose. The pressure of work is so great in America, the opportunities so vast, the possibilities of fortune so alluring, the preoccupation of manifold interests so complete, that the moral issues sometimes go out of sight. Men follow so eagerly the paths to fortune which open at their feet that they lose sight of the heavens over their heads and the finer passions and instincts within their hearts. The American people have been overtaken in a time of forgetfulness. Their eyes have been opened to an alarming decline of character, to a shocking disregard of business principles, to a blurring of the lines of moral action, and, like men suddenly awakened from a sound sleep, they have sprung to their feet eager to do their duty, though at the moment somewhat confused, like a man coming out of dreams, in regard to the thing that ought to be done first. But from all sections comes the evidence that conscience has begun to speak again, and that both in business and in public affairs there is coming a new sense of the moral elements involved, a new determination to enforce the moral law. It has often been said ironically that President Roosevelt acts as if he had rediscovered the Ten Commandments. There is sober truth in that statement; for there is nothing that must be rediscovered oftener than the moral law indelibly written on the heart. The record sometimes fades until it becomes almost illegible; then suddenly, in some fiery trial, or as the result of the shock of a revelation of immorality, the old laws of right and wrong define themselves once more.

But the awakening of conscience involves something more than coming out of sleep: it involves redefinition of and an advance of moral standards. Business energy and activity have advanced more rapidly in America than moral insight and enthusiasm; and it is necessary to apply afresh to a new group of conditions the principles of righteousness in dealings between men. The development of corporate interests, of the managing of great masses of money by a few representative men, in their present magnitude have been matters of the last two decades.

Insensibly, in handling these affairs in groups instead of as individuals, there has grown up the feeling that a trustee of a corporation has a right to use his special information and the privileges of his position for the advancement of his personal interests. There has been a rude awakening from this selfish dream, and the trustees of other people's money, in small as well as in great amounts, are now being taught that they are not only to guard sacredly the interests committed to their hands, but that they are to use all the advantages which combinations of great wealth afford, not for their own gain, but for the gain of those whose money they employ. In the worst times there are always men whose sense of honor keeps them straight; and the example of the president of a large corporation for the last forty years, recently cited by Mr. Low, who has never bought a share of stock of his company because he felt that the use of his knowledge of the inside management of the company would be an injustice to the stockholders, has not been solitary. There have always been men of a kindred integrity. All trustees have now received notice from the public that this is the standard of morals to which they are hereafter to be held.

These results already reveal their influence in a reinvigoration of the moral tone of the country, in a readjustment of the standards of value, in the perception of the fact that it is not enough for America to be rich; it must also be honest and honorable; in the reawakening of the hopes of a host of young men who are beginning life with high ideals of personal and public integrity, and who have stood in sore need of the inspiration of such a movement as that which is now sweeping from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A new era has begun; a better day has dawned; the air has perceptibly cleared. Americans who love their country, not because they can make money out of it, but because it is the greatest opportunity in the history of the world for the liberation of the human spirit and the free development of human individuality along the highest lines, have taken heart again, and have begun to hope that the great experiment of recognizing the divine in every human being by admitting all men to a share in the management of the affairs of the nation is not doomed to failure because the men in whose hands it has fallen are unworthy of their trust.

## *A Book of Common Worship*

"The Book of Common Worship," prepared by a committee of which Dr. Henry van Dyke is chairman and published by authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, is not only a very intelligent and important contribution to liturgical literature, but significant of the steadily widening use of specially prepared forms of worship among non-liturgical churches. Dr. van Dyke and Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, whose names appear in the list of editors of this volume, have been devout students of the ancient and modern literature upon which they have drawn in the preparation of this book, and have become recognized authorities in a field singularly rich in the gracious and beautiful fruits of the spirit; the expression, in terms of adoration and consecration, of the religious life of the Christian centuries. They have "searched the Scriptures, the usage of the Reformed Churches, and the devotional treasures of early Christianity for the most noble, clear, and moving expressions of the Spirit of Praise and Prayer;" and they have supplemented these earlier forms of worship with "such others as might serve, under the guidance of the same Spirit, to give a voice to the present needs, the urgent desires, and the vital hopes of the Church living in these latter days and in the freedom of this Republic." Provision is made for all public and private services and to give expression to religious experience in all its manifold forms, large space being very wisely devoted to family worship. The result is a very full and rich book of worship to which each century has made its contribution; arranged with skill and clearness and put into very compact form. The incomparable Book of Common Prayer, the rich deposit of the faith and life of the Church for many centuries, has been freely drawn upon, and the student of this small volume has the opportunity of contrasting, in its devotional expression, the Christian spirit of the old and the new time.

The "Book of Common Worship," prepared for "Voluntary Use in the Churches," is another fruit of the tendency which has defined itself sharply of late years among non-liturgical churches to give greater place to worship and to lay greater emphasis upon it in public service. The pulpit has not lost its power; wherever it is filled by a man who speaks of the things of the Spirit from his own knowledge and in a language which is interpreted to his hearers by the experience of to-day, his voice still rings with the old authority. But the church needs an altar even more than it needs a pulpit; it is a place of worship, of confession, of prayer, of praise, even more than a place of instruction. As the philosophical explanations of religion have lost their hold on the minds of men, the facts of religion have become more clear and commanding; and the preacher, without ceasing to teach, takes back some of the functions of the priest.

The poverty of worship in many churches has become more keenly felt as the emphasis has shifted from teaching to communion with God; and the lack of reverence, of reserve, of a sense of fitness, and the tendency to didacticism and rhetorical invocation in the prayers of many ministers, have given edge to this sense of incompleteness and, in some cases, of incongruity. There are in every church ministers eminently qualified to pray as well as to preach; but there are many prayers in our churches which are conspicuously lacking in those elements of confession, thanksgiving, adoration, and intercession, in that gathering up of human needs and sorrows and hopes and aspirations, of which the smoke of ancient sacrifice and the ascending incense of some later altars are symbols. A permissive, not a mandatory, form of worship for non-liturgical churches meets, therefore, a real need, furnishes a standard of public petition, and puts in the hands of the minister a body of writing which may be described as the classic literature of prayer for his correction and inspiration.

It is difficult to find objections to the voluntary use of a liturgy; the nobility, beauty, and adequacy of services which are the rich deposit of the spiritual experience of generations are needed for the enrichment of worship in non-liturgical churches. The liturgical churches should encourage the use of extemporaneous prayers; in many cases such prayers are used on special occasions or for special purposes; and the non-liturgical churches should encourage the use of a liturgy without giving up the use of extemporaneous prayers.

The great advantage of liturgical worship lies, not merely in the fact that it excludes eccentricity, triviality, spiritual vulgarity from public services, but that it involves the participation of the congregation; the General Confession and the General Thanksgiving of the "Book of Common Prayer" are expressions of a common experience which should always be parts of a common worship. The people quite as much as the minister participate in the great and uplifting act of worship, and the whole range of human need and experience find voice in prayer, in reading, and in song; all temperaments and types of intellectual attitude are provided for in the inclusiveness of an order of worship not fashioned for the occasion, but the product of the whole growth of Christianity. In the non-liturgical churches there is an increasing number of men and women who share Dr. Rainsford's feeling:

> I cannot conceive of any man, whose religious life is earnest, who does not find himself more comforted and uplifted by the use of written prayers, especially when he has a collection of the best prayers of the ages. Personally, I find more rest to the soul and more ease of worship in following along lines which we know perfectly well and which help to express what I feel. To the educated spiritual consciousness I do not believe there is any special appeal in variety of extemporaneous prayers. If all men prayed always as some men pray sometimes, then we might do away with the Liturgy; but they do not.

And in liturgical churches there are many who are in full sympathy with Canon Liddon when he writes:

> Although, as a general rule, it is wise, in praying with the sick and poor, to use only

the Church's words, there are occasions when extempore prayer becomes a matter of necessity. It is impossible, or almost so, that the research of the parish priest should have been able to anticipate every variety of mental and moral weakness by his selections from the copious stores of antiquity; and the risk of using general language when there is need of pointed applicability to a particular case is very great. A soul must be led to God, not under cover of a general formula, but, as she is, in his presence.

The danger of the enforced liturgy is the temptation it offers to mechanical routine, to lifeless conformity; the danger of extemporaneous worship is the temptation to mere individuality of utterance, to an unbalanced expression of religious life, to over-emphasis of dogma and under-emphasis of worship, to the habit on the part of the congregation of acquiescing in rather than participating in public worship. The sense of the unity of the Church in the hopes, fears, sorrows, joys, and faith of all Christians, which is the true Catholic principle, is deepened and nourished by the constant use of petitions which have borne aloft the adoration of generations of believers, and which form an unbroken confession, renewed age after age, of the vital faith of the followers of the Christ.

The Outlook would like to see "The Book of Common Worship" become a devotional instrument of all non-liturgical churches, and made free use of in the expression of those common experiences of prayer, praise, and petition which ought to be a part of every service of public worship, leaving the minister free for such spontaneous expression of devotion as special occasions or his own devotional mood might call for. "The Book of Common Worship" is, in effect, a report to the General Assembly now sitting at Des Moines.

# THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH CONGRESS

## FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

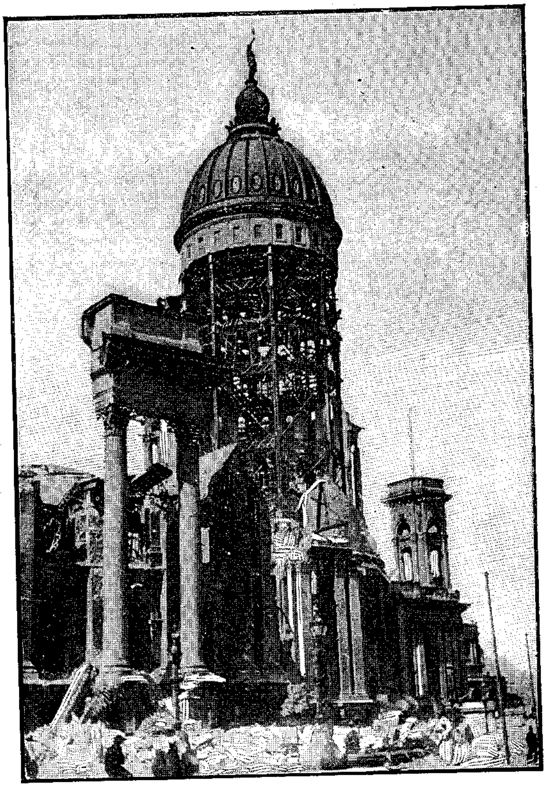
IN an address remarkable for its clearness, definiteness, and sense of historic values, Professor Frederic Palmer, of Andover, Mass., outlined before the Church Congress in Philadelphia last week the main positions of those who maintain that the Episcopal Church allows large liberty to its clergy in the interpretation of its historic creeds. That there are and always must be creeds, and that an undogmatic religion is impossible, the speaker held no less firmly than that the Church maintains its reverence for ideas and holds to a close connection between belief and conduct. The statements of the creeds, however, require interpretation, and there must be means of reconciling "what I say, what I suppose I mean, and what I really mean" when I repeat them. Interpreting a creed when its original meaning is developed is not changing a creed; yet this process has a limit; a truth must be reinterpreted, but must not be explained away. This is always done in the use of the term Holy Catholic Church, a term not used by us in the sense originally intended, nor as understood by the Roman Church to-day, but as *we* conceive the old truth, with a new vitality of interpretation; yet we still claim to be intellectually honest in its use. The question as to whether the teacher shall be held to stricter conformity to orthodoxy than the taught must be answered in the affirmative. Yet few would consider it wise to present him for trial for some unimportant error of metaphysical conception. The necessity therefore and the value of heresy trials depends on what the Church holds heresy to be. Heresy is not holding what one conceives to be the truth, but *is* the holding of opinion, even if true, from an evil motive. The root of heresy, then, is self-assertion, the putting of one's preferences between one's self and truth. A man may be a heretic in the truth. Jeremy Taylor says that no man can be heretical against his will; his ideas may be true or false, but if heretical he must be an ill man and one willing to pervert the truth for his own purposes. Ecclesiastical trials are usually not at all for heresy, but for error of opinion; they are certainly not lawful where the lips may be wrong while the heart preaches truth.

Biblical criticism, the extension of the principles of evolution to the Bible, has not played into the hands of materialism, and has cut away not the essential, but the accidental. If some souls have seen God in a cloud, they have in the end seen him more glorious. Bishop Gore pleads for and emphasizes the especial vocation of the scholar. While the fact of the resurrection of Christ in his entire personality is the keystone of the Christian faith, the questions as to what body he bore are husks. The Church rests on the faith that he who was dead dieth no more. Personal spiritual identity is the kernel of the truth, all else the accidental clothes in which it has been dressed. "*How* are the dead raised up?" said Paul, and answers, "Thou fool." Likewise the virgin birth can have no essential connection with the *divinity* of our Lord. Contradictions in the Scriptures on this point, and the carelessness of the Church as to these contradictions, show that emphasis upon the spiritual union of God and man in the incarnation was intended. In the creed the virgin birth emphasizes the idea of historic reality as does the mention of Pontius Pilate, but is the husk, not the kernel, of the truth of the incarnation. The inspiration of the Bible does not rest on it, nor is it in any way essentially involved in the idea of the divinity of Christ.

Creeds are means, not ends; they keep the truth alive, but they must keep it growing. They are guardians of the vital, intelligent, and candid belief of the Church. Away, then, with the Pauline heretic, the perverse man of evil mind who perverts even truth to his false purposes; but there is room always in the Church of Christ for one who loves his Master and believes in the essential truths of his resurrection and incarnation. To cast out for intellectual error the man who is holy is not holding the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life.

Speakers opposing this view of liberty were the Revs. Beverley G. Tucker and J. Lewis Parks. The Rev. George Thomas Dowling made an able appeal for fearless thought and investigation, condemned heresy trials, but conceived that if a man found himself unable to conform to the creeds of his Church, although right in his nonconformity, he is not in the right Church. The Church should not put him out, but there is a door which he may himself take into that larger liberty which, as he conceives of truth, the Episcopal Church, the "roomiest Church in Christendom," does not offer him. Dr. James H. Canfield urged the loyalty of the laity, their desire to follow clerical leadership if only they could know what the clergy would finally think they believed, and where they thought they were going. Mr. George Foster Peabody maintained the rights of the clergy to creed interpretation within the limits of truth, the sole and only limit being allegiance to the authority of the truth of God. The Church should keep within its fold every man and woman who comes by it nearer to God the Father and Jesus Christ his Son.

The programme of the Congress was carried through very successfully; the speakers were listened to with great attention, and the visitors received and entertained with characteristic Philadelphia cordiality. But the audiences were small, owing to the lateness of the season and the heat; and the feeling prevailed that it was a mistake to hold a session in June so far south as Philadelphia. Among the most interesting questions discussed were: "The Problem of Child Protection," "The Relation of Art to Religion," "The Idea of God," "Adaptation of Christianity to Japanese Life," and "How Shall Society Punish Moral Offenses?" Among the clerical speakers were Bishops Edsall, Gailor, McVickar, and Burgess, the Rev. Drs. Holland Means, Palmer, Tucker, Lewis Parks, and Wrigley; while among the laymen on the programme were Professor Dillard, of Tulane University, Professor John F. Weir, of New Haven, Mr. Evert J. Wendell, Judge Alton B. Parker, Dr. James H. Canfield, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. F. E. W.

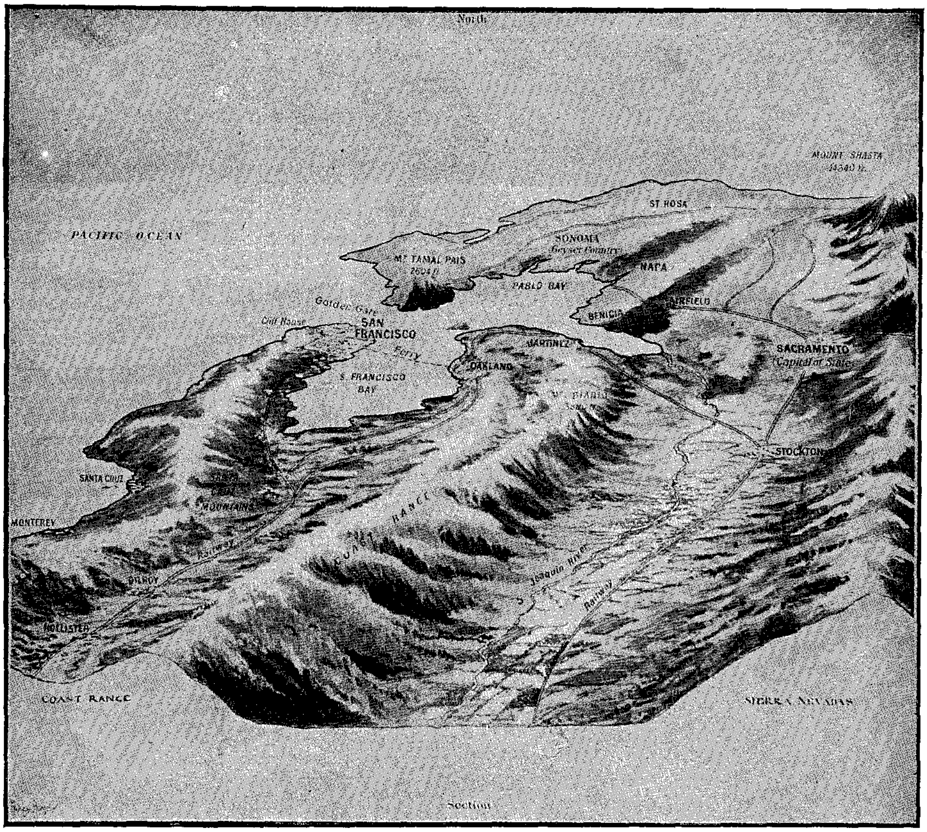


RUINS OF THE CITY HALL DOME

# San Francisco: Prostrate but Courageous

## From a Staff Correspondent

NINE days after the earthquake, which on April eighteenth shook San Francisco to its foundations, I approached the city for the first time. From the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railway at Oakland it is a four-mile trip by ferry across San Francisco Bay. The city's profile was outlined against the afternoon glow in the western sky, giving no impression to the newcomer of the desolate waste beneath. The sky-line divided itself naturally into two sections, characteristic of the two distinctive features of San Francisco's topography, the hills and the flat lands, each section dominated by a noble landmark. Straight before us a low, massive building of white stone crowned the southern point of a gently undulating ridge, which at its other end dropped abruptly to the water's edge. To the left, or south, of the building the ground showed itself low and flat, but the sky-line tossed itself up into the characteristic outline of a group of modern sky-scrapers, culminating in a tall gray stone building of fine proportions. A fellow-traveler, with ready courtesy, identified the buildings as the Fairmount Hotel on Nob Hill and the "Call" building on

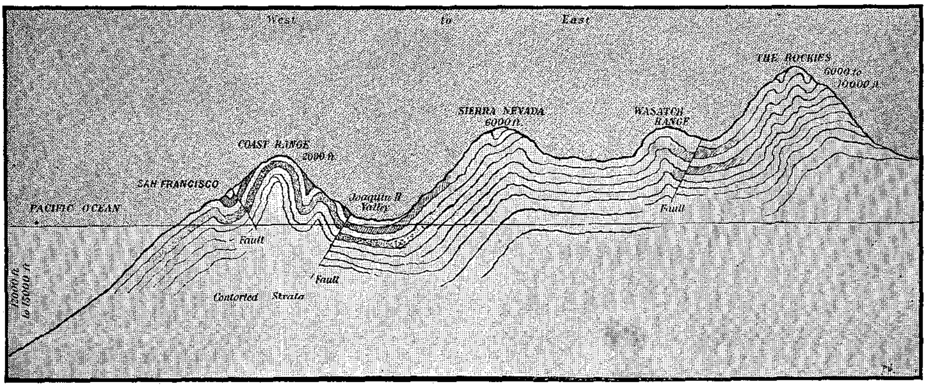

North
MOUNT SHASTA 14540 ft.
PACIFIC OCEAN
ST ROSA
SONOMA
Geyser Country
MT TAMAL PAIS 2604 ft.
NAPA
PABLO BAY
Golden Gate
FAIRFIELD
BENICIA
Cliff House
SAN FRANCISCO
Ferry
MARTINEZ
SACRAMENTO
(Capital of State)
OAKLAND
S. FRANCISCO BAY
MT DIABLO
STOCKTON
SANTA CRUZ
MOUNTAINS
MONTEREY
COAST RANGE
Railway
Joaquin River
GILROY
Railway
HOLLISTER
COAST RANGE
SIERRA NEVADAS
Section

FROM "THE SPHERE"

THE LOCATION OF SAN FRANCISCO

Market Street. A few minutes' further conversation placed him as a San Franciscan, and revealed a spirit that was to show itself universal in the ruined city's people.

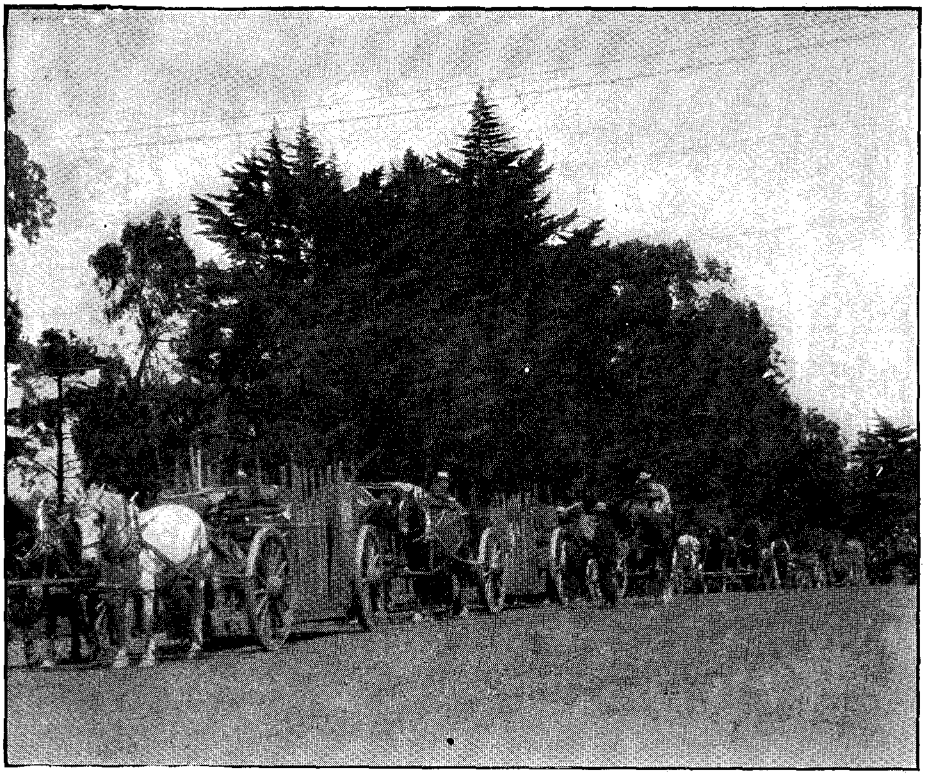
"Yes, sir, everybody's doing all they


West
to
East
THE ROCKIES
6000 to 10000 ft.
SIERRA NEVADA
6000 ft.
WASATCH RANGE
COAST RANGE
2000 ft.
SAN FRANCISCO
PACIFIC OCEAN
Joaquin R Valley
Fault
Fault
Fault
12000 ft. to 15000 ft.
Contorted Strata

FROM "THE SPHERE"

THE CAUSE OF THE EARTHQUAKE

This diagrammatic section, drawn with the assistance of Professor John Milne, shows that the coast range at the foot of which San Francisco is situated consists of closely compressed and contracted strata which have broken under excessive strain. The cracks are known to geologists as faults. The strata represent sediments which accumulated on the sea-floor until they were 30,000 ft. in thickness. Eventually they yielded to horizontal pressure and were buckled upwards to their present position to make one of the last additions to the American continent. This range, like most mountain ranges, represents a line of weakness, and the great earthquake which has just occurred indicates that the process of mountain formation on the western side of North America has not yet ended. It was still bucking upwards when it suddenly yielded, and the crash which followed gave rise to the earthquake.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK

HAULING SUPPLIES FOR THE GOLDEN GATE PARK CAMPERS

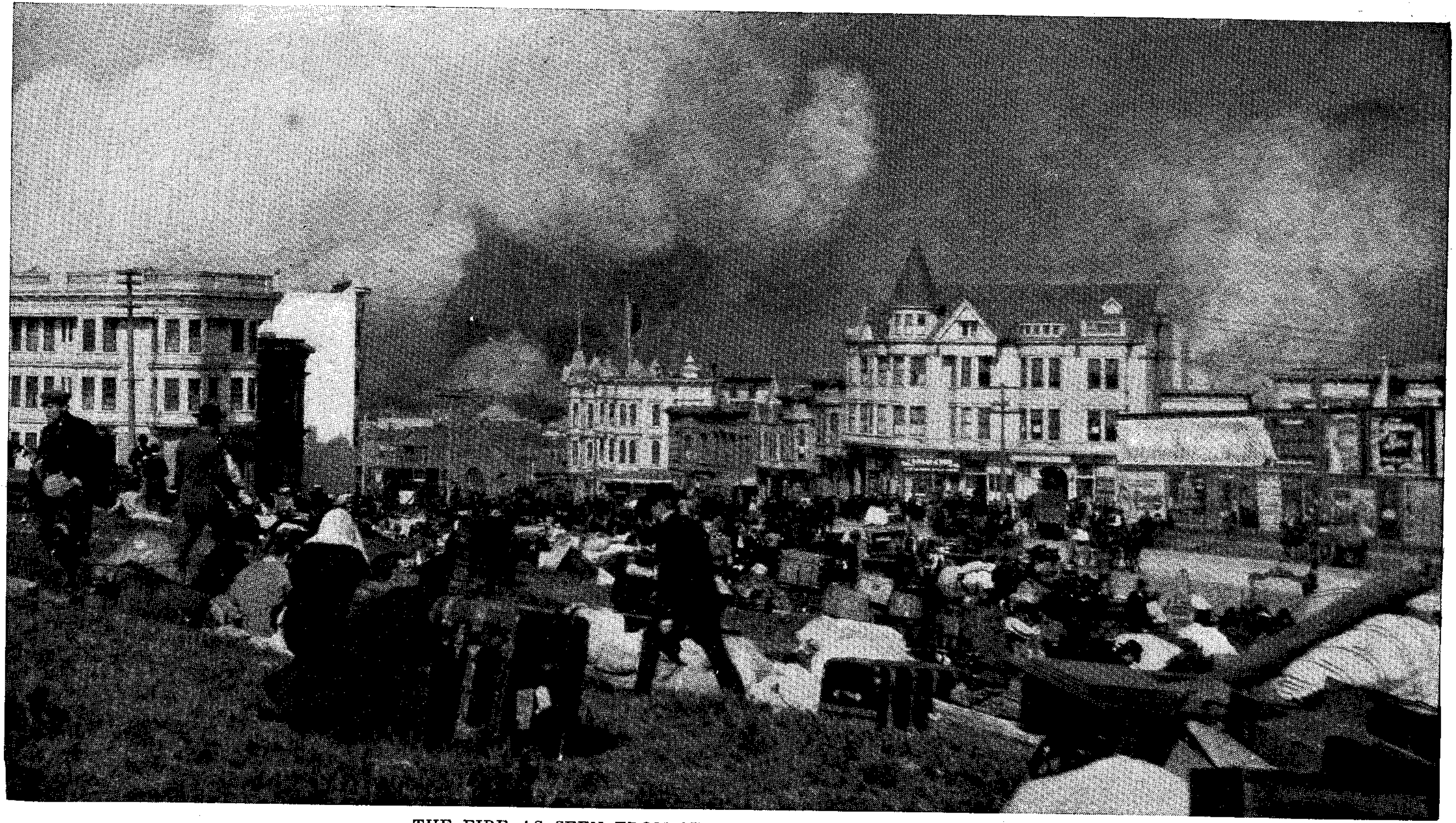
can for them that needs it. My house wasn't burned, so I'm all right; but we've taken in eight people that lost all they had. And I'm not well off, either; I was just working for wages. There's lots of 'em doing the same, and more."

There was no self-glorification in it. It was a simple, cheerful description of a typical case characteristic of the big heart of the West.

The ferry-house, as the boat steamed in, gave the first note of the disaster. It was unharmed by earthquake or fire, but the hands of the clock on its square tower stood motionless at 5:13, the minute when San Francisco awoke from its sleep to find itself shaken like a rat in the jaws of a terrier. It symbolized the one piece of good fortune in the whole disaster. At that hour there were few people in the streets and the business district, and few fires in the houses. If the shock had come at a meal-time, fire must have been practically universal; if it had come during the hours of business or of pleasure, the deaths from falling walls must have been numberless.

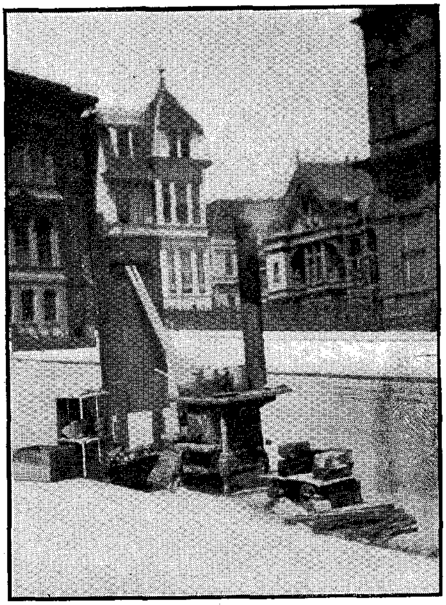
The next day I tramped through the ruined streets to the highest point in what had been the city—the reservoir on Nob Hill. The view from this point gave an excellent idea of the peculiar configuration of the city, and the extent of the destruction.

San Francisco occupies the northern end of a peninsula, washed on the west by the Pacific and on the east and northeast by San Francisco Bay. It covers an area, of slightly irregular outline, about seven miles broad and six miles from north to south. Only the northeast quarter of this area, however, was at all closely built up, and for our purposes we may say that San Francisco was a rough rectangle, about three and a half miles each way, with the bay on its east and north. Through the middle of this square, from north to south, ran a broad boulevard, Van Ness Avenue, lined with fine residences; diagonally

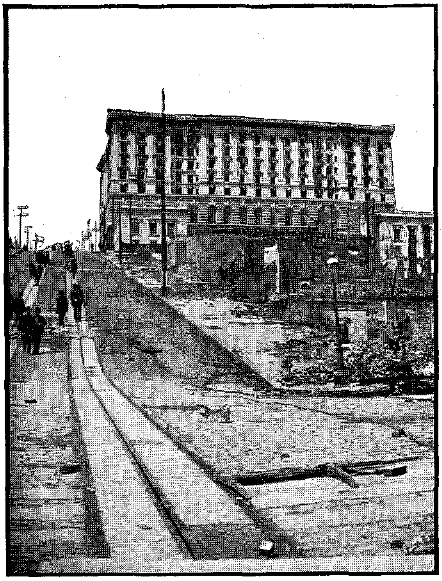


THE FIRE AS SEEN FROM SIXTEENTH AND MARKET STREETS from northeast to southwest ran Market Street, the main artery of San Francisco's life. The district commonly and descriptively known as "south of Market" is as flat as a table, and a good part of it has been redeemed from swamp lands and the waters of the bay by filling. West of Van Ness Avenue rises a ridge covered with residences and known as the Western Addition, and beyond it other hills continue the district of homes. Of the region between Van Ness Avenue, Market Street, and the water front, two elevations—Russian Hill and Nob Hill—connected by a ridge, form the backbone; and a third, Telegraph Hill, a shoulder to the northeast.

From the hill where I stood the devastation spread out in all directions. To the north a few houses on the summit of Russian Hill were the only exception to the waste of ruins. To the east, the Ferry building, the piers along the water front, and an Appraisers' warehouse only remained. To the south a dozen of the sky-scrapers in the heart of the city still stood, but their outward aspect of integrity masked interiors ravaged by the fire. Between and around them buildings of older or less sturdy construction had left pitiful gaps. Just below me the Fairmount Hotel, which would have been and will be still one of the finest hotels in the country when completed, showed few signs of damage; but across the street the magnificent Flood home, built in the early days of stone and mahogany brought round the Horn in sailing vessels, lifted roofless walls in silent witness to the fury of the flames. To the west, beyond Van Ness Avenue, the homes of the Western Addition were unharmed, affording the base from which the campaign for the new San Francisco must be directed. Along Van Ness Avenue the fine residences had been razed to the ground by the fire and the desperate dynamiting of the fire-fighters, rendered helpless by the breaking of the water mains. Here a tangled mass of water and gas pipes, with a couple of ruined bath-tubs, tumbled in picturesque confusion into a cellar, showed where a frame house had furnished easy food for the flames. A little further on a flight of marble steps went from a bit of front yard behind a twisted iron fence up to nowhere. Ghosts of trees and shrubs, blasted and shriveled, standing in what looked like a bit of the plains after a season of drought, showed where a beautiful lawn had surrounded a mansion. Along the streets, up and down the steep hills, which to a stranger re-


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK

A TEMPORARY KITCHEN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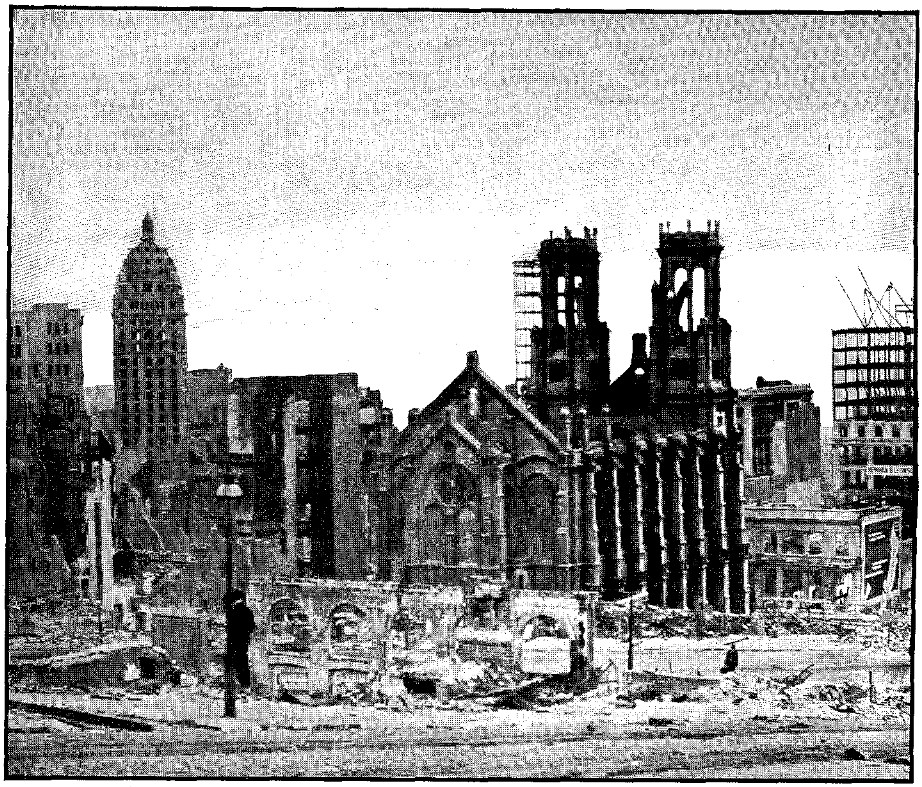
FAIRMOUNT HOTEL FROM CORNER CALIFORNIA AND STOCKTON STREETS



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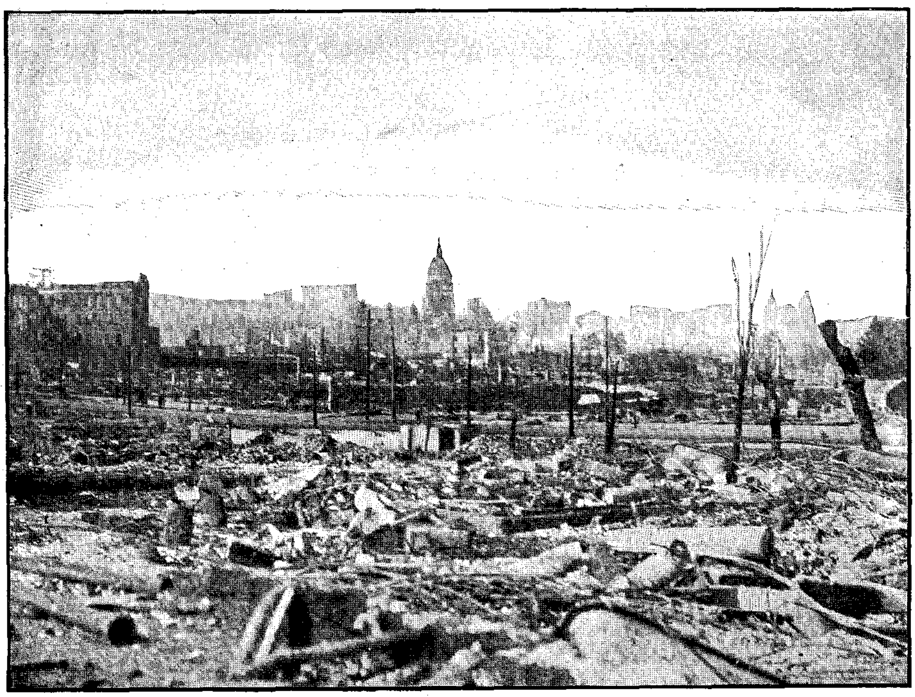
THE RUINS OF TEMPLE EMANUEL AS SEEN FROM FAIRMOUNT HOTEL



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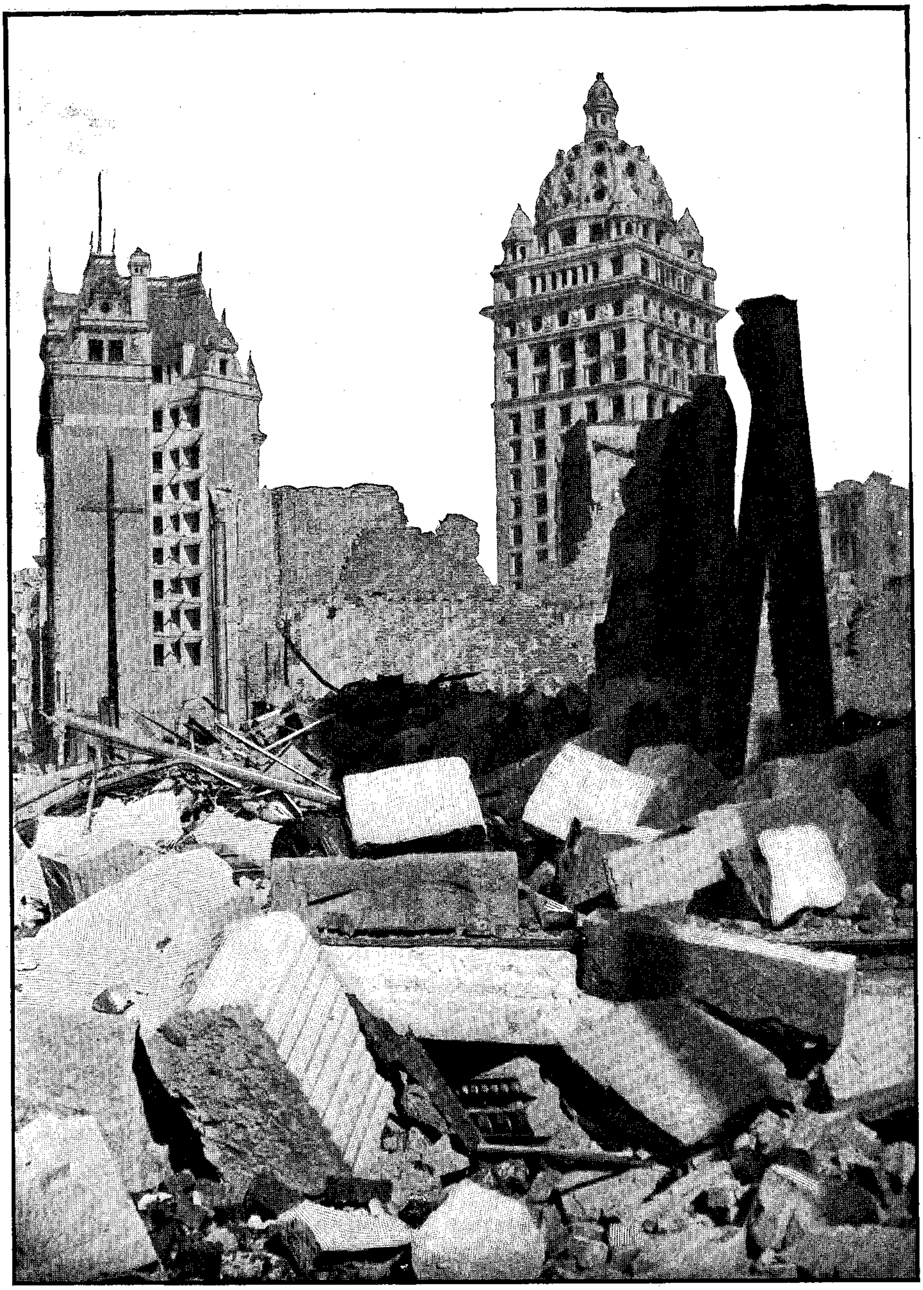
LOOKING TOWARDS CITY HALL FROM MISSION DOLORES



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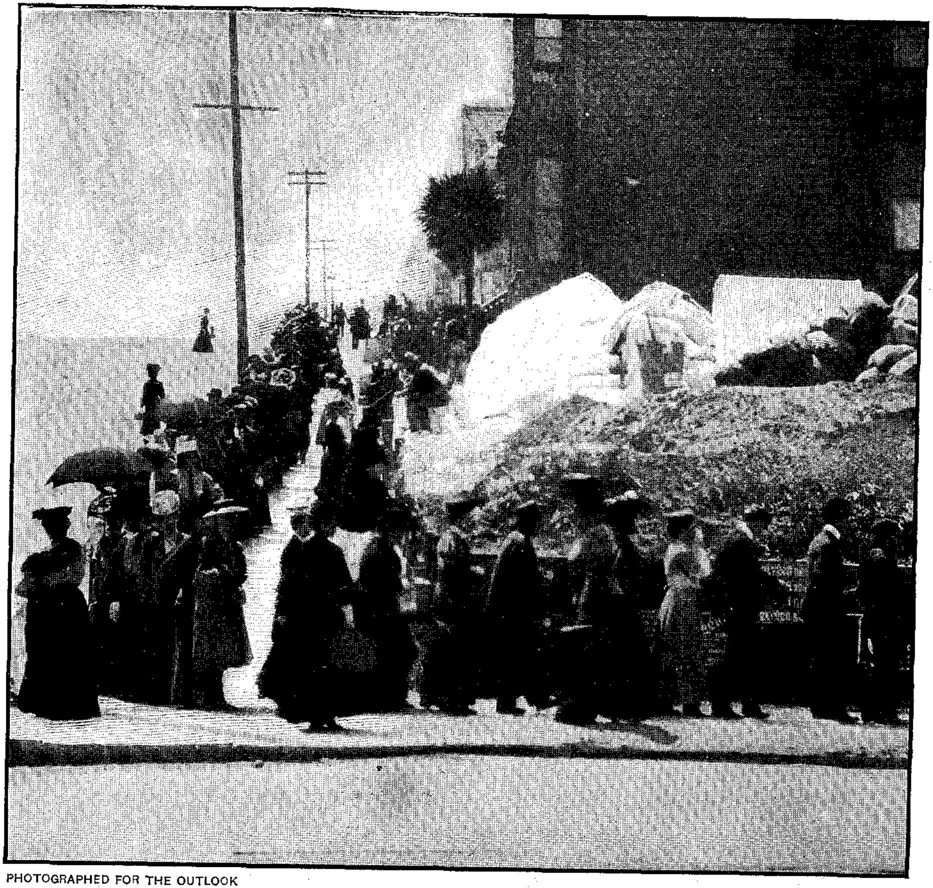
THE "CALL" BUILDING (ON THE RIGHT) AND THE MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK (ON THE LEFT) TOWERING ABOVE THE RUINS

duced to walking are one of the most painfully characteristic features of San Francisco, the tracks of the car lines raise their backs every few yards like giant measuring-worms. At the foot of a hill, near the bay, an orderly row of heaps of twisted iron represents a group of cable-cars, sent to the end of the line in the vain hope of safety.

On the slope of Telegraph Hill, where the Latin Quarter had been, and in the sections "south of Market," where the



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK

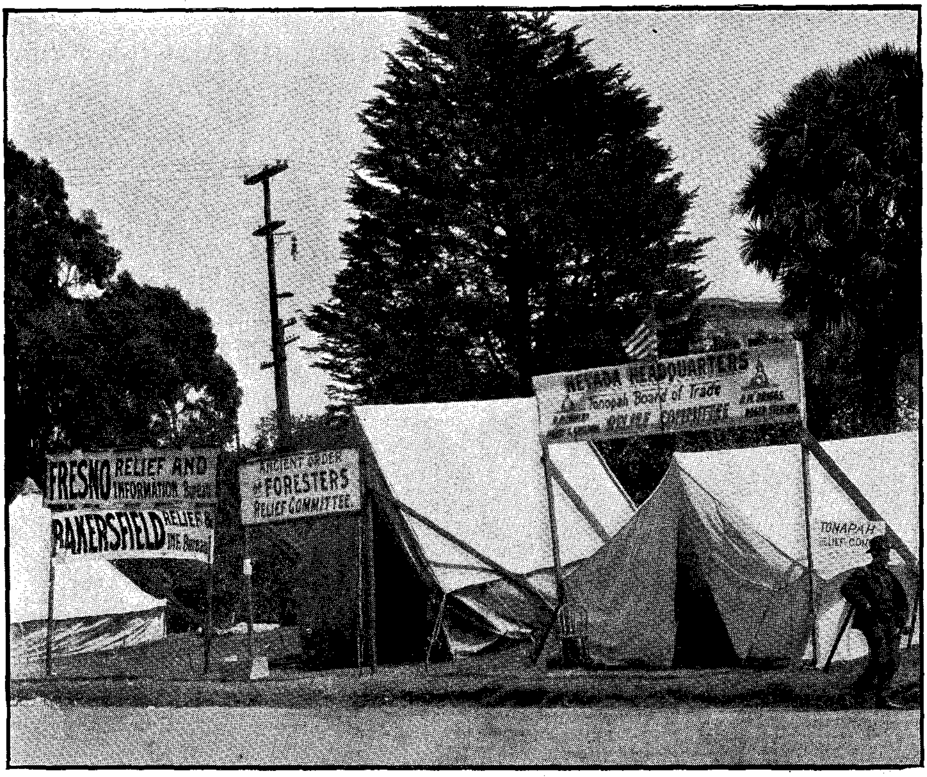
THE DISTRIBUTION OF SUPPLIES AT LAFAYETTE PARK RELIEF STATION

poorer people of the city lived, crowded together in wooden shacks and tenements, hardly so much as a chimney was left. The street plan was laid out as on a map, the gray of the pavements outlining the darker masses of débris in the blocks.

South of Telegraph Hill, in the wholesale district and in San Francisco's much abused but much exploited "Chinatown," many walls were standing, shattered and insecure.

It was in the residence districts that the destruction had been most complete; the homes of both rich and poor were level with the ground. But it was in the heart of the city, on Market Street and the streets north and south, that the greatest losses have been sustained. Nevertheless, few of the modern buildings have been razed or have suffered irretrievably. The "Call" building was gutted by the fire, but its fine exterior was almost uninjured; the new "Chronicle" building, a fine structure of brick and steel, showed only a few cracks on its front as evidence of the ordeal through which it passed. It has been a triumph for modern steel construction. Neither the earthquake nor the fire could seriously injure the shells of those great buildings, though every bit of inflammable material inside them was destroyed.

Slowly the real significance of the disaster, the extent of the city's loss, impressed itself upon me. San Francisco as a material city has ceased to exist. Perhaps half its homes, the few small shops always to be found in such residence districts, the mint, the post-office, a few factories, a warehouse or two, still remain. But the handsome, costly residences on Van Ness Avenue and Nob Hill, the mills and factories on the low


FRESNO RELIEF AND INFORMATION Bureau
BAKERSFIELD RELIEF & INF. Bureau
ANCIENT ORDER of FORESTERS RELIEF COMMITTEE
NEVADA HEADQUARTERS
Tonopah Board of Trade
RELIEF COMMITTEE
TONAPAH RELIEF COM

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK

A GROUP OF RELIEF STATIONS IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

lands along the water front and "south of Market," the wholesale and commission houses, the City Hall, the Halls of Records and of Justice, the hotels, from the famous old Palace and the new and elegant St. Francis down, every bank and financial institution, every shop, the homes of the newspapers, the theaters and the cafés, many churches and schools, the homes of thousands of all classes on the slopes of Telegraph and Russian Hills and "south of Market"—all are as if they had never been. San Francisco is a city deprived at one blow of all the tools of life. Her people have nowhere to work, nowhere to play, nowhere to buy and sell, nowhere to administer government, nowhere to send their children to school, nowhere, in short, to live, in the broad sense of the word; and half of them have nowhere to live in the most narrow sense of the word.

I was in the middle of four square miles of desert, with only half a dozen oases where the caprice of the flames had manifested itself or the energy of the fire-fighters had prevailed. Twenty-five hundred acres in ashes—an area equal to that part of New York City from Twenty-third Street to One Hundred and Third Street, and from Fifth to Ninth Avenues. Such a comparison, however, while it gives an idea of the geographic extent of the destruction, does not adequately represent its real meaning. It is as if New York City, exclusive of Brooklyn, were wiped out except for the Post-Office, the United States Sub-Treasury, a few factories near the river fronts, the Hotel St. Regis, left standing but considerably damaged, and the residence district north of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Considered with regard to the relative size of the two cities, such a disaster would mean to New York what this one means to San Francisco.

I left my post and wandered here and there through the silent streets, meeting now and then a sentry from the army, or the marines, or the National

Guard, or, near the water front, the bluejackets. As I picked my way over a pile of bricks and débris, a dozen blocks in any direction from a standing building, a gray-coated mail-carrier came swinging along, clambered over to a corner letter-box, opened it, took out a letter, and started on. I stopped him with a question.

"Yes, I'm supposed to collect from every box I pass, though I don't find many letters in this district. I've got two or three families left on one end of my route, and I'm giving 'em two deliveries a day." The matter-of-fact performance of his regular routine only emphasized the loneliness and desolation that surrounded us.

I went down to the water front, and started to walk around to the military headquarters at Fort Mason. The devastation that I had been looking at was so terribly complete, so far-reaching, so comprehensive in its destruction of the means of living, that there seemed no conceivable hope for San Francisco. Where were her people to begin? How could they make a start for a new city from such a ruin? Thousands upon thousands of people were homeless, thousands of businesses had been wiped out, thousands made penniless, and, what was of the most immediate importance, the food supply of hundreds of thousands destroyed. Where was there any hope for relief from these terrible conditions?

In a moment I began to find the answer, and new phases of the solution of the problem presented themselves at every turn. On the tracks by the wharves, where they been brought across on the ferries, stood car after car, discharging their contents into trucks. They bore such labels as—

FROM BURLINGTON, IOWA

FROM JACKSONVILLE, OREGON

FOR THE CALIFORNIA SUFFERERS
FROM DENVER, COLORADO
MORE TO FOLLOW

CLOTHING AND GROCERIES
FROM LONG BEACH

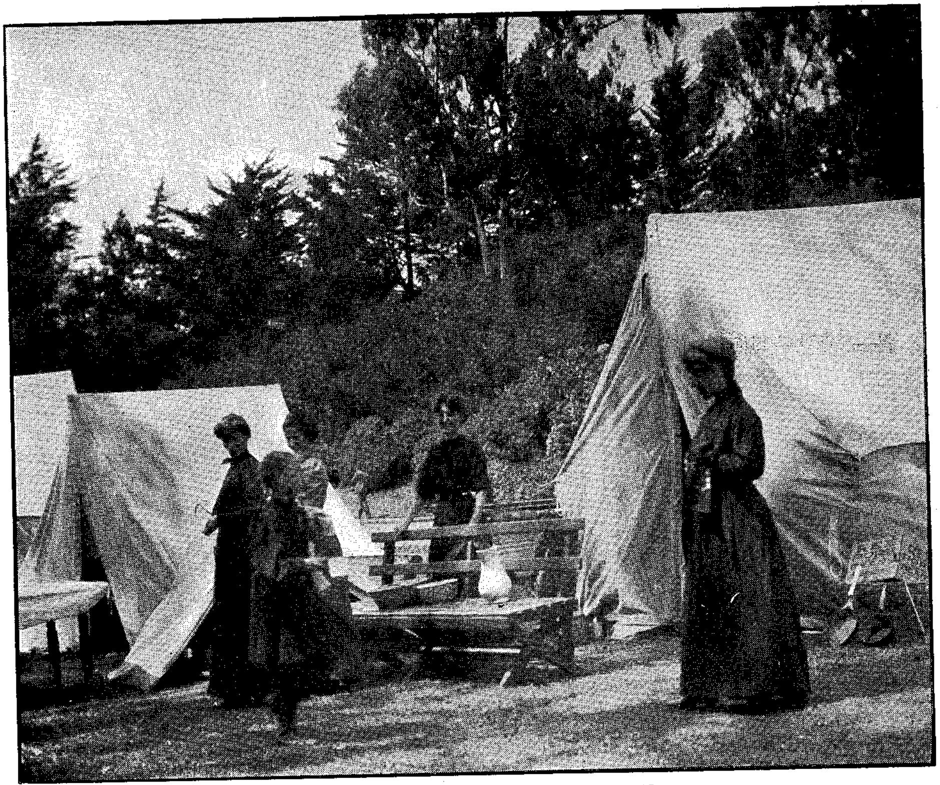
FRESH MEAT FROM COALINGA

A TRAIN-LOAD OF SUPPLIES
FROM ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

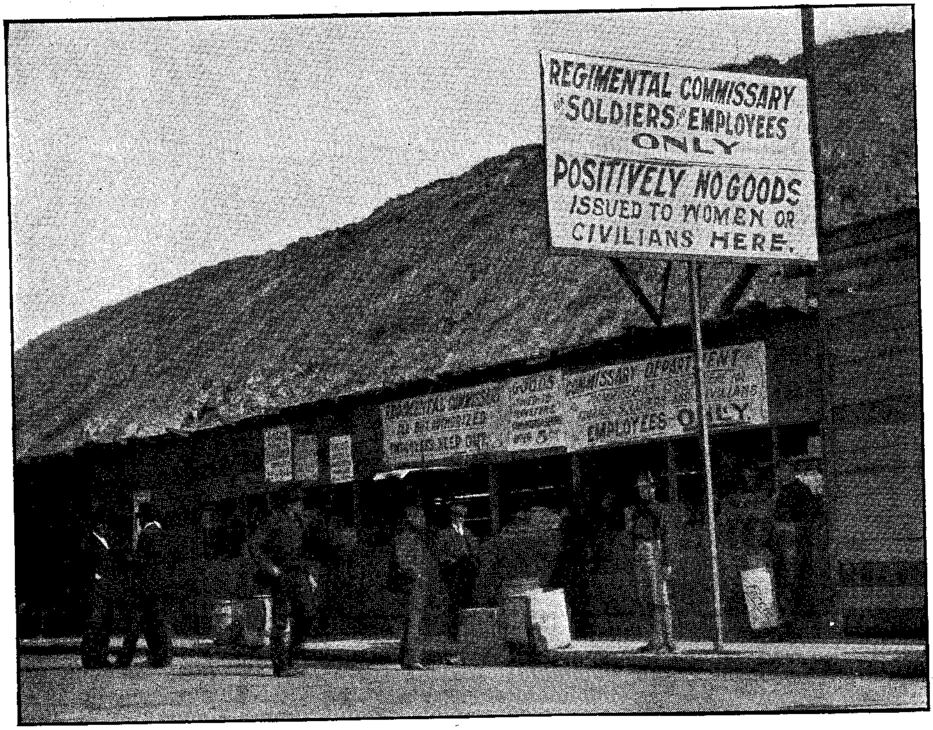
FROM BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Here was the first great need being met by the hearty, prompt co-operation of the whole country. Then I remembered how, before I left New York, on every street corner stood a Salvation Army lassie with her tambourine and a big placard, "For the San Francisco earthquake sufferers;" I remembered the big tent on the lake front in Chicago, where a giant theatrical performance was to be held, with a bill headed by the greatest actress in the world, "for the San Francisco earthquake sufferers;" I remembered the unknown man who handed a check for $25,000 to New York's Mayor "for the San Francisco earthquake sufferers." At a Government pier on another part of the water front an army transport was discharging an enormous cargo of flour, canned fish, and miscellaneous food supplies just brought in from Spokane, Washington. On the next pier were great stacks of cases containing tents, cots, mattresses, blankets, and bales of hay—contributions of the Nation through its representative, the army. Here was wherewithal to feed the hungry and house the homeless; the answer to the most immediate question.

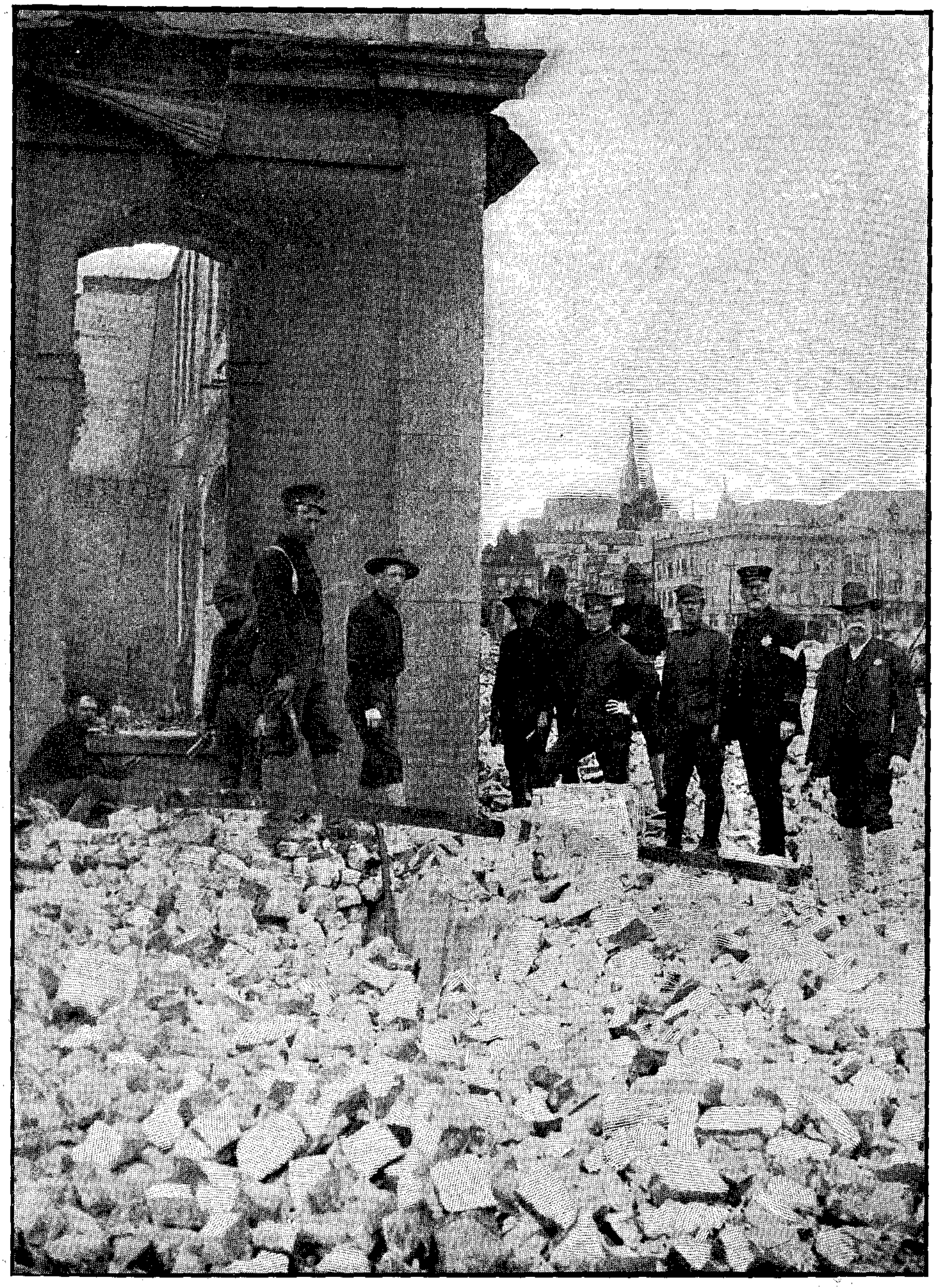
At Fort Mason, on the northern end of the peninsula, I found the first practical illustration of the use of the material so generously given. On the open spaces about the army headquarters a camp had sprung up, inhabited chiefly by the people of the Latin Quarter. Great conical Sibley tents of khaki, A-tents of canvas, the little dog-tents which are just big enough for a man, but are so constructed that two or more can be buttoned together, and nondescript structures of wood, tin, canvas, carpet, or all combined, contained a polyglot population, living in comparative comfort. Before a building near the camp a long line patiently waited for their turn to receive rations, and at length each one went off to his new home with a loaf of bread under one arm and a can of corned beef or pork and beans in his pocket. Another line, equipped with receptacles of infinite variety, from an Apollinaris bottle to a Venetian glass vase, waited for a little portion of milk for the baby. A watering-



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK IN CAMP AT GOLDEN GATE PARK


REGIMENTAL COMMISSARY
SOLDIERS & EMPLOYEES
ONLY
POSITIVELY NO GOODS
ISSUED TO WOMEN OR
CIVILIANS HERE.
GOODS
COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT
EMPLOYEES ONLY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK MILITARY SUPPLY STATION



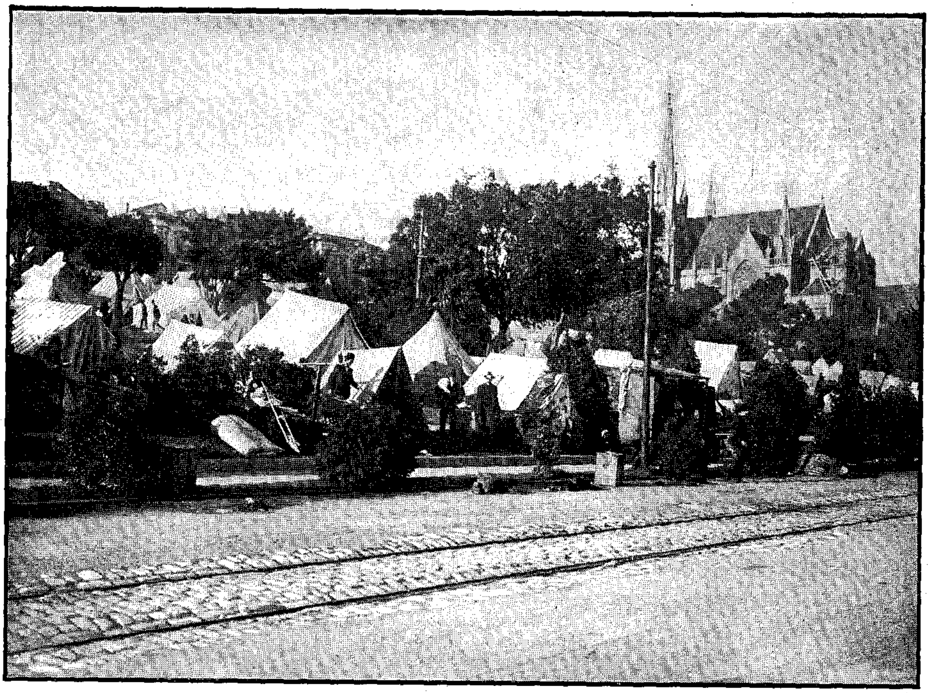
FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1906, UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

THE DYNAMITING CREW

Supervisor Duffy, Police Sergeant Campbell, Captain Colman and officers directing the work of laying dynamite to blow up walls of the O'Brien Carriage Company

cart, promoted to a higher sphere of activity, supplied water to all comers, with the warning legend, "Boil all water before drinking."

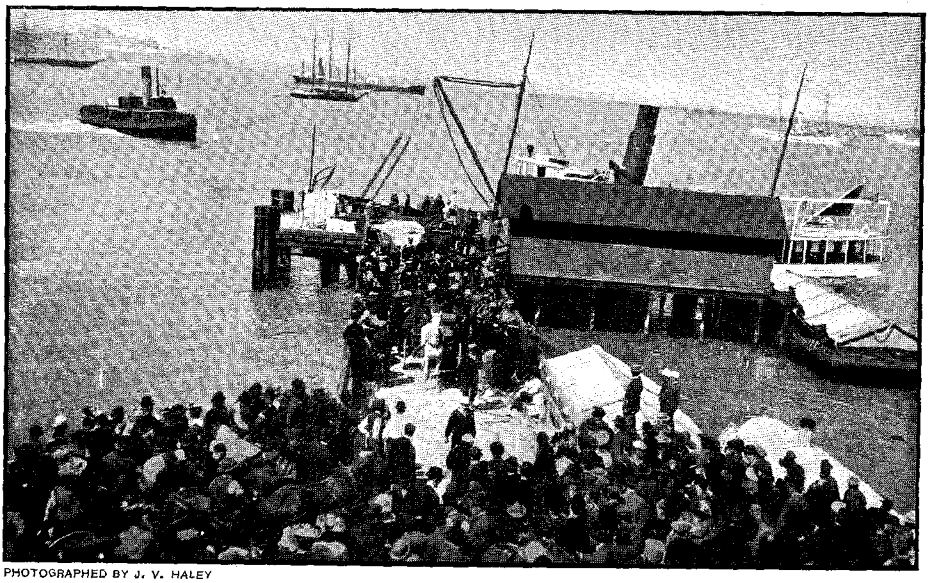
A half-mile west of Fort Mason begins the Presidio, the Government reservation, with barracks, hospital, and coast defenses, and a great expanse of beautiful park land. The broad parade-ground had become another city of tents, neatly laid out in streets and filled to overflowing. Beyond the camp the big army



A VILLAGE OF CAMPERS IN JEFFERSON PARK

hospital, with one of the finest equipments in the country, was caring for perhaps four hundred patients.

The sick and the injured from the first had been given the best possible care here and at the other unharmed hospitals of the city and at emergency stations, which were immediately organized in many places. In this direction, as in every other, the response to the city's needs by sister cities had been prompt and generous. I met nurses



PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. V. HALEY

REFUGEES IN WILD SCRAMBLE TO GET ABOARD GOVERNMENT BOATS FOR OAKLAND AND OTHER POINTS OF SAFETY from Los Angeles and Seattle, and a detachment from Chicago of twenty-five surgeons and seventy-five nurses, members of the White Cross—an organization for just such emergency work.

The scenes of camp life were repeated in a dozen small parks throughout the city, and in more extensive measure in Golden Gate Park—a magnificent pleasure ground reaching from the geographic center of the city westward to the ocean. There a formally arranged camp of a couple of hundred tents occupied a charming glade among the trees, and hundreds of tents were scattered along the walks and drives, hiding among the shrubs or in the open, as the caprice of the owner suggested privacy or sociability. At one end of the camp street a capacious building contained supplies of food and clothing, generously given out to all who needed. Near by an enormous iron kettle on an improvised fireplace provided ever-ready hot water in the interests of cleanliness and health. It was presided over by a picturesque individual with soft flowing hair and beard, a gold miner of the olden days, proud of the distinction.

Each tent bore marks of individuality and indications of the character of its occupants. The indolent were content to live under the most primitive conditions, while the ingenious and the energetic had extemporized tables and chairs, elaborate cooking arrangements, and many other little conveniences. A peep at the contents of some of the little homes recalled forcibly the difficulties of those days of fire. More often than not nothing had been saved except a parrot or a canary in its cage, or the family kitten; sometimes a single piece of furniture, a bureau, or a bed, or a rocking chair; occasionally a trunk or two. Here and there a vehicle of some kind behind a tent suggested the former occupation of its owner and explained the more elaborate furnishing of his domicile. Everywhere the stories of the refugees were set to one theme, passing into two variations.

"We lost everything; there was no way to carry it off," was the theme. "The fire came so fast we could only save ourselves," ran one variation; the other, "We would have had plenty of time to save everything, but we thought the fire wasn't coming our way, so we left it till too late." Thus little was saved by either rich or poor.

In another corner of the park the Los Angeles Relief Committee was serving hot meals to all comers; at the park entrance great signs announced the headquarters of the Knights of Pythias, the Foresters of America, the Modern Woodmen, the I. O. O. F., offering to their members a brotherly hand of assistance.

Here was another part of the answer to my questions.

In other sections of the city relief stations were distributing food, not only to the homeless, but to those whose houses were left but whose means of livelihood was destroyed. There in long lines men, women, and children, Chinese, Irish, Italians, Japanese, negroes, and plain Americans, filed past the counters, where each received bread, potatoes, tea or coffee, fresh meat, canned meat, or salt fish, as the case might be that day, canned vegetables, sugar, salt, and vinegar. Soldiers and civilians working side by side distributed the offerings of the American people as they had been doing since the day after the earthquake, allowing no one to go hungry. The supplies were packed away in a soap-box, a wooden pail, a traveling-bag, the half of a wicker telescope case, a flour-sack, or a market basket, and the recipient went cheerily home to cook the meal in the street. There was no room for pride in San Francisco, and her people had accepted the situation with a good grace that told volumes.

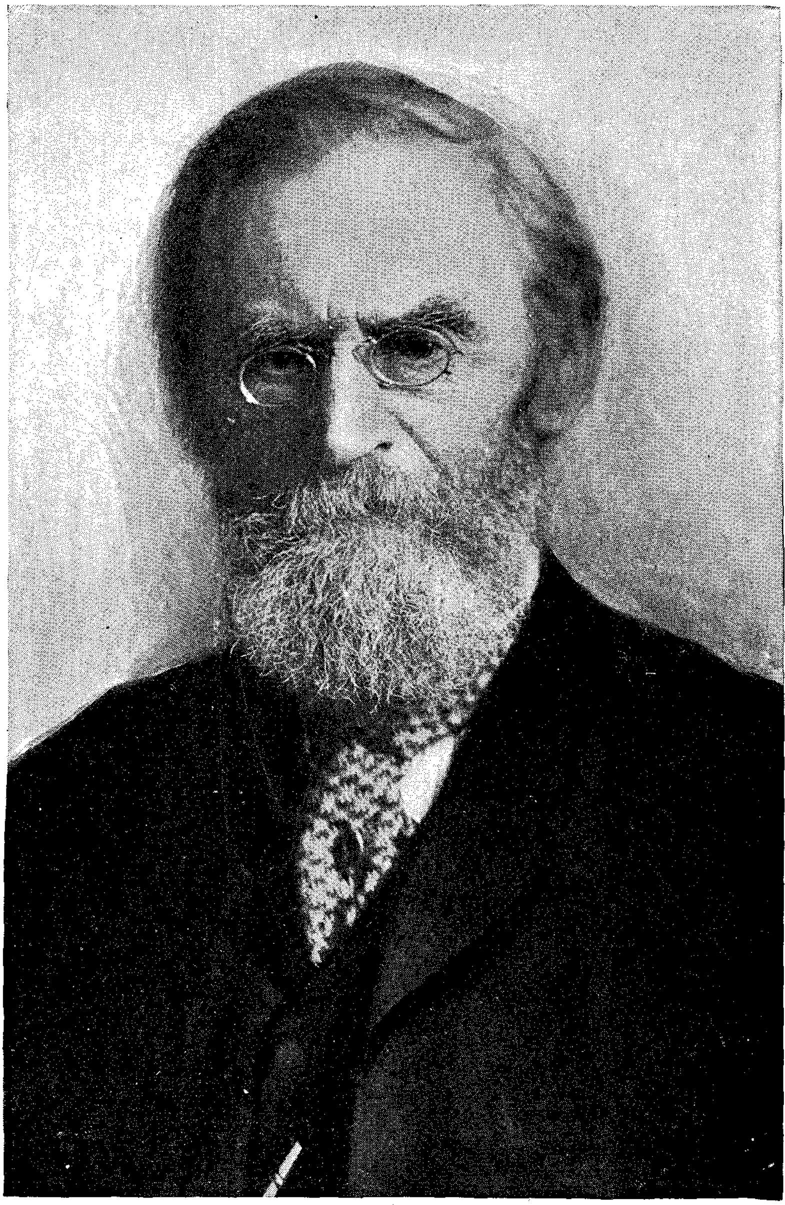
Probably half of San Francisco was living in tents, but beyond a question all of San Francisco was cooking out-of-doors and living by candle-light. Until the cracked and shattered chimneys should be repaired and pronounced safe, and the water supply restored, no fire might be built in any house, no kerosene lamp used, no gas or electricity supplied. So every street displayed a nondescript array of kitchens along its curb lines, presided over sometimes by a Chinese or Japanese servant, but more often by the lady or the daughter of the house, or a father or sons, recalling days in camp. From a primitive fireplace of a few bricks, with perhaps an oven grate across the top, with a shoe-box or a kitchen table on its side as a wind-break, to a handsome nickeled range installed in a spacious shed, with kitchen table, settee, shelves, and coal-box, every possible variation in the elements and their combination was to be found. A tiny round stove, with barely room for a teakettle on it, under a proud sign, "The Palace Grill," stood neighbor to a complete kitchen with a fireplace, a range, and hospitable seats, with the idiomatic but cordial invitation over the door, "Kick in!" Everybody was cooking out-of-doors, and nobody cared. For "There's many that's worse off than we, and we ought to be thankful we've a house over our heads," as a genial Irish lady, busily engaged in concocting a toothsome three-course meal under impossible conditions, expressed it.

A walk up Market Street and through the unburned residence district revealed another part of the answer. Every telegraph pole and bit of standing wall bore a sign, hastily drawn or painted, bearing directions to a temporary office of some business enterprise or other. At least every other fine residence in the Western Addition housed a bank or an insurance company or a firm of lawyers or a commercial or manufacturing company. In many places along the ruined streets and on vacant lots elsewhere temporary frame buildings were already going up, their fronts announcing proudly that new stocks of goods were on the way, to be ready for the public in a few days or weeks.

Gangs of workmen were busy along the principal car lines, repairing the tracks, stringing new trolley wires, and giving promise of a speedy resumption of service. Telephone wires, gas-pipes, water mains, and sewers were being inspected and repaired. Armed with permits from the Chief of Police, business men were hunting for their safes and vaults, and having them burglarized by the experts whose signs appeared on every corner. On a fine old residence on Van Ness Avenue a sign of circus poster effect announced that San Francisco's greatest department store would open there within a week with a large stock of goods. At intervals a dull report told of the dynamiting of some tottering wall, a menace to traffic. Everywhere the city was busy, beginning the work of temporary reconstruction and readjustment.

Everywhere, in the business districts, in the camps, in the improvised kitchens on the streets, among all classes of people, men and women, high and low, officials and private citizens, I found the best, the fundamental, answer to my question. The spirit of the people of San Francisco—cheerful, enterprising, a little happy-go-lucky perhaps when things went well, but brave, uncomplaining, unselfish, when disaster came, facing the future with a smile—will make the new San Francisco.

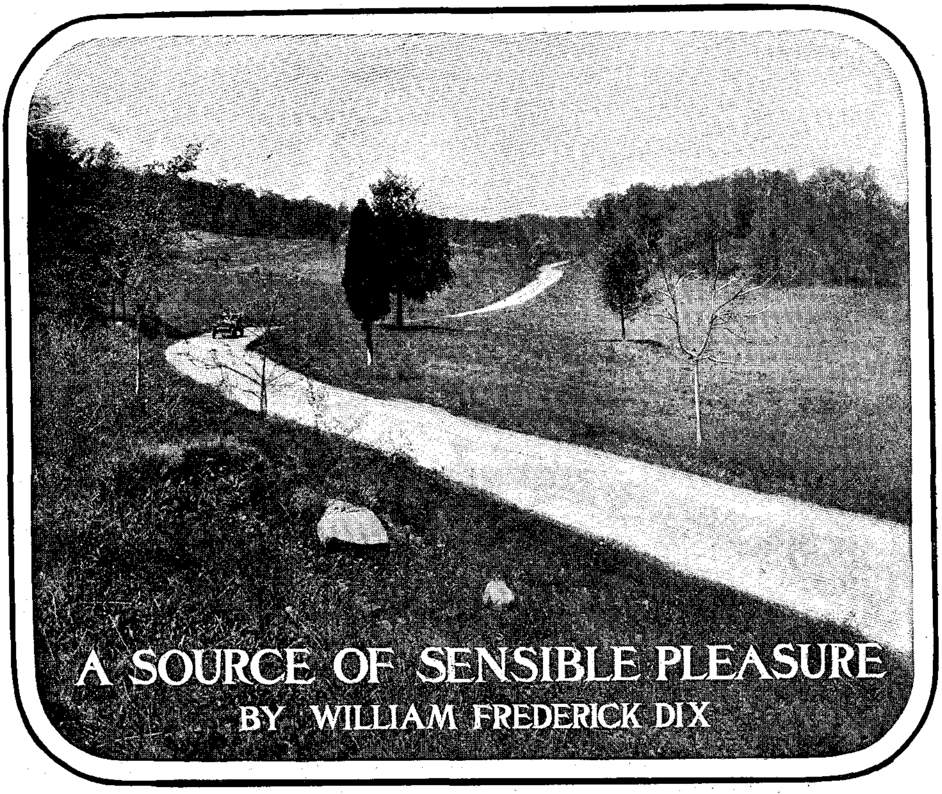
San Francisco, May 10, 1906. H. J. H.



CARL SCHURZ

STATESMAN, SOLDIER, AND JOURNALIST

Born in Germany, near Cologne, March 2, 1829. Died in New York City, May 14, 1906



# A SOURCE OF SENSIBLE PLEASURE

## BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

WHAT thought does the term "motoring" first present to your mind? An uncouth, almost terrific picture of a roaring, smoking monster, devouring the race-course, with a ghastly, grim-faced, goggled, and leather-clad creature leaning, tense and motionless, over the steering-rod, riding wheel-to-wheel with death? Or is the picture that of a pleasant group of people, comfortably seated in a graceful vehicle, rolling rapidly and easily over country roads? These two pictures typify the extremes of "automobilism."

There are many intermediate phases, varying from the modest runabout to the costly limousine car, imported, high-powered, noiseless, and with a lavishly upholstered and luxurious apartment within its glass inclosure. And all these phases of this modern sport are more attractive than the racing picture. The monster racer, the hundred-horse-power speeding machine, and the race-course, with its feverish excitement, its dangers, and its betting, represent the harmful side of the subject, and are hereby dismissed merely with the remark that the only way that motor racing could be made helpful would be for the races to occur only with stock cars—cars which are serviceable for ordinary road use—that reliability, strength, and simplicity in construction count equally with speed.

The second picture is far more pleasant to dwell upon—the sensibly constructed vehicle for general touring purposes. Within proper limits, motoring is one of the greatest sources of pleasure and health, and it is, as well, one of the most useful and valuable occupations. It is opening up the country-side to city dwellers, and enlarging the "steaming radius" of thousands of people in towns and cities all over the country.

The most interesting change which has come over American society in recent years is the modern interest in country life, resulting in the building of pretty country homes all over the land,

Photographs by Spooner and Wells

"FAR OUT INTO THE COUNTRY AND BACK"

in the laying out of gardens, from the bright patch of flowers beside the cottage to the great, formal ones copied after those of England, Italy, France, and Holland; in the establishing of great country estates by men who have accumulated fortunes, and who enjoy occupying their leisure in perfecting model dairies, improving the breed of horses, cattle, and dogs, and in studying scientific agriculture and floriculture. With all this the automobile is intimately associated. It makes the country club more accessible and links the country home with the city office. Just when bicycling went out of favor the automobile came in.

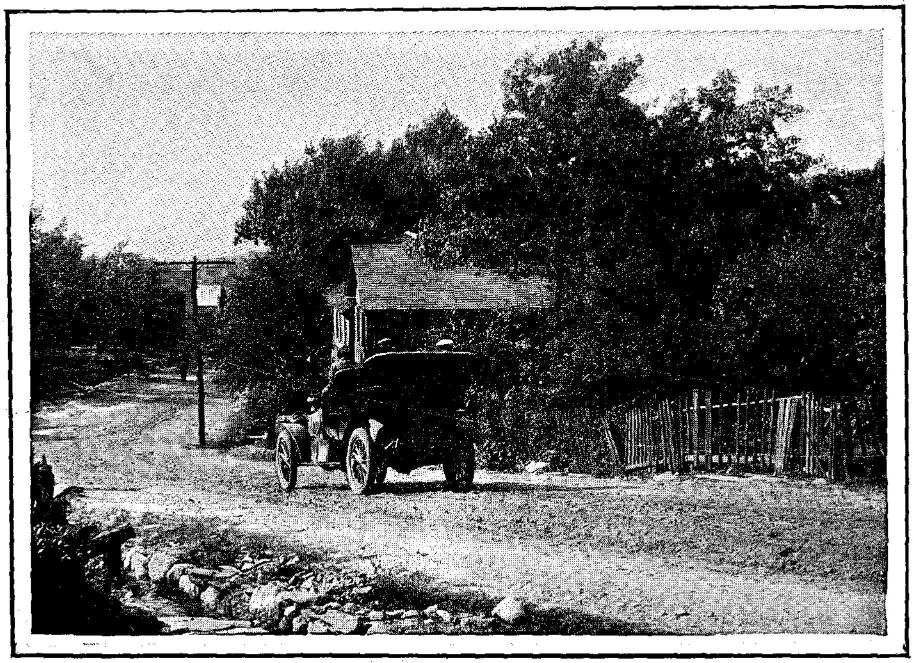
The horse, as used for pleasure-driving, has very decided limits, and after one has driven over the roads within ten or fifteen miles of his home in all directions, the country, perhaps, becomes over-familiar to him, and driving loses at least its novelty. But the motor-car has a greatly wider range, and the family which owns a practical and convenient car may tour the surrounding country for many miles in all directions, visit innumerable towns lying within fifty or a hundred miles, and be constantly lured into taking little jaunts of a day or two, entirely independent of trains and timetables.

This, the only sane aspect of motoring, has had a striking influence in various directions. It has, in the first place, taught a good deal of practical mechanics to men and women, has taken them more outdoors than any other recreation which can be enjoyed throughout the year, and has brought into new life countless country and village hotels, bringing to them suddenly a new era of prosperity.

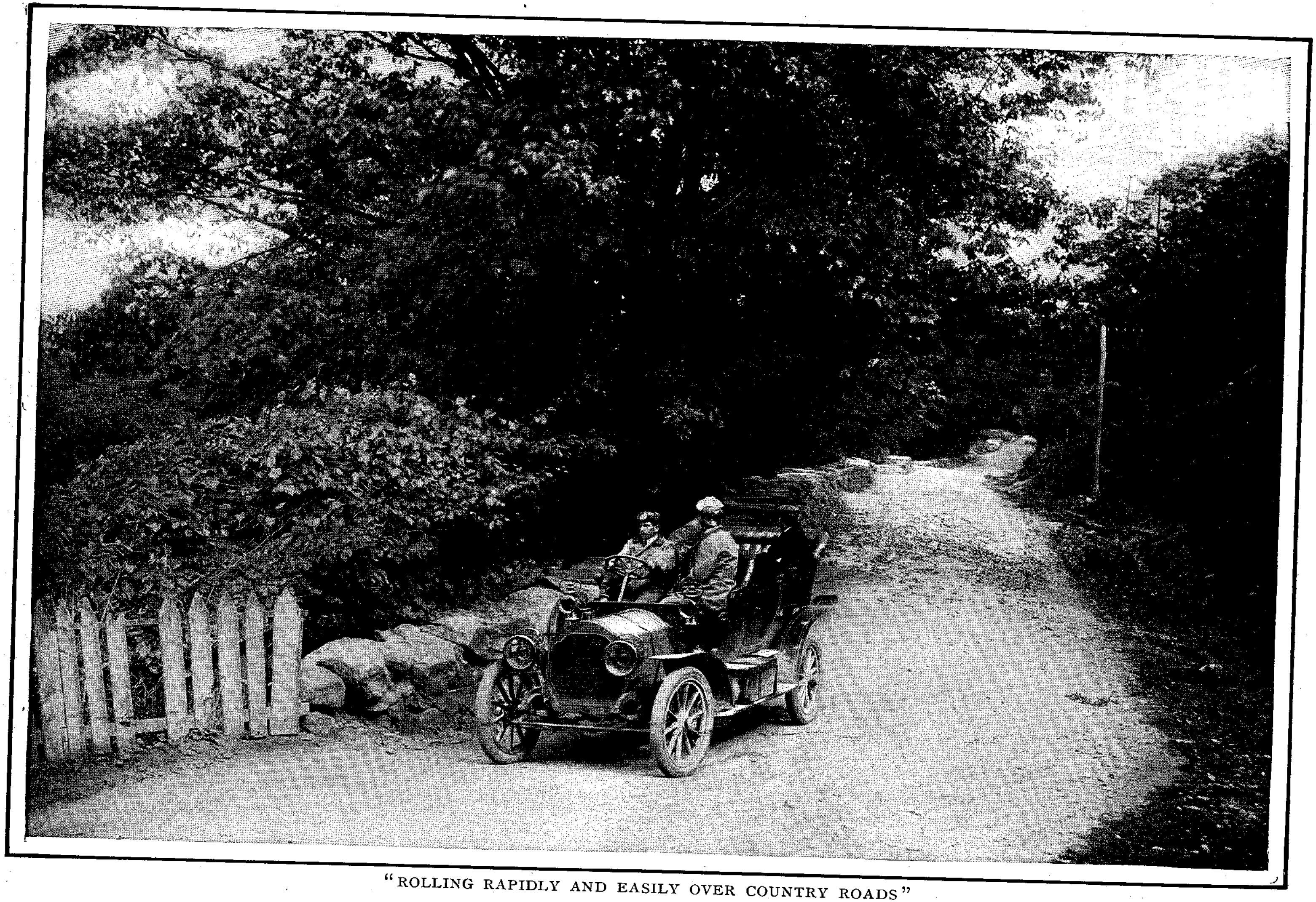
There are several aspects of motoring which, to the careful observer, show themselves to be merely passing fads—the racing with giant cars, the mad scorching through the country, with the occupants of the automobiles hideous in goggles and fur and leather disguises, and the riding in open cars in all weathers. After the novelty and first excitement of these phases of the sport have passed away, the rightfully called motor-cranks will grow weary of it. So it is quite probable that motoring, as a craze, will follow the golf craze, while, as in golf, the sport itself, in its more sensible aspects, will remain. Already the limousine—the glass-inclosed superstructure—is being used in cold and inclement weather, and this will probably gradually do away with the grotesque motor garment now so much affected. It does not take people long to realize that there is not really much fun in rushing about out-of-doors in bad weather in uncovered vehicles. Common sense is gradually showing itself, and the future of motoring is bright with promise because it is now so rapidly reaching sensible conditions.

And, as a sensible sport, it is certainly most delightful and profitable. What could be more pleasant for a family of modest means than to own an inexpensive but serviceable motor-car, costing somewhere around a thousand dollars to buy and not more than a hundred or two dollars a year to maintain—a vehicle that carries the man and his family, of a late afternoon, on his return from business, far out into the country and back; a vehicle that his wife may herself drive for errands about town or for calling, of an evening, upon friends living too far away to be reached by horse and carriage? What is so handy as an electric or gasoline runabout which, with proper care, is always ready for instant use? The Saturday afternoon holiday, which, fortunately, is becoming an American institution, takes on a new charm when the man of the family can hurry home at noon from business and take his family on a long spin into the country.

The motor-car has opened up an entirely novel and delightful method of travel, and in the summer the automobile owner may take his family and hand luggage with him and enjoy a several days' trip, stopping at night at comfortable hotels, and seeing the country which he passes through, far better than if he were rushing through it in an over-crowded railway train. It is a delightful sensation to speed along, mile after mile and hour after hour, in a comfortable motor, through the sunshine and the soft summer air, stopping occasionally at pleasant villages, and perhaps



"TAKING LITTLE JOURNEYS OF A DAY"



“ROLLING RAPIDLY AND EASILY OVER COUNTRY ROADS” having a picnic lunch in a cool spot in the woods.

The automobile has introduced a most delightful phase of foreign travel, which, in recent years, Americans have keenly appreciated. With a reliable and speedy motor and with the remarkably fine roads in Europe, the world literally lies before the fortunate motor tourist, waiting his pleasure. There are no time-tables to bother over, no delays and trouble with luggage and securing seats at stations, and none of the countless complications as to 'buses or cabs and jostling crowds. One plans his route with the aid of guide-books, road-maps, and a few suggestions from friends, and, with a small amount of hand luggage, and a congenial party, he bowls along over smooth highways, past picturesque villages, through constantly varying scenery, stopping, when he wishes, for a visit to some wayside church or spot of historical association, so arranging his tour that night brings him to the shelter of a comfortable inn. Then, a little weary and dusty, he makes his toilet, dines, and strolls out to see the town, to glance at the shop windows, to listen to the band in the square, or to stroll to some point of local interest.

England is interlaced with the best of roads; the Lake District, the Shakespeare country, the Cathedral towns, the Isle of Wight, all offer alluring trips. Or one may leave the transatlantic liner at Cherbourg, and motor down through Normandy to Bayeux, Caen, take a zigzag excursion up to Dives on the coast, to lunch at the quaint twelfth-century Hostelrie de Guillaume le Conquerant, and proceed thence to Lisieux, Evereux, Poissy, and Paris. This can easily be done in two or three days; the country is almost level and the roads literally perfect as park drives. I remember, on this route, once traversing a lonely bit of the country, going fifty miles without meeting a village, and all the way the road was perfectly level, broom-swept by cantonières who were stationed at short distances apart and who kept the poplar-lined highway exactly the same width and the grass on each side trimmed as with a lawn-mower.

Normandy, Brittany, and France are each a paradise for the motorist. An old French rhyme has it,

> "De Marseille à Valence
> C'est la plus belle route en France,"

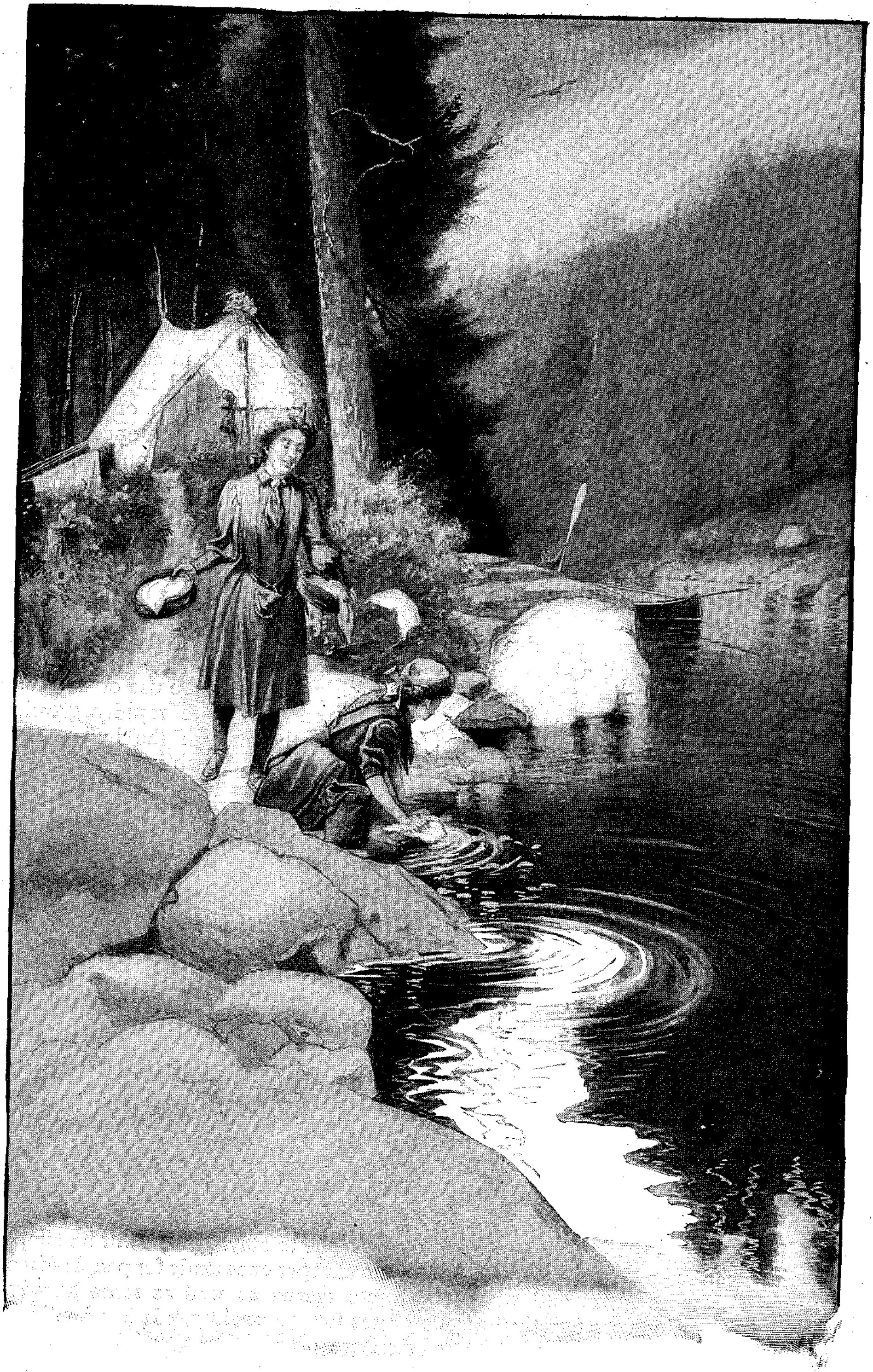
and through the beautiful valley of the Loire an excellent highway extends, passing Tarascon, made famous by Alphonse Daudet, Avignon, once the home of the Popes, and Orange with its Roman ruins. The Riviera is another picturesque touring place for the motorist, who may loiter at Cannes, Monaco, Nice, and Mentone *en route.*

Italian roads, though usually well graded, are not kept in as good repair as the French ones, and in Switzerland it is surprising how much one may use the automobile without encountering very steep grades. Germany and Holland are most attractive to the motor tourist, and, in fact, through the greater part of better-known Europe, motor touring is nowadays one of the most exhilarating modes of travel.

In our own land the roads in parts of New England, in Long Island, New Jersey, and several of the Eastern States are fairly good for the use of the automobile, and they are rapidly growing better, partly through the influence of automobilists, and each year the number of motor tourists through various parts of the country grows larger.

The influence of the motor upon road-building has been enormous. The various automobile clubs and associations have done excellent work in influencing legislation, and the public generally throughout the country has taken a new interest in the development of country roads because the necessity for good roads has been brought so strongly to its attention.

We are, on the whole, a sensible people, and the follies and extravagances of this sport will surely, in time, be relegated to the background. Motoring, as a fad, too, will pass, and many enthusiasts will tire of it, but the automobile has come to stay. There will be simpler and cheaper ones made for people of moderate means as well as more luxurious ones for the wealthy. It has its distinct sphere of usefulness, and as an adjunct to the vacation and as a recreative agent its place is a high and honorable one.



" THE WILDERNESS LIFE IS THE SIMPLE LIFE "

Drawn by J. M. Gleeson

# *Some Little Holidays*

*OF the thousand ways of enjoying a vacation, those which call on one's own resources and bring the pleasure-seeker in direct touch with life and nature usually leave the most lasting impressions of enjoyment. In this group of brief articles the intention is not so much to describe as to prescribe. The writers have been asked to suggest simple and sensible ways of getting recreation and rest. These vacation hints, it will be seen, relate to city sauntering as well as to camping, to searches for pictures as well as for flowers, to distant travel as well as to the near-by pleasures of "the flowing road." Each little article deals with the actual experience of an individual writer.*

## TWO WOMEN IN THE WOODS

### BY ONE OF THEM

WE love the woods, and we wanted to camp as men camp, but we distinctly did not want to be a burden to the men folks. Fortunately, they were kind, even encouraging, so we tried it.

Our first thought was for a proper costume—how characteristic! But care in that direction is really not misplaced, for nothing can so make or mar a woman's comfort in the woods as her clothes. The wilderness life is the simple life, therefore we must have simple garments. Unfortunately, the fur coats of our little brothers of the wilds seemed hardly feasible, but next in order of simplicity come the children, so we imitated them. A one-piece plaited frock, coming just to the knees, knickerbockers, golf stockings, and moccasins, and there you are! Serviceable, comfortable, and, we flattered ourselves, comely. We admit a difference of opinion on the last point, but none on the others. The fascinating name of the material of our tunics is Burberry gabardine, and it is further distinguished by being waterproof. We allowed ourselves the æsthetic luxury of bright ties and low-hanging leather belts and pouches, but they did not interfere with the strictly practical nature of the rest of our attire.

Our plan was to take a canoe trip through a chain of lakes in the Canadian wilds. We had three weeks to spend and no too definite object in view, so that we might hurry or linger as the spirit moved.

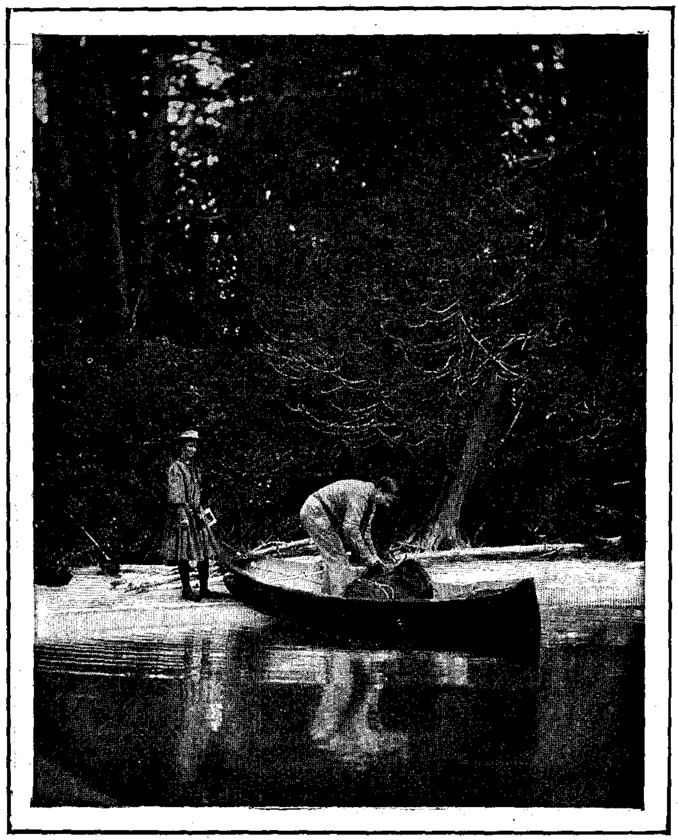
In two canoes, laden with tents, blankets, cooking outfit, and three weeks' supplies, with the rain descending in torrents which were quite unable to damp our spirits, we started forth on our adventure. We thought this a good beginning, for to the true woodsman all weather is satisfactory.

Now, a woman may be useful in the bow of a canoe, provided that with all her strength and concentration she imitates the guide's short, sharp stroke and religiously forgets the graceful and ineffective summer-resort substitute. And if her lord's good right arm should grow weary, she may take his place in the stern

"LADEN WITH TENTS, BLANKETS, COOKING OUTFIT"

and, by a little patient effort, learn the neat twist of the wrist that keeps the little craft's nose pointing true. And if she has never known keen enjoyment before, she will know it then. We found, too, that paddling was not the only way in which we could help. At the noon halt, while the boys gathered wood and made the fire, we occupied ourselves with unpacking the cooking kit, putting water on to boil, and digging out of their respective duffle-bags the various ingredients for our frugal repast. It is a mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be either dirty or untidy when camping. Of course one consumes more or less good old mother earth, but at least it is in a state of pristine freshness and to my mind quite *clean*. But in the preparation of food and in the washing up and putting away which follows, it is not only perfectly possible, but even more than usually advisable to be dainty and housewifely. The cooking outfit, consisting of three pails of different sizes, a coffee-pot, a frying-pan with detachable handle, and the requisite number of plates, bowls, cups, knives, forks, and spoons, fitted into itself and then into a canvas bag, making a movable of about the size of the largest pail. This, for convenience, we carried in a small Adirondack guide basket, which left just room to slip in at the sides soap, a little scrubbing-brush, dish-towels, and salt and pepper shakers. The only other piece of cooking apparatus was a folding baker which traveled in one of the packs. The food was all packed in four duffle-bags, each bearing a label stating its contents. The *modus operandi* when, late in the afternoon, we made camp was as follows. The boys would begin at once to collect firewood, cut tent-poles, and pitch the tents; we girls would prepare the meal. In this way we accomplished almost simultaneously the two essentials of camp-making. If you haven't tried it you can't imagine how good those dinners at the end of a hard day's paddle are. And it really is part of the fun to do it all yourself. You can't help feeling a little civilized when there is a guide around ministering to all your wants. But when you have broiled your face over the fire, and had your eyes put out by the smoke, and burned your clumsy hand, with your mouth fairly watering all the time, you are in a condition to pronounce the crisp slices of salt pork and the browned corn-dodgers which accompany them—to say nothing of the cream gravy—the best dish ever eaten by gods or men. And if the menu happens to be corn bread and fried black bass caught a few minutes before in the lake, the tale is just the same, only more so; and if a fried onion accompany it—words fail me!

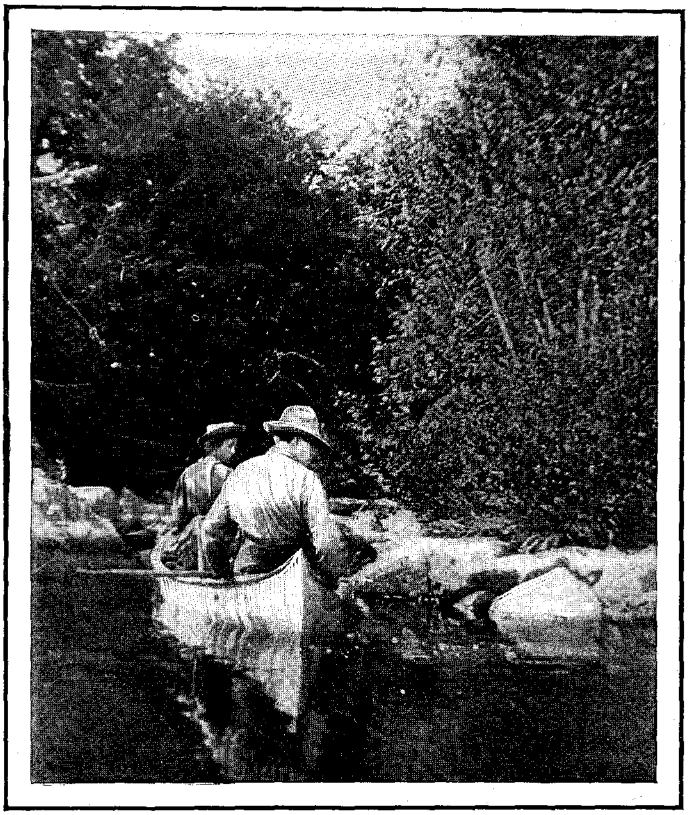
We did not confine ourselves to the suggested bills of fare; there were many others equally delicious. There was, for example, our good friend the beef capsules, which, when dissolved in boiling water, made the most grateful of restorers after a long, hard pull against head winds. We had made an ample provision of four kinds of dried fruits, nuts and raisins, and sweet chocolate, so that we were able to gratify that craving for fruits and sweets which is sure to come.


"AT THE NOON HALT"

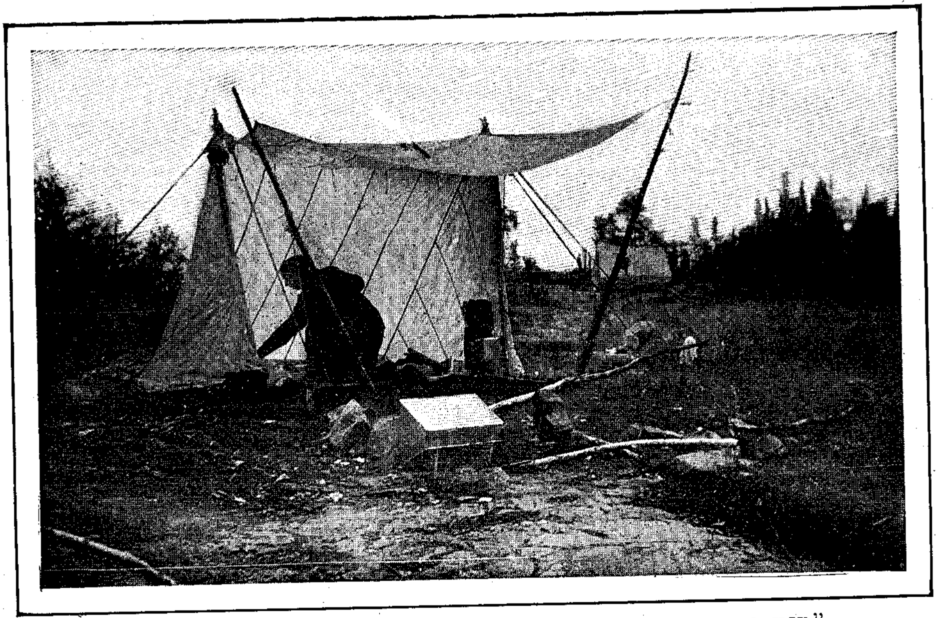
But it was not as cooks that we were most appreciated. Men like to paddle and chop wood and fish and pitch tents—they can even cook with pleasure—but where, oh where, is the man who loves to wash dishes? 'Twas at wash-up time that we became goddesses and loved our menial task for the glory it brought us. Even in this department, however, we were not allowed to reign quite supreme, for there existed a deadly rivalry in regard to the frying-pan. This was due to the fact that the method of cleaning it was unusual. First it was held over the fire till it became red hot, then a mad rush was made to the shore, and with a glorious sizzle it was dipped in the lake, from which it issued cleaner than if painstakingly scrubbed. We were also popular at bedmaking time. In fact, on the strength of our popularity we drove a shrewd bargain. We tidily spread the boys' blankets every night, in return for which we were presented with hot water to wash in every morning. This was only to enable us to remove the deepest incrustations of grime, and in no sense took the place of our happy morning and evening toilets by the lakeside. It became a ceremonial—the wending of our way, with tooth-brush, towel, and soap, to some secluded ledge by the shore to say good-morrow to the lord sun or to watch his last colors fade in the west. Sometimes we slept in the tents and sometimes out under the open sky—equally well on balsam boughs, blueberry-bushes, lumps and bumps, sticks and stones, or plain hard rock. No, I take that back. The most joyous night's rest we girls had was on one glorious moonlight night, when, after we had heard the sleep signals from the other tent, we took our pack cloth, blankets, and candle lantern, and crashed through the dark woods to a great rock rising fifty feet sheer from the lake. Here we spread our bed, and, with the music of the wind in the pine-tree tops in our ears, the moonlight full on our faces, passed a perfect night of sleep and waking.

We did not move camp every day, but sometimes lingered lazily about, doing the family wash on the rocks, trying cooking experiments, taking a few needed stitches, fishing, exploring, or even reading. We had but one volume with us—Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," than which a more perfect woods companion would be hard to imagine.

In strong contrast to the days in camp were those when we again took up the line of march. Then we were up at half-past five, and, breakfast speedily despatched, went at the business of packing up. The boys struck the tents and made the packs; we packed cooking kit and duffle-bags, folded blankets, and helped with the embarkation. The last act before leaving an old camp-site was to make sure that the fire was thoroughly out and could not run. For some reason we all clamored for the honor of doing this; but no matter how many buckets of water the rest of us used, the "chief" always put on one more and gravely stepped on the dead embers.


"WE WOULD PADDLE ON UNTIL WE FOUND THE RIGHT SPOT"

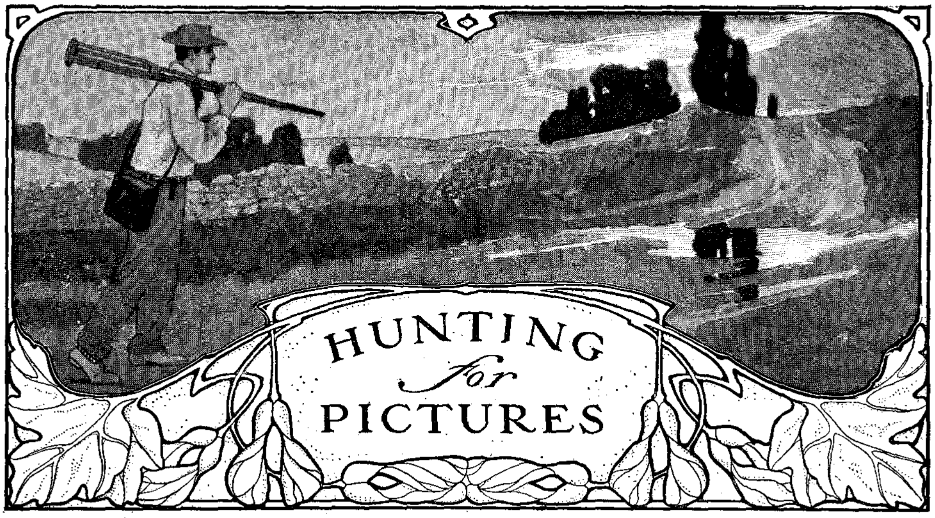
At the portages it was a case of every one work his hardest. It took several trips to transfer all our duffle and the two canoes from one end of the portage to



"WE OCCUPIED OURSELVES WITH UNPACKING THE COOKING KIT"

the other, and we girls found that we could be of most assistance by making one trip across, carrying the miscellaneous stuff—fishing-rods and net, cameras, axes, cooking kit, and one duffle-bag containing the food for the lunch. As soon as we reached the other end we would go about the business of getting lunch, so that when the tired men finished their labors they might at once refresh themselves. After a short rest we would again embark, and paddle on until we found the right spot. With all speed we would make camp, tired, happy, and at peace.

And this is all there is to camping—some play, some work, rest well won and therefore sweet, and a boundless joy that you are freely living in "God's out-of-doors."

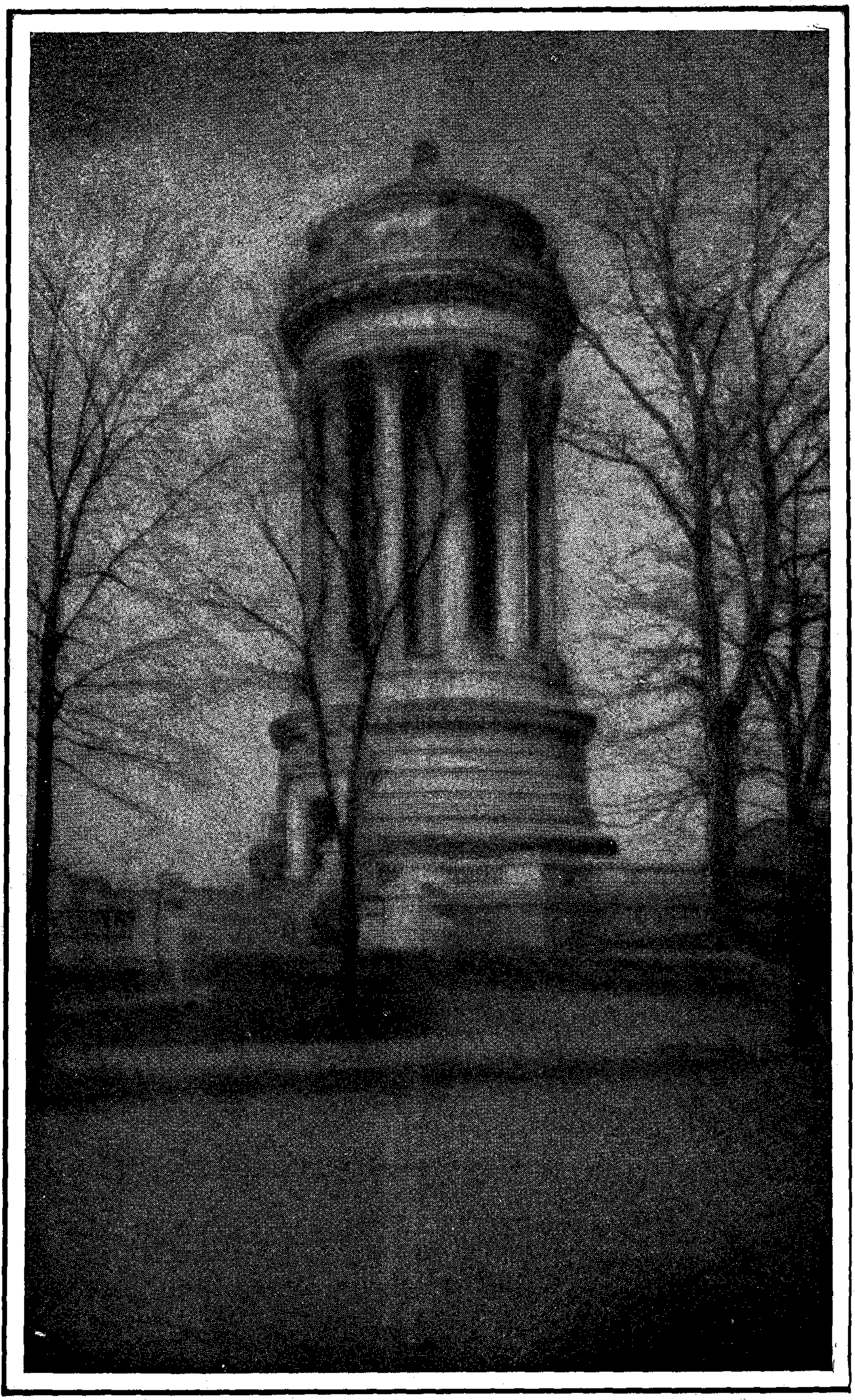


# HUNTING for PICTURES

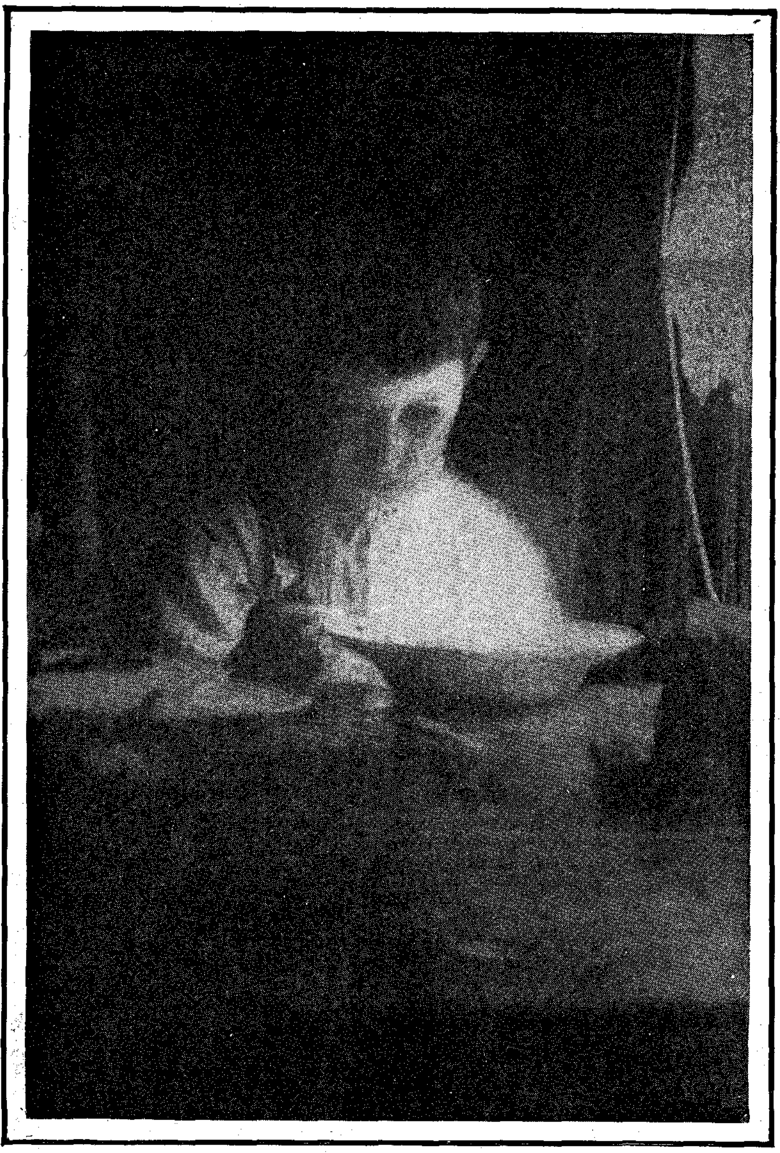
THIS is something quite different from hunting for photographs, even though a man's weapons in both cases be camera and plates. To get pictures one must look for them with a different eye than for mere records of travel. One who is willing to take snap-shots liberally will occasionally find himself in possession of a picture, but they come rarely. One may say, using a colloquial definition, that, to constitute a picture, composition and lighting must be such as to make one's friends and perhaps his critics exclaim, "That *is* a picture!" Such a verdict is the industrious snap-shotter's reward for the many negatives thrown on the ash-heap. But the picture has generally to be carefully sought for.

In this search most amateurs think that if they can only get far enough away from home it will be easy to capture the elusive sprite that lures them on. If they could take a vacation trip up the Saguenay, they say, or in the Yellowstone Park, or go to the Sandwich Islands, like the fortunate fellows, they would come back with boxes and roll-holders full of artistic stuff. But they should remember that the other fellows are saying, "If we could only get to New York, or Boston, or Putney, Vermont, there we could find something worth taking." And that is just where

FALL PLOWING



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK



TOO HOT!

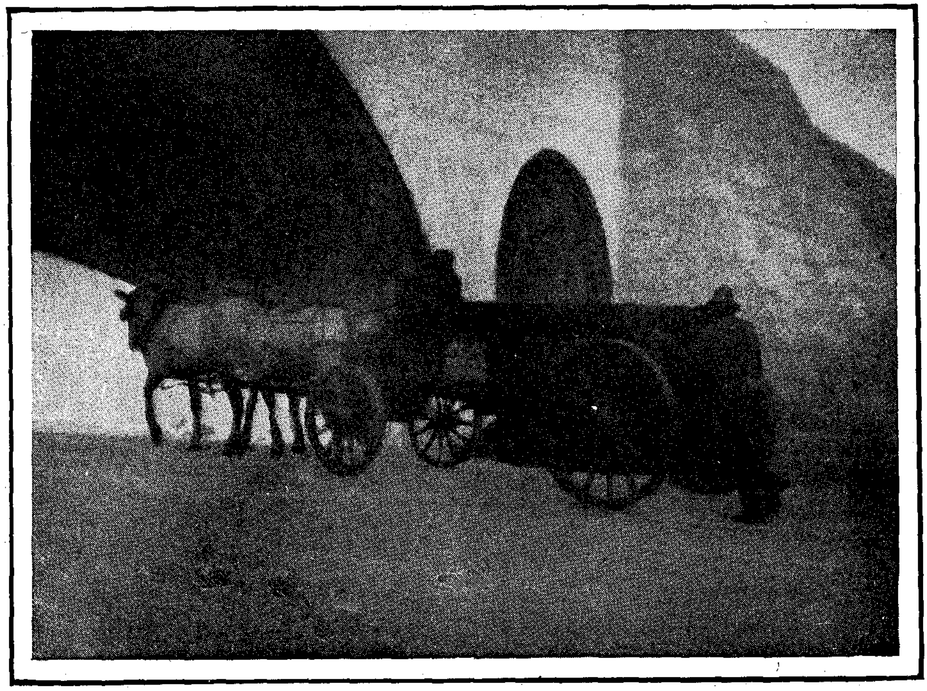
the first man is venting his dissatisfaction with his "inartistic environment." Wherever one goes, or even if he stays at home, he may find subjects for a photographic picture, or make them. This is not to say that the picturesque is not more evident in some places than in others, but that it is the selection and the treatment of the subject that are the things of prime importance.

There is a growing tendency among seekers for the artistic in photography towards simplicity and the elimination of unnecessary detail. Instead of trying to get a multiplicity of figures or of objects on a plate, unity and concentration are sought. This counts in favor of the man who cannot go to the ends of the earth on his camera hunting expedition.

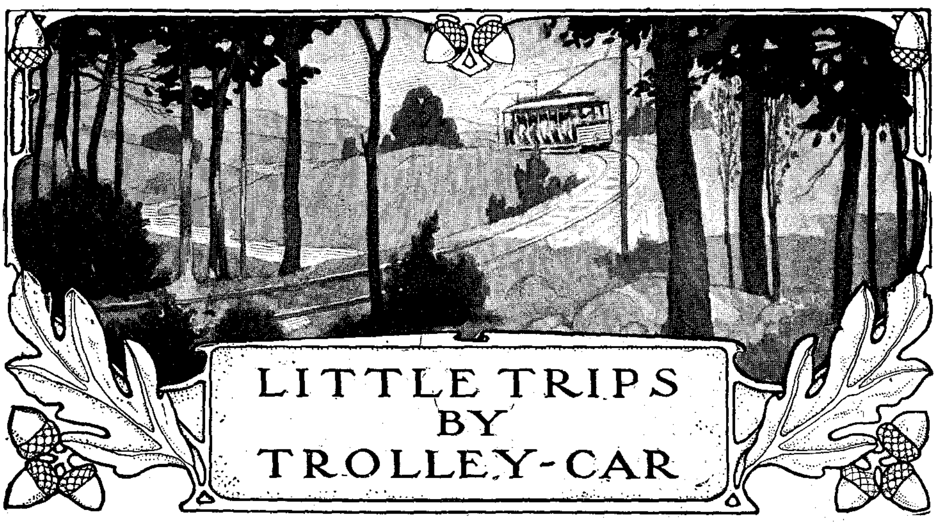
In making genre pictures, say of a family of negroes around their cabin, or a group of market women gossiping or of children at play, a cardinal principle, often neglected, is to have them interested in themselves and not in the picture-taker. They must not look at the camera. The subjects nearly always want to strike an attitude, or "pose." They must be prevented from doing this at all hazards. Sometimes these genre pictures may, with good light and a fast lens, be taken unknown to the victims. But, as a rule, good effects have to come by prearrangement. I once remarked to a skillful amateur, apropos of a particularly successful snap-shot of a policeman chasing some boys who were disappearing over a fence, "That was a lucky accident, I suppose." "No," was the reply, "I had to have half a dozen rehearsals before I got that."

An expensive outfit is not necessary in hunting pictures. Nor does one need to lug a huge camera around, taking 11x14 photographs or larger. The small photograph made with the smallest pocket camera can be successfully enlarged to any desired size; and when the failures of this size are eliminated, the expense will be inconsiderable, while with the large outfit the cost of spoiled plates and paper becomes alarming.

The picture-hunter must not be easily discouraged. He will have his share of annoyances. While he is studying a view, the group of "fresh" youths will come along and give him advice, or one of them will say in mocking tones, "I prefer to have my profile taken," and the small boy will get in front of the camera with exasperating persistence. Plates will get light-struck, films will go wrong, lens shutters will not work, hypo will get into the developer, and prize-winning negatives will drop out of the window on to the stone flagging beneath. But if the amateur picture-hunter takes his misfortunes with equanimity, cultivates simplicity and unity in his subjects, learns some tricks in development, and keeps steadily at it, the luck will turn and he will find himself now and then rewarded with a genuine picture—or what his indulgent friends profess to regard as such.



THE UP GRADE

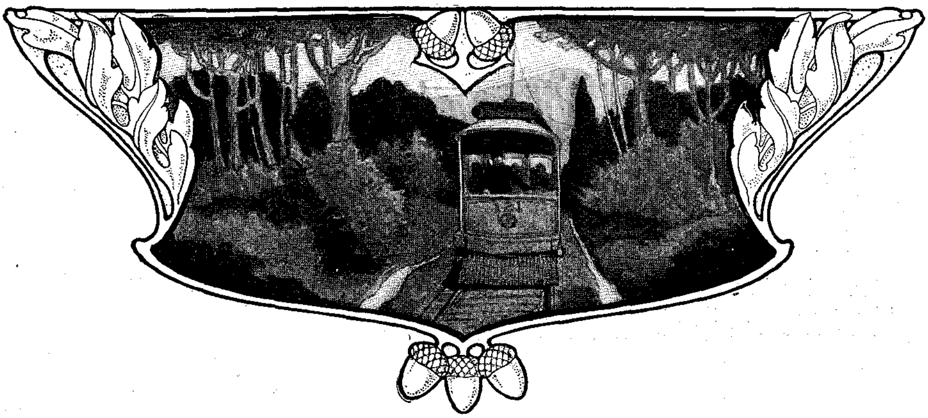


# LITTLE TRIPS BY TROLLEY-CAR

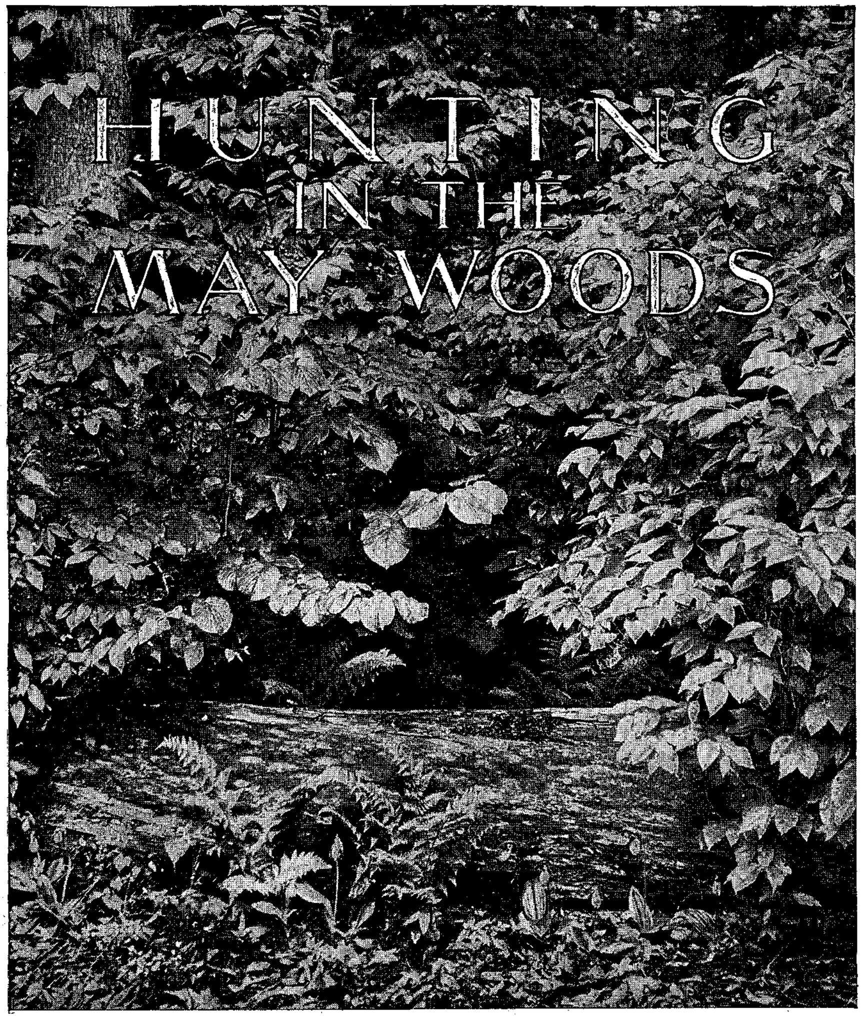
THE trolley-car has been called the poor man's automobile so often that it is worth while to point out that he who would have an enjoyable trolley trip can double his pleasure if he plans for doing the thing liberally both as to time and expenditure. Above all, go to good hotels, preferably summer hotels rather than business hotels; lay out your day's ride, if possible, so as to reach before night some pleasing small town or summer resort where you know there is a good inn; avoid large cities, except perhaps as terminals; almost invariably the trolley-car in or near a city is crowded, uncomfortable, and wearisome. But when liberality as to time-allowance is advised, liberality proportionate to the special trip is meant, not necessarily a long time absolutely. For a two-day trip may be as easily planned and as enjoyable as one for a week, and I am inclined to think that two or three short journeys with an interval of rest and change between times are more enjoyable than any single long trip. There are those who take joy in going, say, from Philadelphia to Boston in the shortest time possible, and who point with pride to a record of one hundred and fifty miles in a day; but this is to lose sight of the true recreative and vacation spirit, even as did the "scorcher" of the bygone bicycle era. Happier are they who travel at their leisure, perhaps in a congenial party of three or four; who choose an attractive trolley country, where there are large, heavy-powered cars, either open or fitted with cross-seats and large windows; who find a route where the runs are moderately fast and not interrupted by stoppages at every street corner, and where the conditions of travel are such that there is likely to be plenty of room, where the scenery is attractive, and where there are things of historical or picturesque interest to examine by the way. From thirty to sixty miles in a day is an amply rapid rate of progress for such an excursion; and it is the advantage of trolley-touring that one does not have to think much of time-tables, and, within reasonable limits, may make stops long or short as fancy dictates, occasionally dropping off for a walk down an inviting road or for a quiet nooning at some pretty village, or for a side trip off the main route. As the trolley system has expanded, opportunities for little tours into new territory have increased, and no doubt these pathways for viewing scenically beautiful country will continue to open—in the Catskill region, for instance, new lines involving the most difficult engineering feats are already planned. As an illustration of trips easily undertaken and abounding in interest, I may mention the route along the Connecticut River. Hartford is an excellent starting-place for this trip, which might extend as far as Greenfield, including visits to Spring-field, Mount Tom, Northampton, Old Hadley, Amherst, and Deerfield. The return trip, or a separate journey, might be made by going to Williamstown from Greenfield by rail, and then coming south by trolley through the Berkshires to Great Barrington, with stops for walks and perhaps drives at such famous and attractive places as Lenox, Stockbridge, Lee, and Pittsfield. Another enjoyable summer trip in New England is from Boston to York Beach, going by rail to Lynn for the start and allowing time for leisurely seeing Marblehead, Salem, Gloucester, Cape Ann, and Portsmouth. Boston, indeed, is a splendid center for trolley travelers. The rides to Newport, to Lexington and Concord, and to the Blue Hills Reservation, are only three of many that might be named. In New York State the ride from Albany to Lake George, by way of Saratoga, is well worth taking. From South Norwalk to New Haven is another pleasant short trip. In the Middle West, where trolley organization has been carefully worked out, and where they have even experimented with trolley dining and sleeping cars, there are abundant possibilities. In short, for those who like to be outdoors and to move from place to place, but who find walking too tedious, the railway too noisy and smoky, and the automobile too expensive or dangerous, there are many genuine pleasures to be had in the right kind of trolley-tripping.

Even in foreign lands the electric car is coming to be of benefit to the tourist who wants to get a little closer to the country than he is in the railway car. It is well worth while, nowadays, in traveling abroad, to keep an eye on possible delightful short trips of this kind, however incongruous the method of conveyance may seem with hoary ruins or monuments of antiquity. While satisfying runs are as yet rather rare in Europe, they may be found in Germany and Holland, and occasionally in England.

Some one has said that the trolley-car is the old stage-coach adapted to the modern spirit. It certainly has the "get there" element a little too strongly emphasized for the leisurely lover of out-of-doors; but, on the other hand, it offers unexampled chances to study human nature, as one watches the constantly shifting group of people getting on and off, discussing local affairs, presenting local characteristics, and often enacting little social comedies or indulging in neighborhood gossip. The Spectator once described the right kind of trolleying, in The Outlook, in these words: "It is evident that it is not the jumping, jolting, bumping, thumping trolley-car of the city streets that the Spectator has in mind when he applies the word charm to a trolley-car. It is the swinging, swaying car, running with musical hum and pleasant rumble through woods and meadows, over streams, amid tumbling stone fences and tangles of bushes, with wild-flower gardens sloping down to the edge of sluggish streams in which the cows stand in drowsy content."



# HUNTING IN THE MAY WOODS



WHEN I went to Eagles Mere the year before in late May, for a single day only, and with specific need to look after some repairs on " Bide-a-Wee," our summer mountain home, I did some plant prospecting. I had leaf reason to suppose that at a certain spot in the piney woods I might find in bloom the great pink moccasin-flower orchid, of which the much nicer botanical name is *Cypripedium acaule*—which being interpreted is, cypripedium without a stem. So I went to that spot and looked, but no flowers appeared. Standing there, wondering why, I remembered that one has to be quiet, and in the mood, to have the shy flower folk perceptible to vision at the first glance—and I had entered the woods in a hurry. Therefore I stooped down and composed my mind to the woods. In a minute I saw, right before me, an aristocratic pale pink blossom, its moccasin pouch with the toe hanging toward the ground between two broad green leaves. Feasting my eyes on it, and hoping, another suddenly appeared, much deeper in hue, and then two, close by, and of a beauty of color most exquisite.

By now I knew that I was considered

The photographs for this article were all taken by its author, Mr. J. Horace McFarland safe by the shy wood-folk, and soon I was gloating over thirteen—lucky thirteen!—of these rare and dainty ladies' slippers, all in complete view from where I had first stepped into their boudoir!

With this in mind, and after a little careful transplanting then reverently undertaken, there was something for all of us to look forward to last Memorial Day, which the family had decided to spend as a foretaste of our summer in the woods. We suspected that there would be things well worth seeing, even before the glory of laurel and rhododendron which precedes the comparatively bloomless midsummer of our vacation time.

There were fern hints all the way up the mountain narrow-gauge railroad, and suspicions of flowers back in the woods. When the "train"—it was mostly flat lumber-cars, and we were joyously riding, very much "outside," on a pile of boxes upon one of them—stopped to switch off some cars, there was the first flower happening of the day.

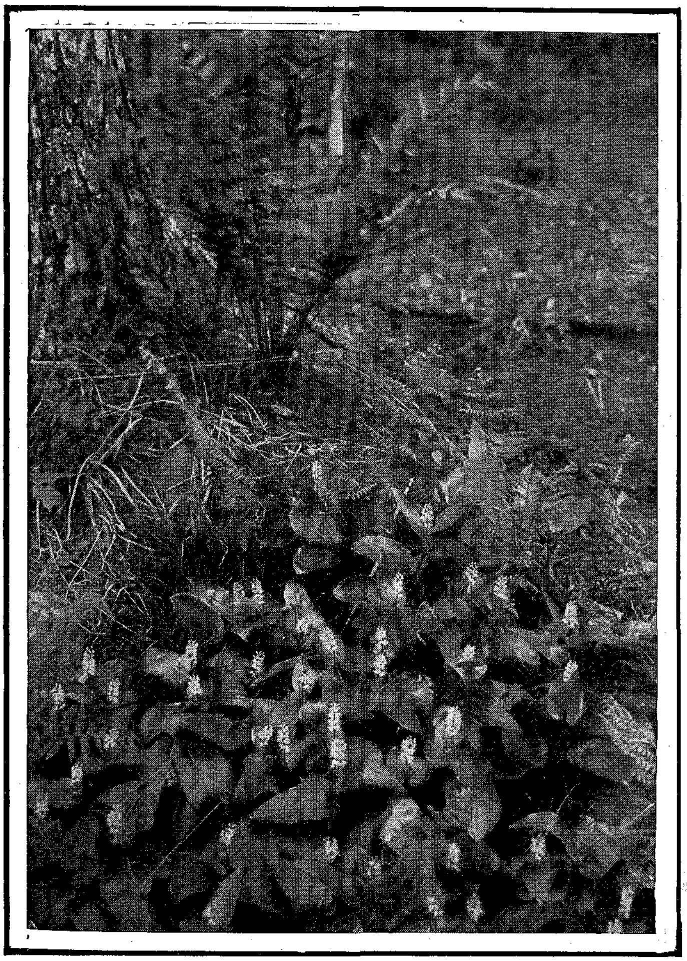
It was a mass of soft white, almost at the edge of the rail, and with such a dainty irregularity of outline as to seem like foam. "Foam-flower," I shouted, and jumped from the car, breathlessly breaking out my camera and tripod. "What a proper name for it!" came from the Madame; to which I made answer, "Yes; but the botanical name, Tiarella, just fits it, too."

It was a good beginning, and I knew flower events were impending. So, when we turned in to "Bide-a-Wee," two of us, in mind of the long-loved bit of deep primeval forest which is there our limitless "back yard," hastened to the rear of the premises. A shout brought all the family, for there was a show for us of the forest jewels, crowding right up to the very door! Against the mossy old hemlock log that we had refused to have "cleared away" there gleamed, richly pink-crimson in the morning sun, a half-dozen or more of the moccasin-flowers. Delicately green unfolding fern fronds separated them, and here were also a white trillium, some bits of tiarella, and the fine little star-flower. Above, the yellow-greens of the young birch and beech leaves shaded into the more distant and deeper hues of the hemlocks which make majestic and noble this mountain forest.

I suppose the literary angler, who does

FOAM-FLOWER OR TIARELLA

not enjoy flower nature unless he is attempting to kill fish nature, will laugh at my enthusiasm over this flower symphony at our home woods reception. I don't care; he may laugh, and fish and kill, if he likes to! My effort to catch these shy blooms, shaking their heads at me in fearless enjoyment as I set my tripod wide and crept under the focusing cloth, required quite as much skill as the fisherman ever exercises, and no futile fight for life on the part of the subject was essential to my success.



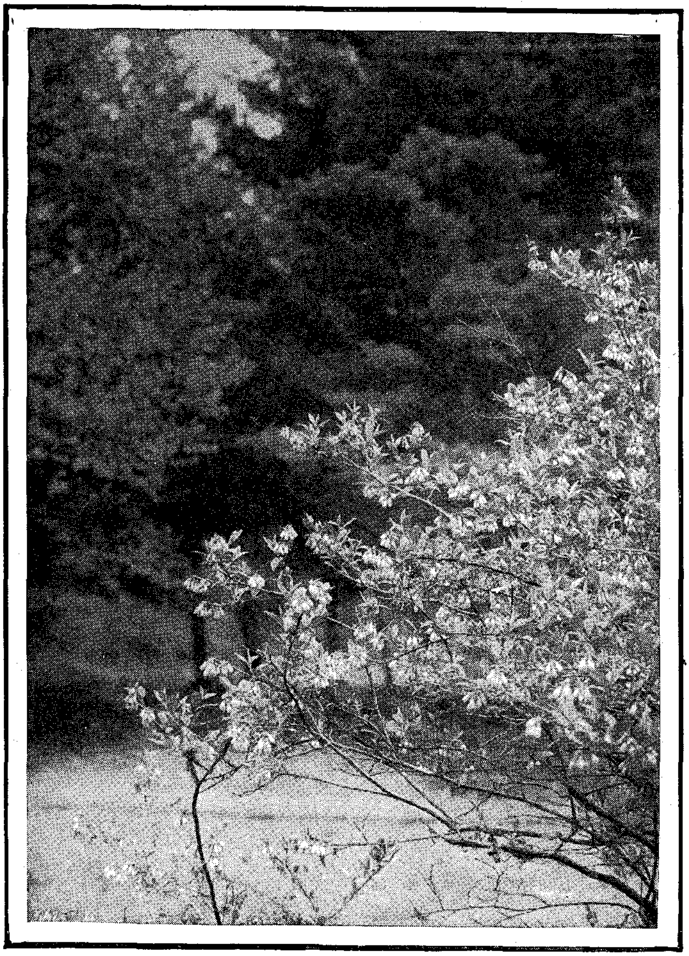
MAIANTHEMUM

That lone trillium set me to remembering that I had seen some red berry signs last summer by the lakeside. Sure enough, the fine three-petaled flowers which precede the showy pepper-pod fruits were ready for me. Absolutely still was the delightful cluster against the beech twigs, as I hurriedly set up my camera; but when at last the picture was composed upon the ground-glass, the trilliums were dancing in the soft breeze, despite my need for one, only one, quiet second!

Gentle camerist, did you ever try the sport of catching flowers in their haunts? I don't mean the "press-the-button" catch, in which the only party to the game not caught is the film trust, but that sort of endeavor which seeks to transfer to the permanent glass an adequate impression of the flower where it grows, and with the flower at least half natural size. If you have made this endeavor, you will know about that trillium trial last Memorial Day!

The flowers are perhaps six inches high, and the shortest joint of your tripod is nearly sixteen. When you do get the tripod spread so as to look down upon the flower, but not too much down; and when you have "composed" so as to secure a natural but contrasting background to your liking, you breathe a sigh of relief, and proceed to put the plate-holder in the camera. Just now you find you have four or more clumsy feet of your own, besides the three belonging to the tripod, and when you have picked up the camera after the discomposing stumble which mixed up all these various pedal extremities, you begin again, with compressed lips.

But the next time you avoid accidents, and prepare for the exposure. Then the sun comes out, making the light "hard as nails," and the little picture impossible; and the breeze blows most liberally upon the trillium, carefully avoiding your heated brow. But you wait, if you are a good sportsman, and presently a fleecy cloud covers the too-searching sun, and there is an instant's hush, within which the bulb is pressed, the shutter makes that satisfying click which says "I—did-it!" and you have caught your flowers.



THE HUCKLEBERRY IN FLOWER AT EAGLES MERE

Oh, yes; I've forgotten to set the shutter *once in a while!* And sometimes the black slide has protected the plate all too completely because I failed to take it out before *thinking* I had exposed! The wind has *not* died down, frequently, and after an agonizing, nerve-racking tension of a half-hour, I have passed on without the exposure. These, and other fool things that make up the personal equation, I have suffered from—sometimes. They make this deathless hunt "sporty," if you please; and the times when the hunt is a success compensate for all the quickly forgotten failures.

But other wood-folk waited this one quiet May day. In the cool and moist spot where last summer I had enjoyed the curious little white tubes of the wintergreen, held so close to its own aromatic scarlet berries of the previous year, I saw gleams of white and green, and a delightful perfume pervaded. "Can it be lily-of-the-valley?" I audibly wondered; but that would be out of the possibilities here. Two shining heart-shaped leaves clasped a tiny stem, on which rose between them the daintiest little raceme of fragrant white flowers; and this repeated so that the plant dominated the woods nook that was almost bare the preceding August. I knew it not; but the camera does not require names, and I secured my exposures and my specimens, to find, when the books were consulted, that I was admiring the Maianthemum, or so-called false lily-of-the-valley. So plenty and so thick were the flowers that I could without desecration select a cluster, which served for more than a week after we reached home to give us a sweet breath of Eagles Mere.

The cinnamon ferns were proving the name with brown-coated, up-thrusting fronds, not yet curved to conventional fern lines. My camera tried for them; but I wasn't patient or careful enough, and while there resulted a good enough "negative," it was altogether negative pictorially, because I had not been sportsman enough to wait until the declining sun should add the proper edge of golden light to the brown. My fish got away!

The "trip-up" berries that all the summer were passing from green through scarlet to mature black, while the leaves changed from green to crimson, were now represented by a fine flat cyme of white flowers. Again a failure followed my camera hunt, notwithstanding that I hung determinedly to the tripod legs as they stood in two feet of water, while I focused and fussed, spread out flatly across a boat. Too hard; but I'll get them another time.

Huckleberries (or blueberries, as the New Englanders call them), high and

THE MOCCASIN-FLOWERS AGAINST THE OLD LOG BACK OF BIDE-A-WEE low, were this May day in flower, and the bees were busy getting their share of a good thing. This was easy for the camerist. No stooping or contriving was necessary, for the accommodating bush stood against a splendidly soft and dark background of thick pine woods. But the shy and dainty yellow flowers of the clintonia were very much another story, and I think with more satisfaction of the result of a half-hour's careful "stalking" of this wary game, almost hidden on the wrong light-side of a sturdy hemlock, and yet twiddling continually in a breeze I could not personally feel.

Of the Fern Rocks and the Laurel Path on that May day; of the heavy clusters of the mountain ash overhanging the lake; of the exquisite and unphotographable scale of greens in the springing woods, I will not write. They were ours, that day of memories that carried us through the weeks of waxing heat which followed; and our joy of them left them all as unharmed as did my photographs.

THE TRILLIUMS BY THE LAKESIDE, EAGLES MERE

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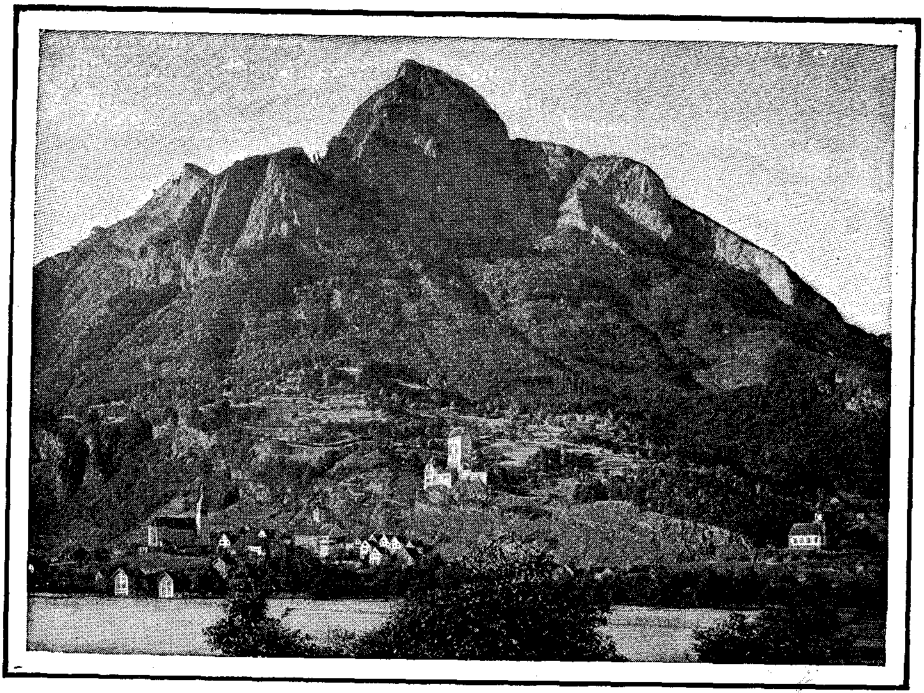


THE RAGAZ COUNTRY

# A HOLIDAY WITH A BOY

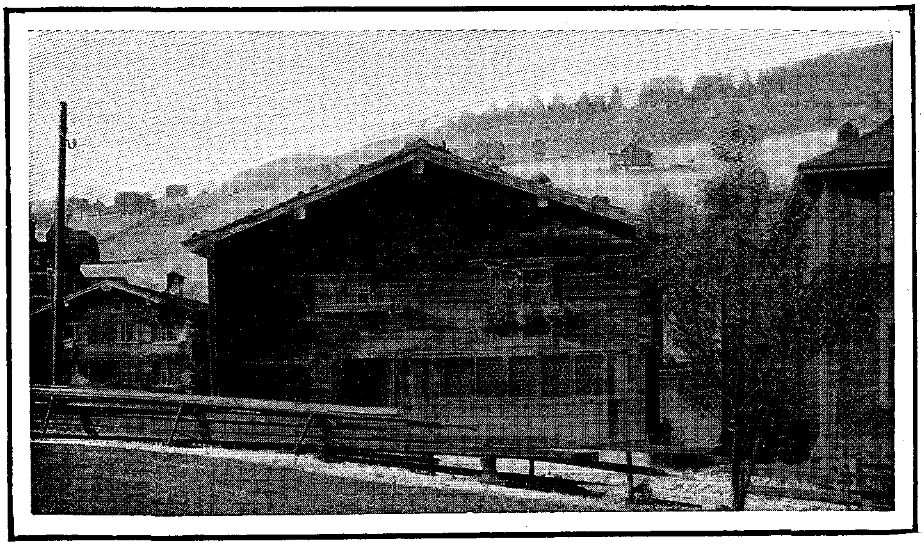
ONE of the pleasantest possible vacations, I think, is to cycle across Switzerland. The pleasure is doubled, of course, if two cyclers go together. I am strongly inclined to believe that the pleasure is trebled if one of those two happens to be a boy, who sees Switzerland for the first time. At all events, my pleasure was trebled when, after many summers passed more or less among the glorious Alps, I took my little son, ten years old, across Switzerland, from the Austrian frontier to Geneva. I recommend exactly that trip and exactly that kind of company to other fathers.

You can rent excellent wheels at Schaler's, in Ragaz. Try our itinerary—by way of the Rhine valley and the high Appenzell country to Winterthur and Zurich; then around the lakes of Zurich, Zug, Lowerz, Lucerne, and Sempach, to Langenthal, Berne, Morat and Neuchâtel with their lakes, Lausanne, Nyon, and Geneva, with a bath in the splendid Lac Léman, and a glimpse of Mont Blanc in the distance to end the journey. Every day, indeed, one may take a swim in some lovely lake or river, and this, with the cycling and the necessary walking in going up hill, affords abundant and varied physical exercise. Cycling in Switzerland is not all going up hill by any means; for in almost every long ascent there are usually considerable spaces of level road to vary the climb. It is true, however, that one is apt to rest about half the time, under the shade of some friendly tree or under the equally friendly veranda or summer-house roofs of the frequent wayside inns. Hence there is not much extra fatigue. But, nevertheless, one is always glad to get to his welcome resting-place for the night, and to enjoy eight hours of sound sleep—what sleep!—after a long day spent entirely in the open air.

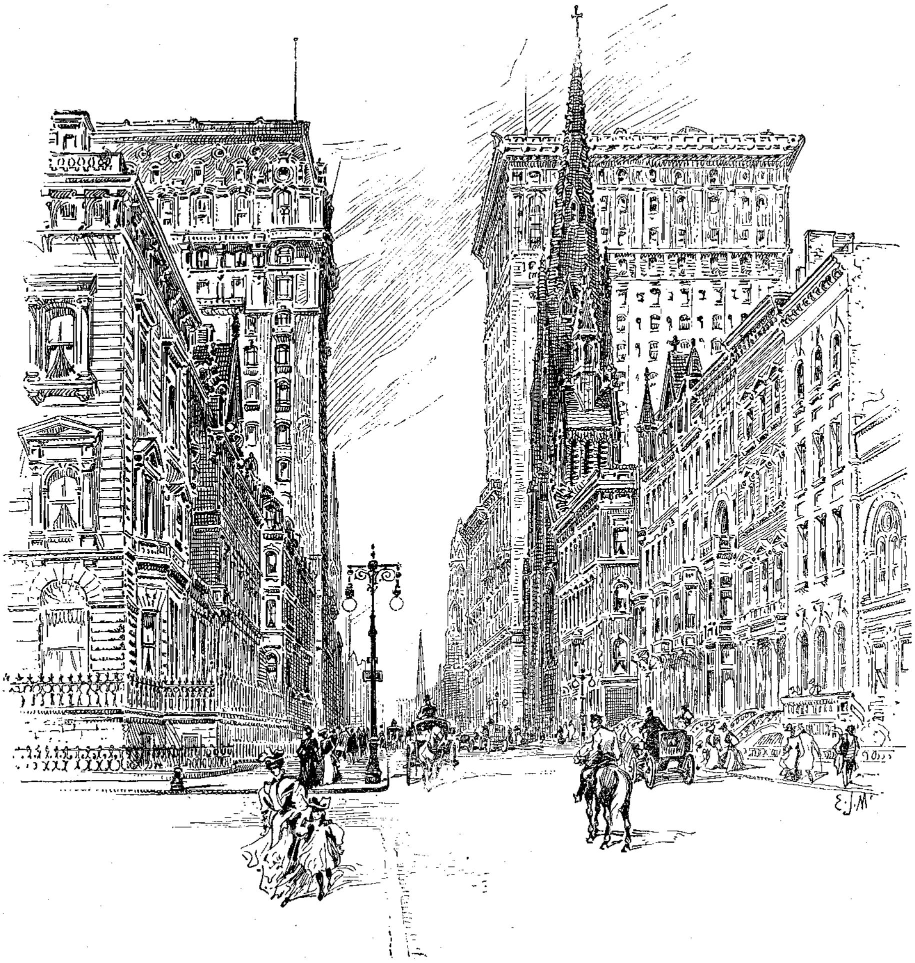
You rise every morning at six. After early coffee, you are on the road at seven. At about ten o'clock you are ready for a slight repast; at one for a midday meal; at four or thereabouts for a cup of tea and a bit of toast; and at seven for dinner. The physical strain, therefore, is not too much for a boy, and it is a good thing for most men to be restrained from making record runs.

Aside from the delight of seeing the appeal made to any responsive lad by the magnificent mountains and glaciers, the rushing torrents, the mysterious lakes, the brilliantly green meadows, and the peculiarly picturesque towns, an equal pleasure lies in the presumption that he is probably just beginning to study history. And, pray, what history, save our own, is more inspiring than the history of Switzerland? You have a chance to teach your boy history out of the best book of all—the book of Nature. At the close of your first day's journey you come upon a little hut, blackened with age, the hero Zwingli's birthplace over four hundred years ago, and standing two thousand feet above the Rhine valley which you have left. On the second day you pass through the region of the Appenzell and Toggenburg wars; on the third you enter the Hapsburg region; on the fourth you pass by the battlefield of Morgarten, where the Swiss won their first victory over their Hapsburg oppressors; and then you come to the lake of Lucerne and the Wilhelm Tell country. Not only do you see the historic Rütli, where the Swiss republic was born very early one morning six hundred years ago (what modern republics America and France seem!), but you are gravely shown a point near the Axenstrasse where Tell swam to shore, and, at Altdorf, just beyond, the place where he shot the apple from his boy's head. Let any one now try to prove to *your* boy that Tell was a myth! No more than Arnold von Winkelried, who, at a critical moment in the battle of Sempach, gathered together all the Austrian spears possible against his breast, and, falling, pierced through and through, opened a way for the Swiss through the hostile ranks!

And so you go along past that very battlefield of Sempach and past those of Laupen, Morat, and Grandson, with their glorious memories of a little, brave, united people, who dared to and did shake off the yoke imposed by a powerful Leopold on the one hand and by a still more powerful Charles the Bold on the other. Why, you approach Geneva almost on wings, so buoyant is the effect of the scenery, the history, and—your little boy's enthusiasm for both.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ZWINGLI WAS BORN

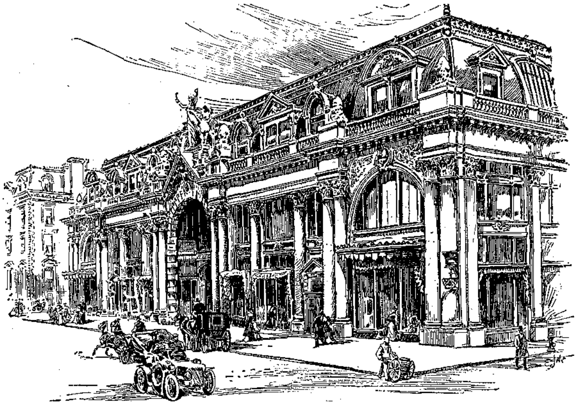


THE ST. REGIS AND GOTHAM HOTELS
Which form a sort of natural triumphal arch at one entrance to the Avenue

# A VACATION ON FIFTH AVENUE

THE PEN AND INK DRAWINGS BY E. J. MEEKER

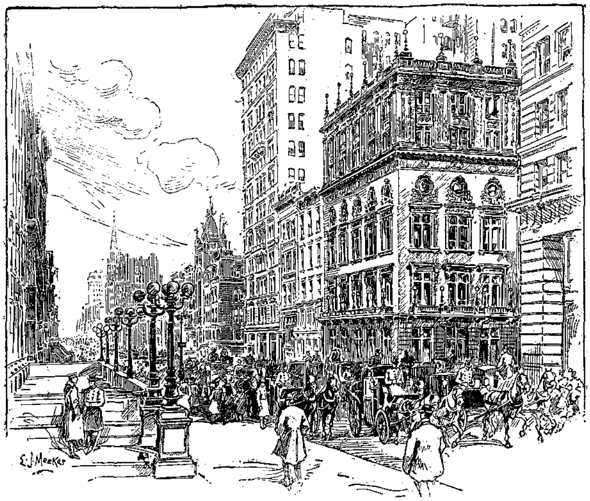
TO nine out of ten people the word "vacation" instantly suggests the country—a brook, a hillside, a sea beach, a mountain, a river. But there are a few, a very few, to whom a holiday in the country makes no appeal. An occasional hardened urbanite is found for whom what Charles Lamb calls "dead nature" has no attractions. The splash of the fountain in Madison Square is more to him than the ripple of any mountain brook falling over its uncouth boulders and damp, stringy moss. He has never seen a sunset in a desolate mountain valley that compared for beauty with the wonderful colors and tints of the evening sky above the heights of Jersey City, of which as he walks up the Avenue to dinner he catches a glimpse now and then through the vistas opened by the streets running westward towards the Hudson River. Of such a taste and temperament was Charles Lamb. "I have passed all my days in London," he once said in a letter to the poet Wordsworth, "until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers ever have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades and tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, and playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles; life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steam of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes; London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life."



THE WINDSOR ARCADE

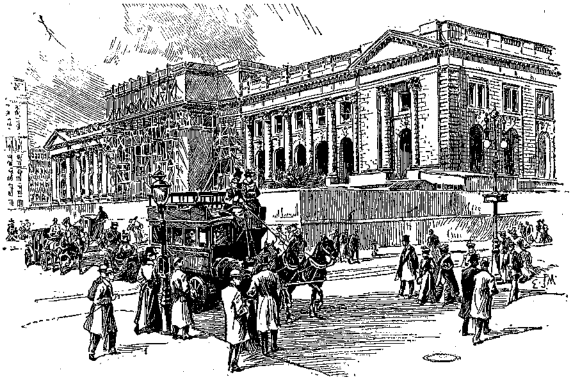
Not all of the Avenue's architecture is of the " sky-scraper " type

I heard a story the other day of a young New York artist which displays the same instinctive love of city scenes and city life. This artist was born, reared, and educated in New York; his genius had developed there; he painted pictures of city streets, groups of East Side children playing on the doorsteps and curbstones or dancing on the pavement to the music of the Italian organ-grinder. He had never seen the country, but he had often heard his fellow-artists talk of it, and he was finally oppressed with a conscientious sense of his duty as an artist to see its beauty for himself. So he bought a ticket for the Catskills, and arrived towards sunset at the farm-house where he had engaged board. He found nothing to see but a long stretch of somber mountain-sides and a dreary waste of vacant grass-grown fields; no children to talk to, no companionable crowds of his fellow-men, only here and there a taciturn cow or timid, unresponsive sheep. He went to bed depressed and lonely. The next morning, while waiting



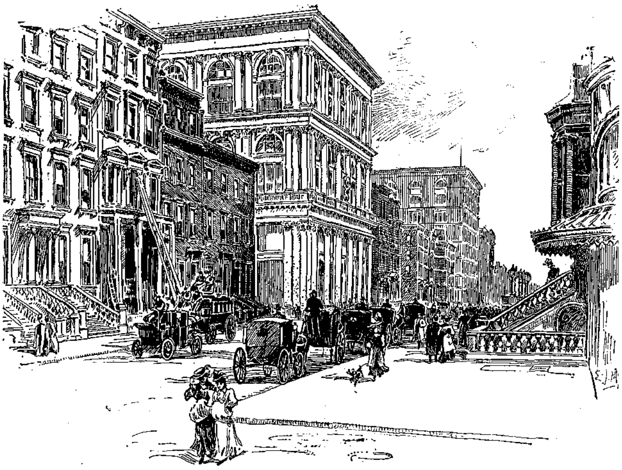
THE AVENUE'S TWO GREAT RESTAURANTS

The entrance to Sherry's on the left, Delmonico's on the opposite corner



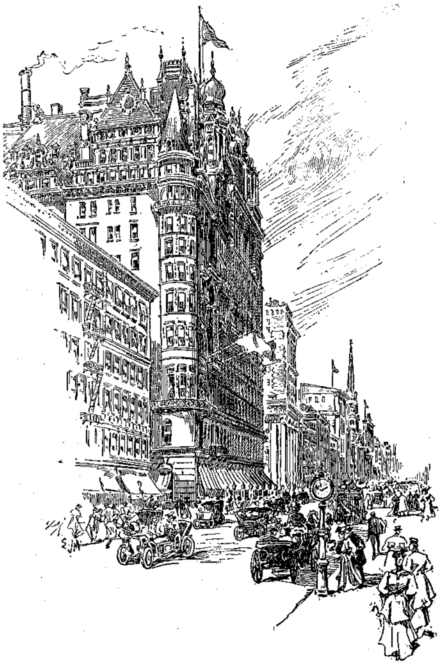
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

One of the Avenue's most beautiful and valuable possessions for breakfast on the front porch, he looked up the long, straggling, inhuman country road and saw a cloud of dust. "What's that?" he asked his landlord. "That's the stage," was the reply, "that takes passengers to the morning boat for New York." Up the stairs rushed the artist, two steps at a time, threw his simple belongings into his valise, tumbled down stairs again just in time to pay his bill and jump into the stage, relieved and happy to be returning to his beloved city streets.



THE NEW TIFFANY BUILDING
The most famous shop on the Avenue

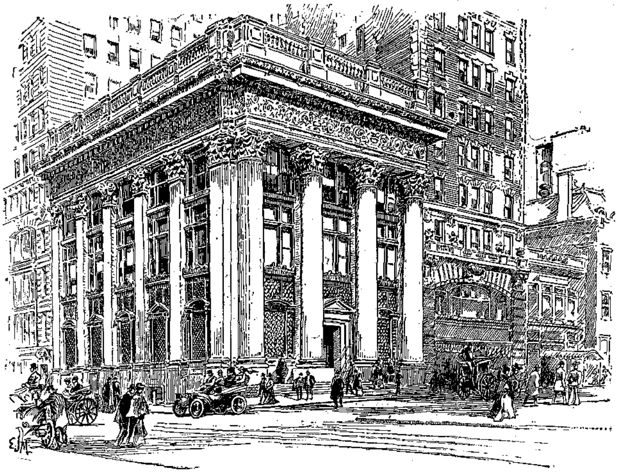
There is an undeniable fascination in a splendid city street. As Charles Lamb felt about Fleet Street, so the born and bred New Yorker feels about Fifth Avenue. To him it is "the Avenue." "I saw you driving down the Avenue yesterday," or, "As I was walking up the Avenue this afternoon I met So-and-so," are common forms of expression. In the early days of Henry James and George William Curtis, essayists, novelists, and other punctilious writers attempted to dignify the street by calling it "The Fifth Avenue;" but that cumbersome title has long since fallen into disuse.



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
The hotel center of the United States

Take it all in all, Fifth Avenue is the most interesting street in the world. Paris may display more valuable jewels on the Rue de la Paix, or more tree-embowered cafés on the Champs Élysées; London more historical buildings on Fleet Street and the Strand, or a finer procession of top-hatted and frock-coated men on Piccadilly and Bond Street; Berlin more notable personages rolling in carriages along "Unter den Linden;" Edinburgh a more picturesque setting of classic scene-painting on Princes Street. But these famous streets are limited in extent and meager in their variety of life when compared with Fifth Avenue. Nowhere else in the world walking upon a city street will you be able to see a bluer sky, a more radiant sunshine casting its high-lights and shadows over a delightfully irregular sky-line, a more varied display of fine modern architecture, a greater array of all kinds of shops containing things of beauty collected from every quarter of the globe—rugs, silks, jewels, books, old furniture, pictures, gold and silver ware, flowers and fruits, porcelains, bronzes, curios, tapestries, and, for the ladies, gowns and hats that Paris might not be ashamed of.

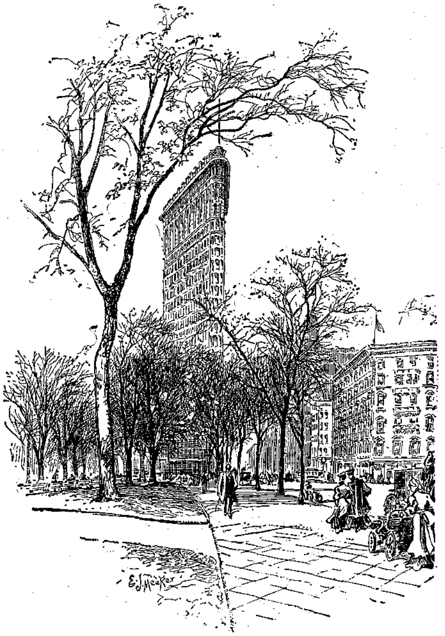
The histories have little to say of the



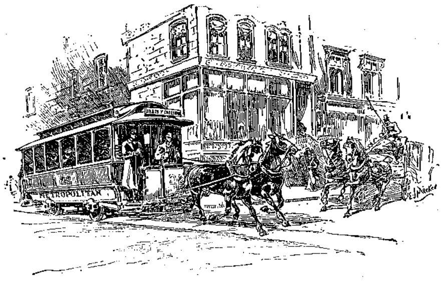
THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY
A fine example of new Fifth Avenue architecture

Avenue, although it is apparently about one hundred years old. From the time of its settlement by the Dutch until late in the eighteenth century New York had grown in the haphazard fashion characteristic of the older cities of Great Britain and Europe. The city streets followed the lines of country roads, lanes, or cow-paths. At the beginning of the nineteenth century certain New Yorkers foresaw that the city would sooner or later cover the whole of Manhattan Island, although at that time the section which now is the center of its population was occupied by farms and the country seats of wealthy citizens. Thus looking into the future, in 1807 the New York authorities created through the State Legislature a Commission with "exclusive power to lay out streets, roads, and public squares of such width, extent, and direction as to them shall seem most conducive to the public good." After much discussion this Commission adopted, on grounds of public convenience, the rectangular system of streets and avenues which now extends from Union Square to the Harlem River and beyond. In accordance with this system the streets and avenues were numbered, and Fifth Avenue, which in its rudimentary form was called Manhattan Avenue, or sometimes Middle Road, took on that arithmetical appellation which to the foreign visitor seems so lacking in individual distinction, but which the true New Yorker would not exchange for the most romantic name that history or literature can furnish.

A vacation of ten days spent upon the Avenue is well worth while. If, as I maintain, it possesses an individual quality, not only of charm, but of inclusiveness, one can scarcely begin to make its acquaintance in less than that time. We laugh at the holiday "tripper" who tries to "do" the Swiss Alps in thirty-six hours; it is quite as unreasonable to suppose that a real acquaintance with Fifth Avenue may be made by promenading upon it for one afternoon. In addition to its external aspects, to the things it contains, it possesses a personality, a kind of spiritual character which discloses itself only after some degree of intimacy has been established. It must be seen under various conditions of weather; days of rain and snow lend it a beauty as distinctive as that of days of brilliant sunshine; it must be seen at



MADISON SQUARE AND THE FLATIRON BUILDING
The Avenue's most striking landmark

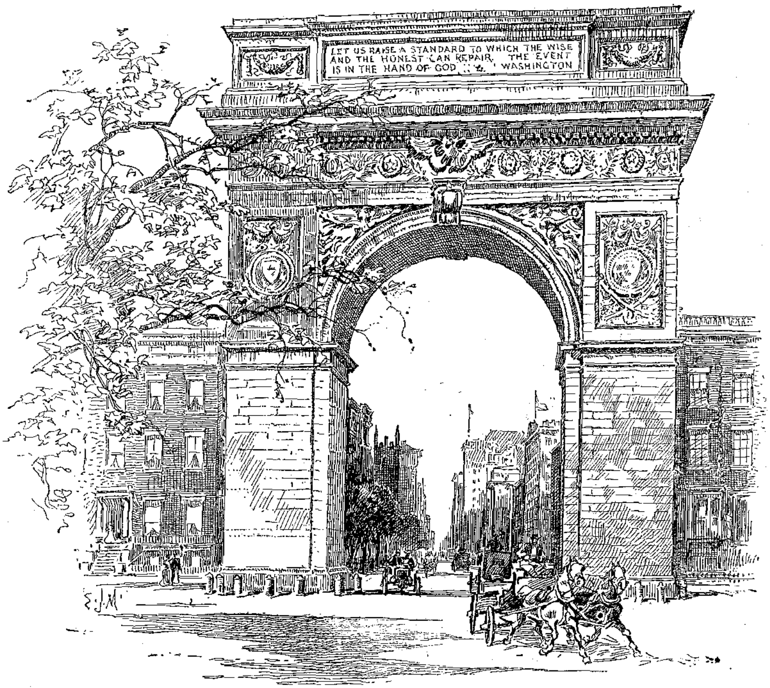


A RELIC OF OLD NEW YORK

This horse-car line crossing the Avenue is one of the last which the development of the trolley has left in the entire country

night, with the street lights shining; one must loiter for an hour or two or even for an entire morning in Washington Square, Madison Square, or on a bench at the Plaza entrance to Central Park. One visit must be given up to receiving the general impression of buildings, shops, people, the effects of sky and cloud and sun, and the vistas here and there, north and south and east and west; and then each of these features of the Avenue must be studied and enjoyed separately. When the stroller tires of the shop windows, he may turn to the ever-moving and ever-interesting stream of humanity passing up and down the sidewalks or driving in a constant procession of cabs, carriages, automobiles, and omnibuses. Every variety of vehicle, of coachman and livery, of horse and harness, is to be seen. It is a school for the development of taste in public display, and the observer soon learns to judge of the æsthetic taste of the ladies driving past him in their victorias by the colors of their carriage-wheels, their liveries, and their bonnets. An occasional minor incident throws light on important social questions. One afternoon in early spring I recollect seeing on the Avenue a fine victoria drawn by a superb pair of horses, containing a handsomely gowned young woman with a little child. Everything about the carriage and its occupants was indicative of great wealth, good taste, and a careful adherence to the most exacting social conventions. At the belt of the little girl's ermine-trimmed white coat was fastened a luxurious bunch of violets, at that season of the year a costly decoration. Poor little rich thing, I thought, she has no childish plays, and cannot know the simple joys of dusty shoes and dirty hands! But a second glance corrected the mistake. Tied to the child's belt and dangling beside the violets was a large and very much soiled toy rabbit made of white canton flannel. I felt at once that the carriage contained a happy, spontaneous child and a real mother, a fact which all the insignia of Fifth Avenue only more clearly emphasized and revealed.

Perhaps there are those to whom a sort of Baedeker programme of a ten days' tour of The Avenue may be helpful. If I were sketching such a programme, it would be something like this. First day: Start at Mr. Andrew Carnegie's house at Ninetieth Street about nine o'clock in the morning, and walk down to the Washington Arch. As the distance is a little over four miles, the walk may be broken by a stop for luncheon. Whether this shall be taken at Sherry's, Delmonico's, the Waldorf-Astoria, or one of the more modest tea-rooms that are to be found on Fifth Avenue will be determined by the purse of the pedestrian. Second day: Walk up the Avenue from Madison Square to Central Park, and on the other side of the street from that which was chosen for the previous day's walk. If it is a bright afternoon in April or October, your time will be well spent in simply watching the horses and carriages and in studying the human types of coachmen, draymen, and passengers. Third day: Ride up and down from the Metropolitan Museum to the Washington Arch on the top of a Fifth Avenue 'bus. Talk to the drivers if you can talk spontaneously, or, if your seatmate is smoking a pipe, engage him in conversation; for I have often found that a pipe is the sign labial, so to speak, of a willing talker. Fourth and fifth days: These may be spent in the Metropolitan Museum and the Lenox Library. Sixth day: Drive up the Avenue in a hansom cab; the cab view, you will find, is quite different from the 'bus view or the sidewalk view. Seventh day: Visit some of the churches on the Avenue—St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Thomas's, the Brick Church, the Collegiate Reformed Church, the Church of the Ascension, or the Old First Presbyterian. Eighth, ninth, and tenth days: Devote these to the shops of Fifth Avenue, especially the picture shops. The Avenue is one of the greatest art galleries in the world; from Madison Square to Fiftieth Street it is literally lined with picture shops which contain in their galleries, always open to the public, collections of the Dutch, English, Italian, and Barbizon masters, and a great array of recent American landscapes which are the finest landscapes of the modern world. Here, too, you will see etchings by Rembrandt, Whistler, Seymour Haden, and Joseph Pennell, and old prints, engravings, and water-colors by the score.


LET US RAISE A STANDARD TO WHICH THE WISE AND THE HONEST CAN REPAIR. THE EVENT IS IN THE HAND OF GOD. WASHINGTON
E.J.M.

THE WASHINGTON ARCH
The Avenue's only historical monument

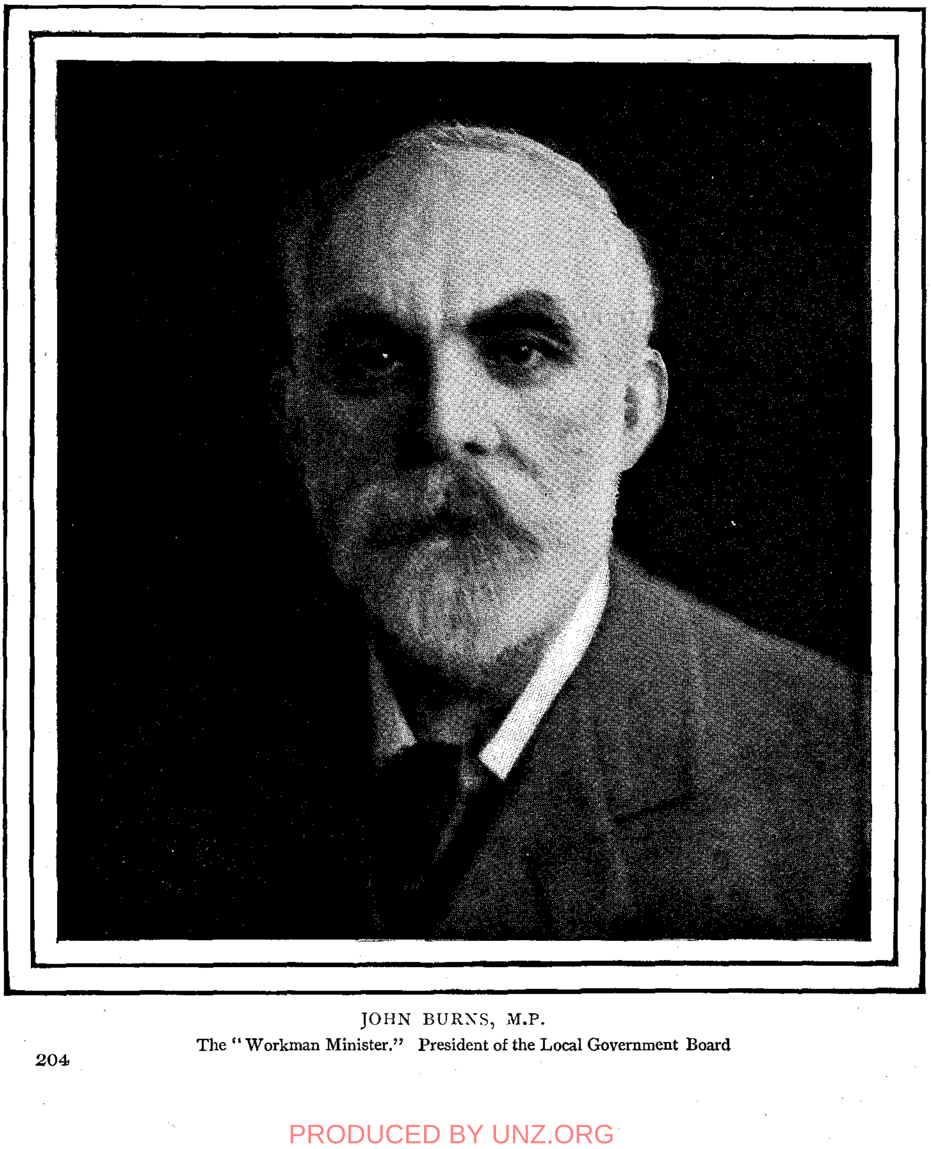
But, after all, it is not the things which Fifth Avenue contains that give it its greatest interest—it is the moving, pulsating life which it bears along in its great current. It is like a splendid river filled with all sorts of craft engaged in ministering to the pleasure or the needs of the world; its high buildings are the mountain tops that fringe its shores, and in every direction the river is tinted and glorified with vistas of brilliant sunshine or misty bluish shadows such as Claude Monet delights to paint.

# BRITISH DEMOCRACY IN POWER

## BY ROBERT DONALD

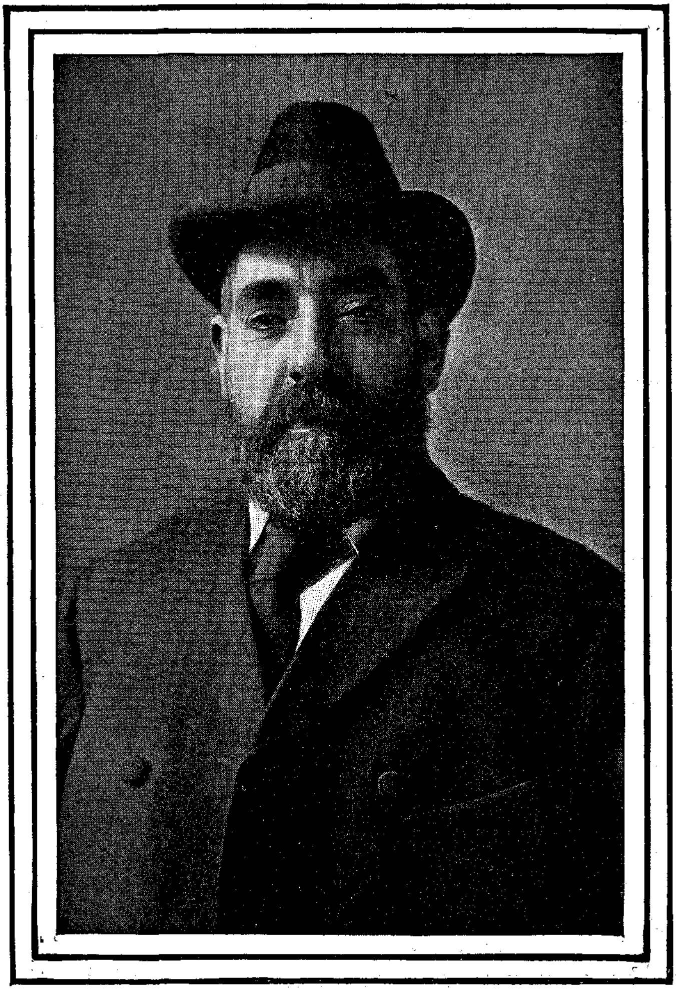
Editor of the London "Daily Chronicle"

FOR the first time in the history of the British Parliament the people are fairly represented in the present House of Commons. Democracy is in power. The change in the personnel of the House made at the general election was more remarkable than the unprecedented transfer of votes. Both the industrial magnates in the cities and the territorial lords in the counties, who had created a kind of vested interest in their representation, lost their seats. Not length of service—and some of them could look back on a continued membership of twenty and thirty years; not liberality of purse—and many of them



JOHN BURNS, M.P.

The "Workman Minister." President of the Local Government Board had scattered money freely among local charities in the hope of reaping a return in votes—not even personal popularity could save men who stood for the old conservatism, against candidates who, though hitherto unknown in public life, were exponents of a radical and labor policy.



WILLIAM CROOKS, M.P.

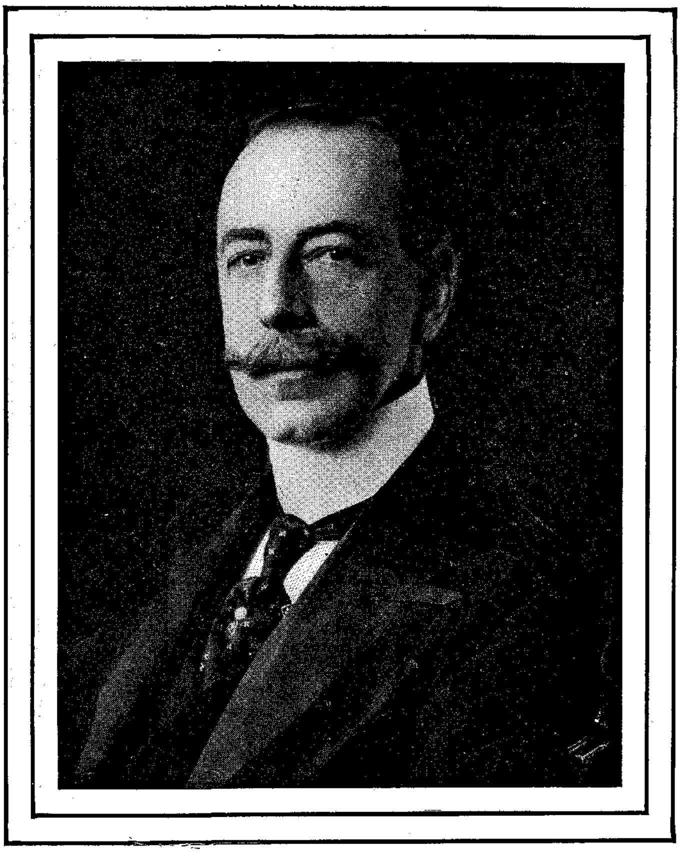
Born in a poorhouse. For twenty years he has taken part in public life as Local Councilor, Poor Law Guardian, Borough Councilor, and Member of Parliament. One of the leaders in the new Labor force.

COLLEGE LIBRARY

The democratic spirit—I use the words democratic and democracy in the general, not in a party, sense—is shown in the Administration, which is an advance on any previous Liberal Government. It contains several representatives of advanced Radicalism. The best type of this kind is Mr. Lloyd George, the silver-tongued Welsh orator. He was the stanchest fighter that the Liberals had in the days of their adversity. He was a vehement opponent of the South African war, he pursued Mr. Chamberlain fiercely, constantly, relentlessly, assailing him even in his own stronghold, Birmingham, and was received with a volley of stones for his temerity. Mr. Lloyd George, although only just turned forty, has been in the front ranks of Radical fighters for ten years. He is full of Celtic fire and enthusiasm, is a ready, clever, and eloquent speaker, a teetotaler, and a man of strong religious convictions. His father was a Unitarian schoolmaster, he is a lawyer by profession, but is a poor man who has sacrificed much for politics. As President of the Board of Trade he will revolutionize the work of that department.

A still stronger democrat in the Cabinet is Mr John Burns, the workingman who is the President of the Local Government Board. Mr. Burns's remarkable career is well known. He has been a working engineer, a strike leader, labor agitator, a London County Councilor for eighteen years, and member of Parliament for fourteen. He is a great leader who never had a party, but whose influence has been felt in every labor movement in England for the last twenty years. The labor and social policy of the London County Council has been largely inspired and directed by him. He has also molded labor legislation in Parliament. Mr. Burns has "scorned delights and lived laborious days" for the sake of the workers. He is an avowed Socialist. He has never changed his principles, only modified his methods. He is a real Fabian, a skillful opportunist, a tireless worker, and a first-rate organizer. Since he became a Socialist who does things, he has been ostracized by the Socialists who only agitate. Mr. Burns is exercising great influence within the Cabinet, and is one of the men in the confidence and in the secrets of the Prime Minister, who seeks his advice in many matters outside Mr. Burns's department. Mr. Burns is about forty-seven years old.

Other members of the Cabinet who



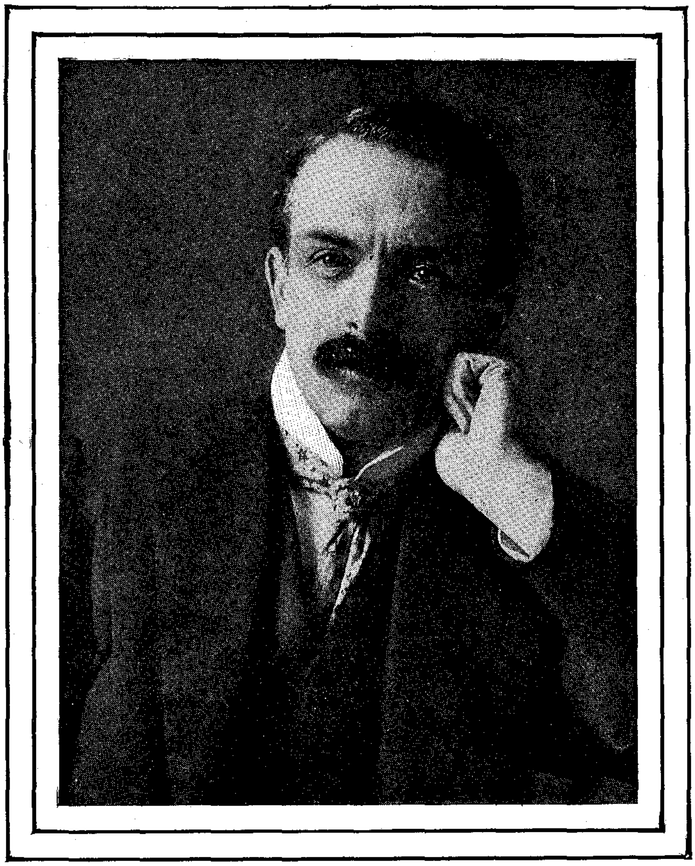
MR. LEWIS HARCOURT

Son of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Commissioner of Works in the Government. Of strong democratic sympathies. A connecting link between the Liberal and Labor parties.

belong to the progressive wing of Liberalism include Mr. Bryce, whose sympathies with free institutions and democratic progress are well known; Mr. Haldane, the Minister of War, who holds advanced views on social questions; and Earl Carrington, the Minister for Agriculture. Lord Carrington has been a colonial governor and has had long experience on the London County Council. In America he would be regarded as a Socialist.

Among the members of the Government who are not in the Cabinet, but who will bring a new progressive influence into the House, may be mentioned Mr. Lewis Harcourt, son of the late liberal statesman, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Harcourt is descended on his father's side from the royal Plantagenets and on his mother's from Oliver Cromwell. His wife is an American, the daughter of the late Mr. Walter Burns, of New York. Mr. Harcourt is a man of talent who has much sympathy with the labor movement, and forms a connecting link between the progressive forces in the House of Commons.

The most striking transformation in the House of Commons has come from the appearance of a large number of new men, the strengthening of the Labor contingent, and the introduction of a number of avowed Socialists. There have been Labor representatives in Parliament for many years. They formed the extreme left wing of Liberalism. Now a group of them forms the nucleus of a distinct Labor party numbering thirty, of whom about half are avowed

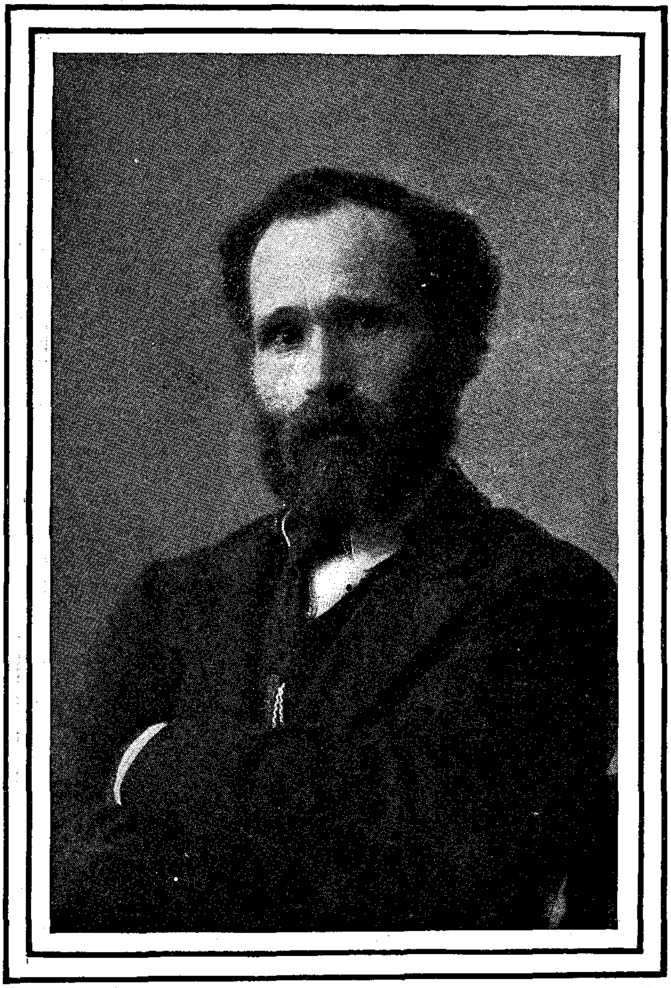


MR. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

President of the Board of Trade. A young Welsh Radical, who has been one of Mr. Chamberlain's chief opponents during recent years. A strong democrat. One of the leading fighting men on the Liberal side.

Socialists. Party nomenclature does not explain fully the views which members hold, or the policy they represent. The other Labor members who work in harmony with the Liberal party are in some cases Socialists, but believe that the best method to advance their cause is by persuasion and permeation, the line adopted by Mr. John Burns.

All Socialist candidates who ran as such in the general election were defeated. It was only those who came forward as Labor candidates, supported by trade unions, who won. There were only a few cases of Liberal and Labor candidates contesting the same constituency, so that the Labor representatives were returned largely by Liberal votes. The straight Socialist vote throughout the whole country only totaled 41,000. The Independent Labor vote was 303,000.



KEIR HARDIE, M.P.

The leader of the Independent Labor party in the House of Commons. A Scottish miner who became Secretary of his Union. A man of strong character.

The origin of this Independent Labor movement is an interesting development of labor politics. A section of Socialistic labor men, headed by a Scottish miner, Mr. Keir Hardie, some years ago decided to cut adrift from the Radicals on the one hand and the extreme Marxian Socialists on the other. They attacked Liberals with greater bitterness than they did Conservatives. They made little progress until after the law courts decided that trade unions were practically illegal combinations. The trade unionists were then driven into politics, and the Independent Labor party very cleverly captured them. A campaign committee was formed; the trade unions raised a fund for election purposes and for payment of members. Socialist and co-operative societies were represented on the committee, but the subscriptions came from trade unions. All unions of organized labor did not join, but a formidable independent force was created, which is now represented by thirty members. No party platform was adopted; the mainspring of the movement was the desire to re-establish the legal status of trade unions—a simple matter now that the Liberals are in office.

The leader of this new party is Mr. Keir Hardie, who has been eight years in Parliament, and during that time has adopted Ishmaelite tactics. He is a man of strong character, honest convictions, and his object in life is to secure a greater measure of social justice for the poor. He is a good fighter, but is considered by many members of the House of Commons to lack tact in dealing with Parliamentary affairs. Since he has assumed the leadership of his party, however, he has shown more discretion and ability. He thinks that the greatest hope for the people lies in the break-up of the Liberal party; his greatest fear is that labor may become absorbed in Liberalism. He desires to see a new cleavage in political parties on economic lines—one socialist and the other individualist.

A notable member of the labor group is Mr. William Crooks, known to everybody as "Bill Crooks." He has been in Parliament for six years, and has been a member of the London County Council almost since its establishment. Mr. Crooks was born in the Poplar Poorhouse in the East of London, and has been mayor of his native borough. He is a working cooper by trade, but for some years now has lived as a labor representative on fifteen dollars a week. Unlike Mr. John Burns, next to whom he comes in popularity, Mr. Crooks is not widely read, does not concern himself with scientific Socialism, and has no great political knowledge. He knows local administration and applies to all questions sound common sense. He would prefer to work in harmony with the Liberals, but signed the constitution of the Labor group and accepts the party pay.

With two exceptions, all the other members of the Labor group are, or have been, workingmen. Some of them are now trade union officials. They are men who have devoted many years of their lives to labor interests and to public work. Their honesty is acknowledged and their earnestness is transparent. They have made an excellent impression in the House of Commons, and their influence may be greater than their numbers would suggest.

The Labor members who act in harmony with the Liberals number twenty-five, including the thirteen miners' representatives. In all labor questions the whole fifty-five will act together, supported by the Radicals. Together they will prove the main driving force of Liberalism. The Liberal party contains many members who support the Labor policy.

Two other new forces are represented in the House of Commons, and are making their influence felt. The men who stand for them may be called the municipal socialists and the social idealists. The new municipal element contains thirty members of the London County Council and also other civic progressists from provincial cities. They are men who have practical experience in city administration and are strong advocates of municipal ownership. The development of city government, the extension of municipal industrial enterprise, will find in them stern and well-informed supporters. They will regard with suspicion the granting of franchises to private corporations; they will welcome with enthusiasm extensions in public ownership.

The social idealists are represented by a number of young men of culture and literary ability with a strong passion for politics, who feel keenly on questions of the day. By their speeches they have helped to form the political thought of the day, and the views which triumphed at the late election. They are all Radicals and Anti-Imperialists, and most of them are social idealists. The group includes men like Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, who has written sympathetically on the problems of poverty. He is the literary editor of the "Daily News" and a Christian Socialist. Another is Mr. George Peabody Gooch, author of some historical studies of much value. Mr. Gooch has lived in social settlements in the East of London. His father was the partner of the American philanthropist and London merchant, Mr. George Peabody.

Another rising politician is Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, son of Sir George Trevelyan, the nephew and biographer of Macaulay, who is now at work on a history of the American Revolution.

Mr. Percy Alden, who is also elected to Parliament for the first time, is well known in America as a leading exponent of social betterment. He was head of Mansfield Social Settlement in East London, and has had ten years' experience of municipal life.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, a naturalized Frenchman, who won a great victory at Salford, has been described as one of the three cleverest young men in England, the other two being Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. Mr. Belloc is one of the most brilliant writers of the day, as well as one of the most versatile. He has written some charming books of travel, such as "The Road to Rome;" he is responsible for some amusing children's books, and is the author of a novel and of important studies on Danton and Robespierre. All these are men who have had brilliant university careers. Parliamentary life is likely to turn their zeal for reform into profitable channels.

All the Labor and Progressive members of the House of Commons are determined to hasten the dawn of better days for the less fortunate class of the people. These new men mean business. They have no sympathy with Parliamentary loafing, and will take no part in debates which lead only to negative results. They mean to permeate the Liberal party with their ideas and to leave the impress of their ideas in the statute-book. They have no desire for the showy part of Parliamentary life and no patience with the traditional methods of procedure. Under the new conditions the old farce of the House of Commons adjourning on the day the Derby horse race is run will be abolished. Efforts will be made to make the House attend to its duties during the day, like other legislative assemblies. In fact, the new men whom I have described will be a healthy influence in Parliamentary life, and the new Parliament, by their help, will make a great advance in social legislation.

# LONDON IMPRESSIONS

## A SERIES OF ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL
## INTERPRETED BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

These etchings are reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co., New York

NO American of English blood can recall his first impression of London. It was made long ago on the imagination of some remote ancestor, and its vague lines were brought back out of the race into the individual memory by pictures and descriptions constantly coming under the eye in childhood. Eastern New England is largely a reminiscence of Eastern Old England in the nomenclature of its geography, so that the traveled man who hears the names of the stations called finds himself unconsciously looking at landscapes beyond seas, hearing the roar of the surf on Lincolnshire beaches and the peal of bells from Boston church, and is brought face to face with the college walls and gates of Cambridge. In like manner, heredity and early reading build up the English background behind the growing thought of the American boy of English-speaking parentage.

No such American, therefore, goes to London for the first time. He has been there before, and he returns to it with a host of local associations. He knows the buildings the moment they come into view; he can name the bridges when he gets his first glimpse of them spanning the Thames in long succession. He is so familiar with the city of his ancestors that London Bridge always disappoints him; he misses the old houses that once hung in a row along the parapets! He can find his way to old Westminster Hall without a guide, and he enters the Abbey as if he had come back to the church in which he said his prayers when a boy. He knows where Charles Lamb worked in the East India House, and Colonel Newcome died in the Charterhouse; and he starts out to find the Mermaid Tavern, the Globe Theater, and Tyburn Hill, without so much as a glance at his Baedeker. His troubles begin when he discovers that he knows several Londons, and that they are successive rather than contemporary cities. As for the Tower and Madame Tussaud and the lions in Trafalgar Square, they belong to his earliest childhood, to the period of his primer and his spelling-book; when he has nothing else to do he may go, not to see them for the first time, but to refresh his memory.

The first impression of London for the American is compounded of many impressions. He feels as if he were suddenly face to face at short range with English history, and a sense of something venerable, august, and mysterious overshadows him. An immense past enfolds him and voices assail him from its remotest years and from the ends of the earth. The continuity of a community life begun in the time of the Cæsars and sharing every great historic experience for fifteen hundred years touches his imagination and gives the city extension not only in space but in time.

A devout student of English history and a fresh and fascinating recorder of the history of his own country arrived after dark in London on his first visit; was met by a friend, taken to his lodgings, and dined. After dinner the visitor said: "This is my first night in England, and you must take me out." They left the room, walked rapidly down the narrow street, and came abruptly on the Embankment. With his hand on the parapet, the visitor stood silent a moment, and then, a tide of emotion sweeping over his face, cried out, "Is this the Thames?" "Yes," was the quiet reply. The strong man was shaken as by a tempest. Looking up in the moonlight, he saw the Clock Tower. "And is that Westminster?" In a moment he was rushing his friend along the river to the great building, the voices of Fox, of

Chatham, of Pitt, ringing in his ears and the tears streaming down his face. He was not seeing London for the first time; he was home again after more than two centuries' absence!

It is this complexity of impressions suddenly brought into focus that gives the first view of London its unique and thrilling quality. Something of the same sort happens in Paris, in Venice, in Rome; but it is untouched by the sense of home, the memory of ancient companionships, the smell of the soil in which are the roots of one's racial history.

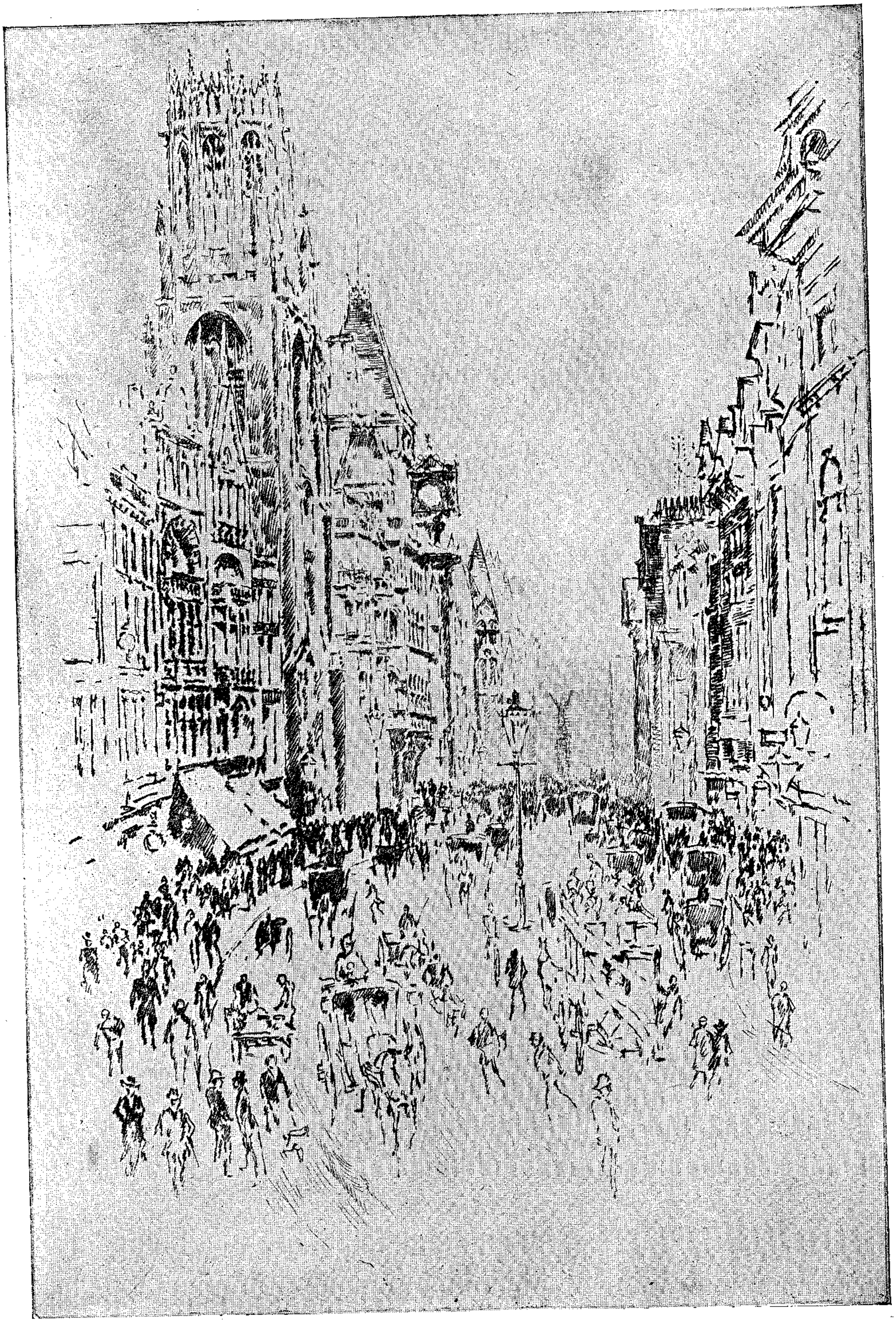
In a few hours the London of to-day has taken the place of Chaucer's, Shakespeare's, Johnson's, Lamb's London, and a second impression follows so closely on the first that it merges with it, deepens, broadens, poetizes it. It was long the fashion of those who saw only definite outlines, and had no feeling for light, atmosphere, and space, to speak of the English metropolis as vast and full of human interest, but lacking dignity and beauty. This was before Turner had taught Englishmen how to use their eyes, or Whistler had lounged along the water front, or Monet had come over from Paris for a few weeks' idleness and found himself working furiously under the spell of that dusky magnificence, those vast spaces of light and air, which touched Wordsworth like a revelation that memorable morning on Westminster Bridge:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
  Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
  A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
  Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
  Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

Pennell has caught the richness of old buildings and the picturesqueness of a hundred gardens, alleys, gateways, vistas, towers, and steeples. The very smoke which confounds London and arrests its tremendous life with a mere effluence of vapor, a settling of clouds, gives it a splendor as rare and rich in certain lights as colors of Rembrandt. Up or down the river, in the late afternoon, there are visions which explain the audacity of Turner; in the long twilight the charm and elusive delicacy of Whistler are visible without the aid of his magical brush; in the murky gloom one sees what Monet saw of strange moving life over vague arches spanning a hidden river; in broad day the rich refinement and profusion of line which Pennell has recorded in a series of fascinating etchings give the old, dingy, careworn city an unescapable loveliness. Whistler has supplemented the record of his impression with the brush by this record with the pen:

"And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the workingman and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see; and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."

The first impression of London is, in truth, compounded of so many elements and is at once so much a thing of reality and so much a thing of memory that it escapes definition and, like the city itself, lies vague, far-spreading, endlessly suggestive, in the mind. The American sees London with his memory as well as with his eyes, and sees the setting of the great city, the arching of its sky, the shifting of its lights, the oncoming and the outgoing of its mists subduing all hardnesses to one rich scheme of line and color, as distinctly as its actual structural forms. And there rises before him and remains with him after long acquaintance the impression of something vast as history and as terrible as human conditions, solid as masonry and beautiful as art, monotonous and somber and depressing in tone, and yet touched with a vague and mysterious magnificence; an appealing remembrance, an appalling reality, and a marvelously touching vision.



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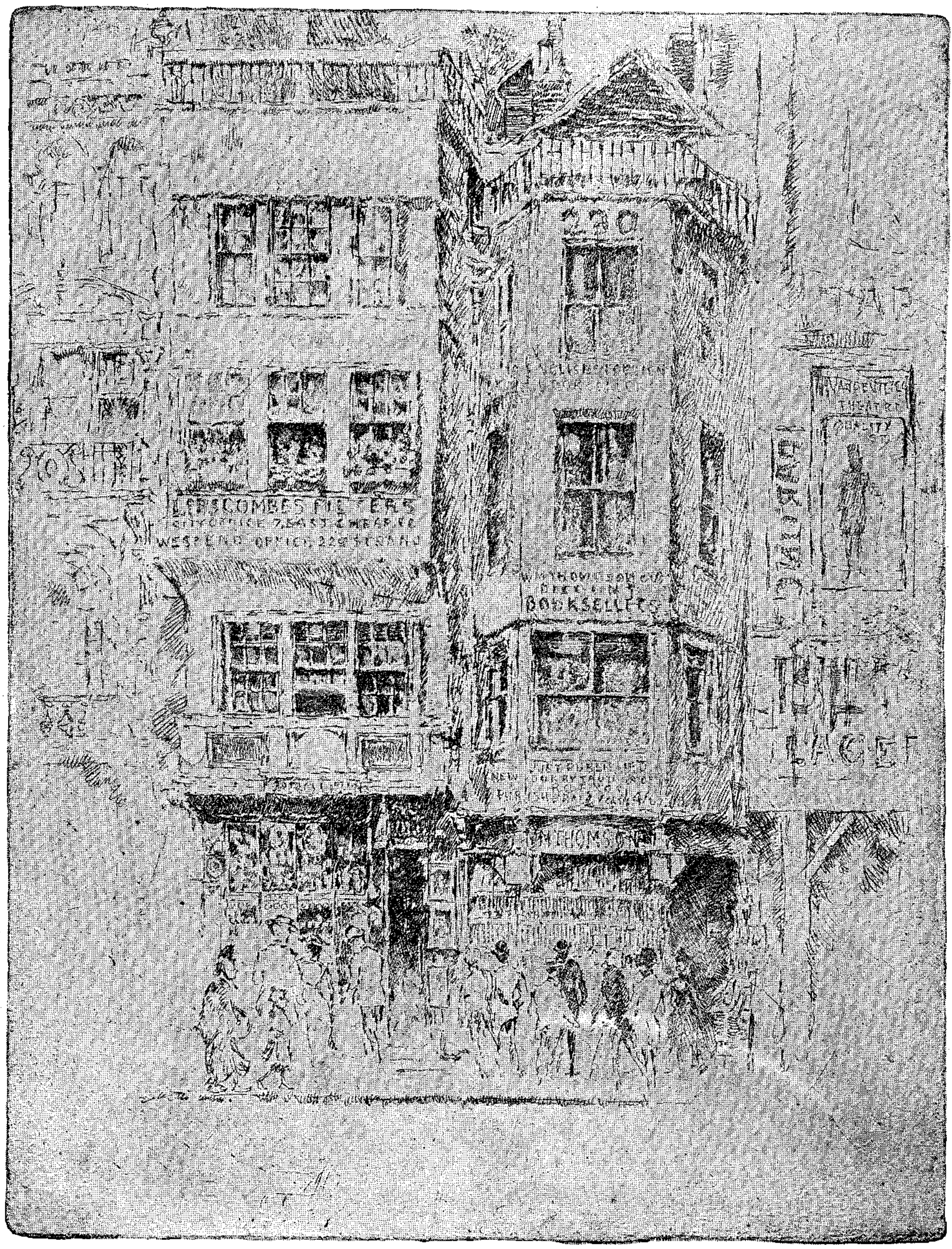
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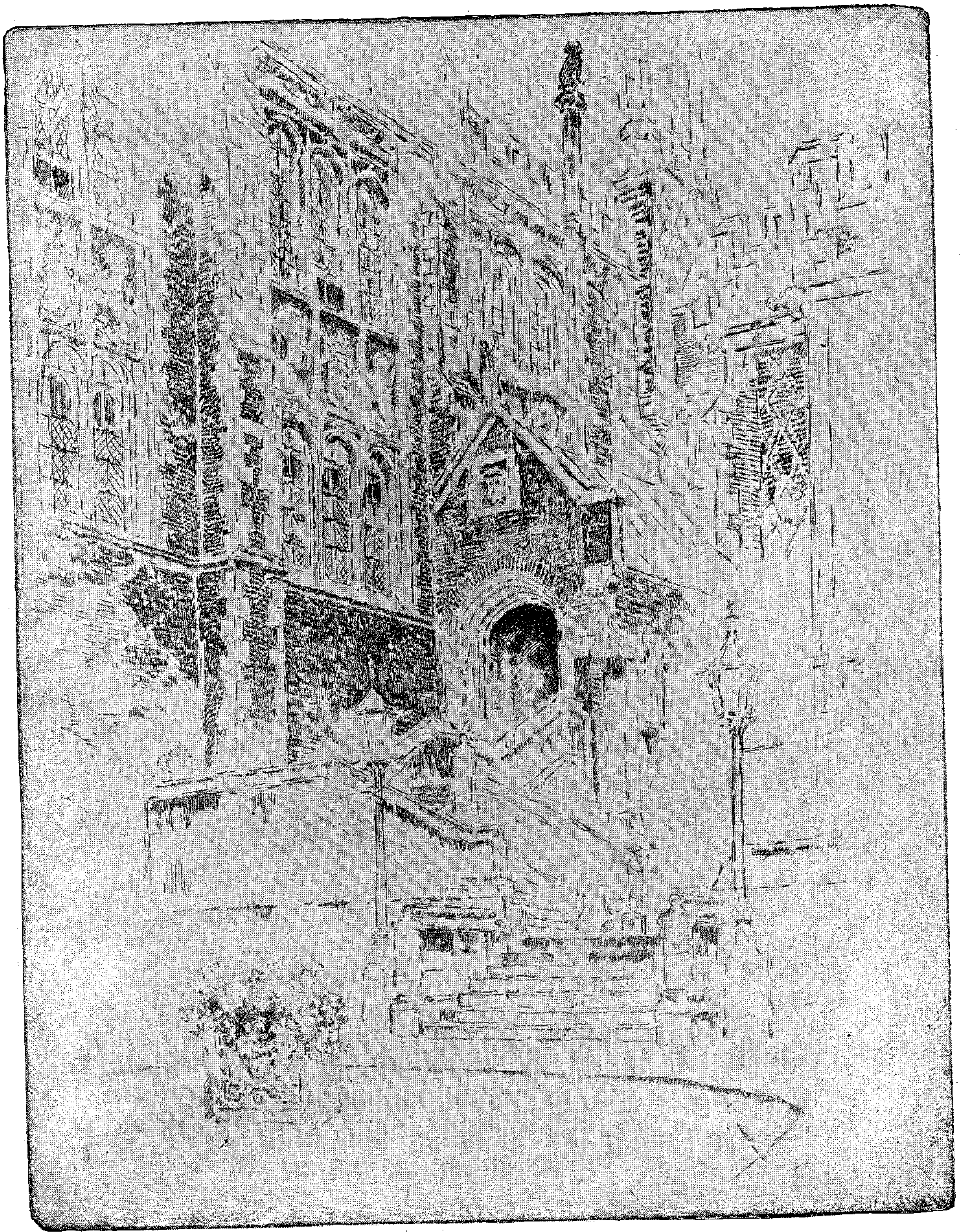

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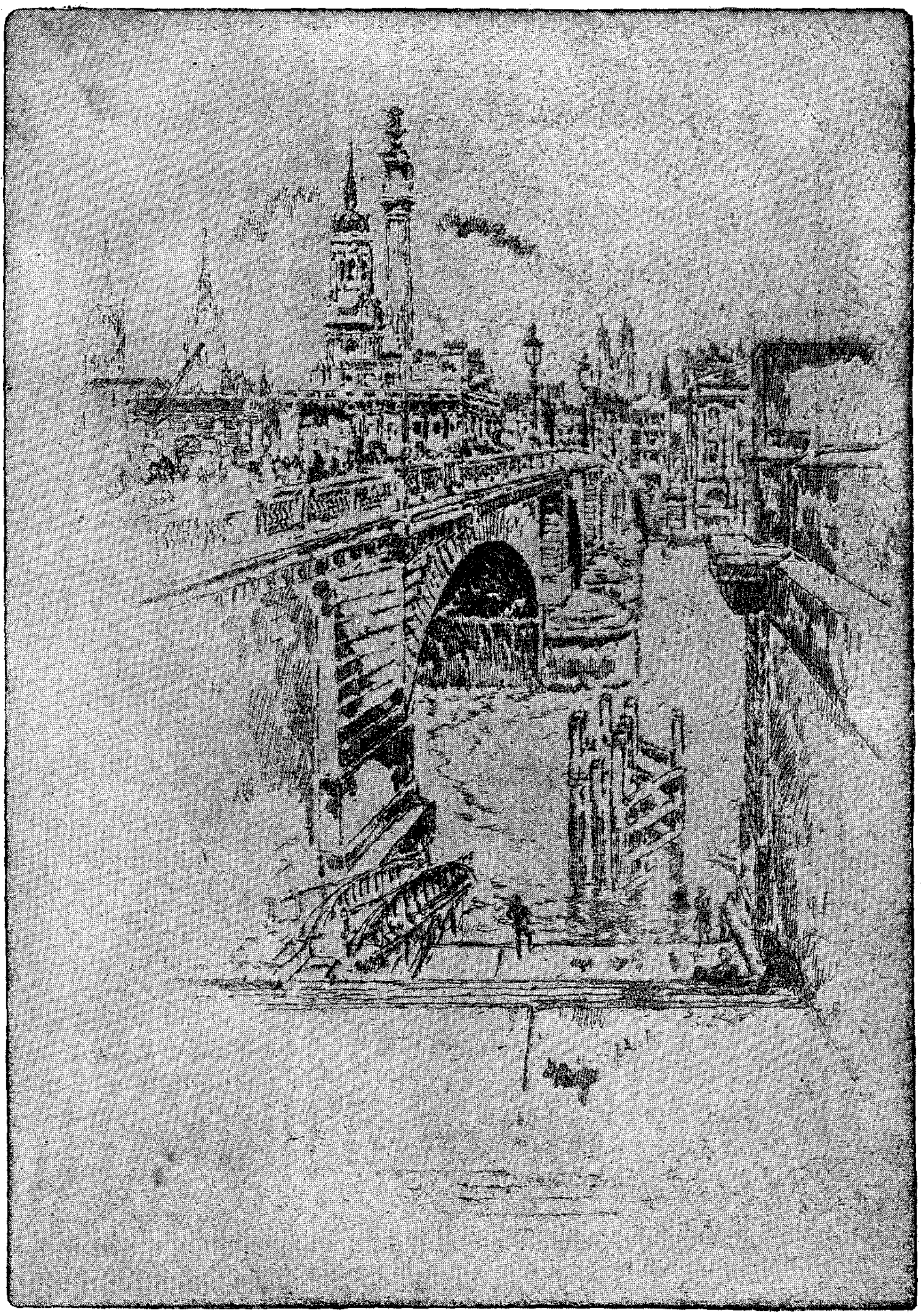
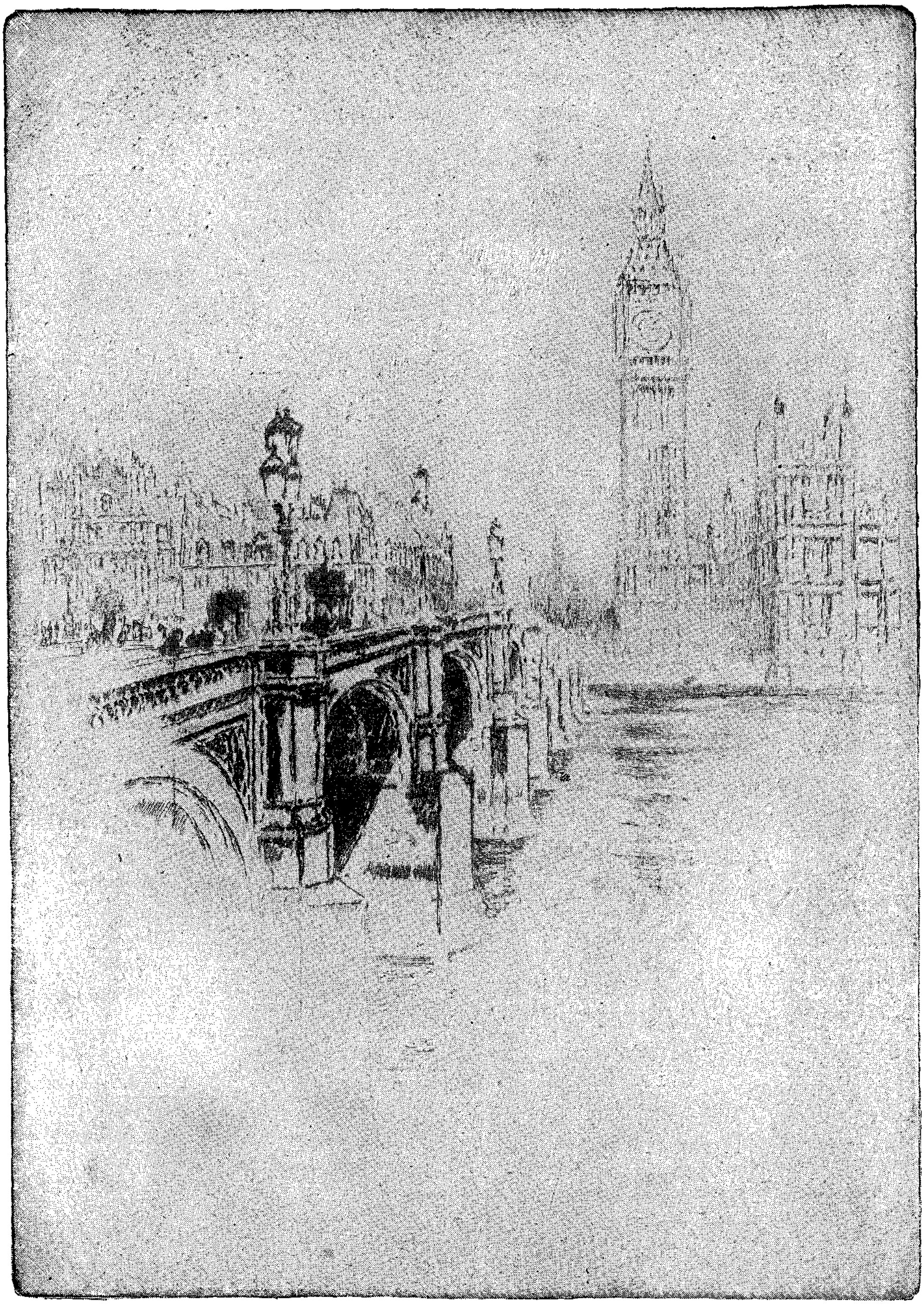
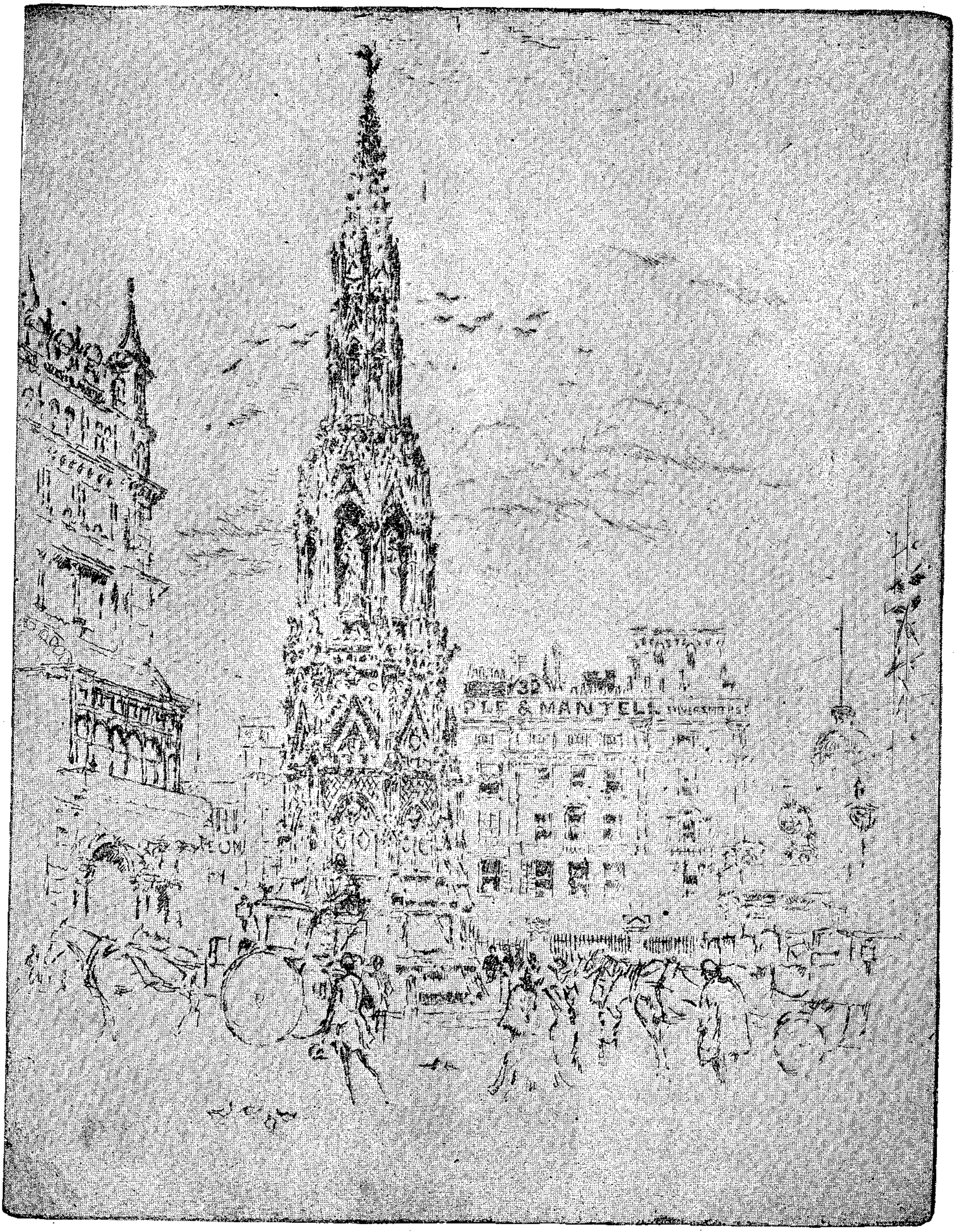


LONDON BRIDGE FROM THE SURREY SIDE



THE CLOCK TOWER FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE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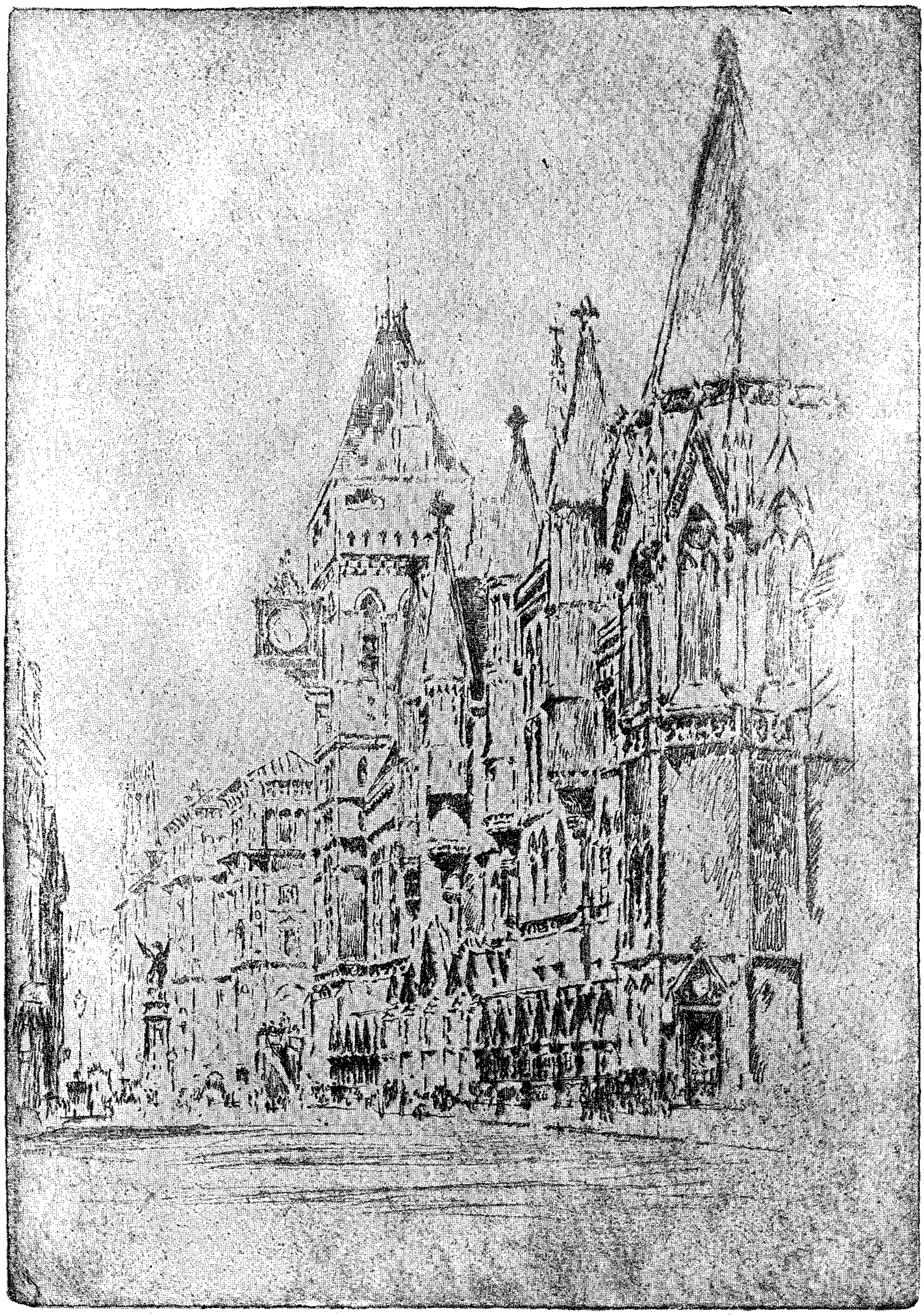
THE GOTHIC CROSS
In front of Charing Cross Station



THE LAW COURTS

# AN UNCOMPROMISING FIGHTER

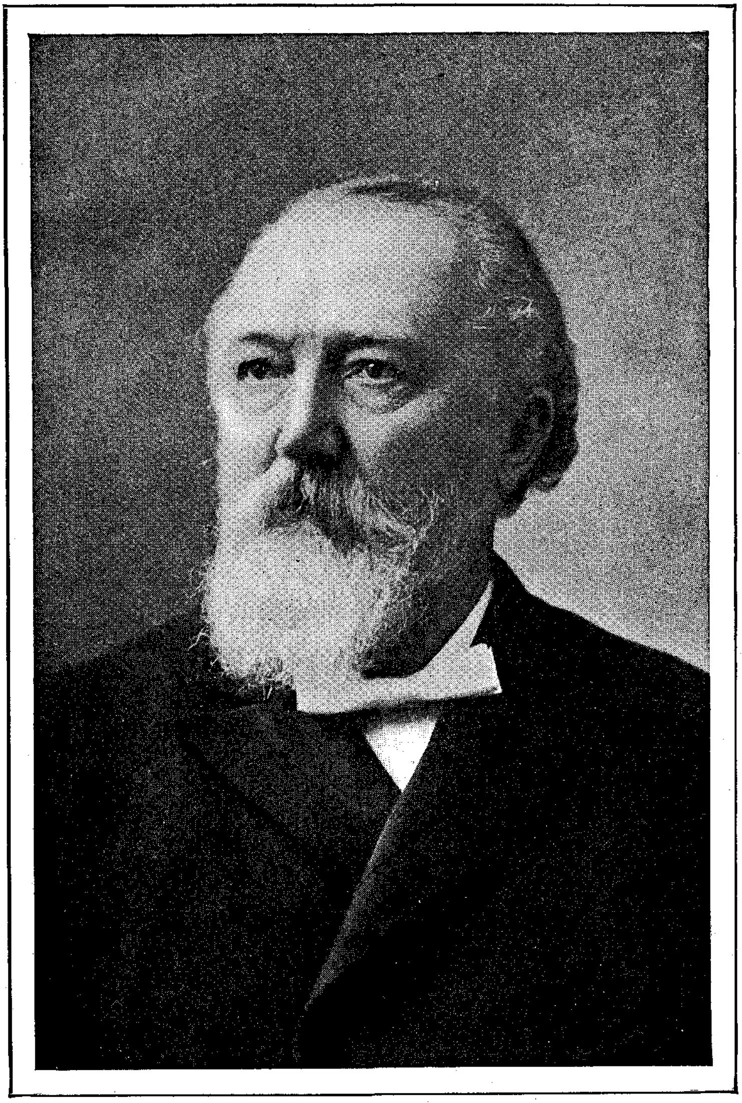
## BY GEORGE E. MAPES

IN the year 1904 the Philadelphia Woman's Joint Committee was engaged in a campaign for the suppression of the smoke nuisance, and issued an appeal for funds, the circular being signed by the Committee's Chairman, Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg. Many encouraging responses were received, including the following: "I will contribute to your fund for the suppression of the smoke nuisance if you will agree to join me in a movement for the suppression of that interminable, pestiferous nuisance, Rudolph Blankenburg."

This was the estimate of Rudolph Blankenburg, the active reformer, by many of his Philadelphia neighbors two years ago. To-day he is City Commissioner, elected by the largest majority of any of the candidates upon the reform ticket at the last November election, and no man is more universally respected by the honest and intelligent citizenship of the Quaker City, or more thoroughly hated and feared by its grafters, than he. For forty years he had been content to be in the minority, to be regarded as a public nuisance, to be sneered at, jeered at, and yet feared, with no thought of official promotion or of substantial reward of any kind, because he believed from the bottom of his heart that municipal government could not be successfully administered by grafters, and that the time would come when the people of Philadelphia would be compelled to place in charge of their municipal affairs the same kind of men they would choose to manage and administer their own great private enterprises. Time has vindicated Mr. Blankenburg's faith in popular government and in the necessity of the employment of the best brains and the highest character in its administration, and within the short period of two years the whirligig of time has brought him the revenge of being regarded as one of the most conspicuous and trustworthy men of his adopted city.

What manner of man is this Rudolph Blankenburg? In the most American of American cities he is a foreigner by birth, and, while reasonably successful in business, is easily outranked in point of wealth by scores of the successful men of Philadelphia who do not possess a tithe of his ability, and as a consequence have never been heard of outside of their immediate circle of money-getters. The son of a German Reformed minister in one of the rural villages of the Fatherland, his early religious training was ingrained into his very nature, and he does not seem to have read into the catechism which he was taught in his early days, that the chief end of man was to become richer than any of his fellows. Consequently, when, at the age of twenty-two, he emigrated to the United States to begin his life career, it did not occur to him that his adopted country was suffering from a lack of millionaires. He had imbibed, by reading when a boy a German translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a lasting hatred of the institution of slavery, and his feeling of antagonism to all that partook of intellectual or bodily bondage was further stimulated by his association with the Society of Friends, with whom he had the good fortune to become acquainted almost immediately after his arrival in Philadelphia. This period of his migration was the close of the Civil War, and he embarked with enthusiasm in the business activities which followed the close of that memorable conflict. Finding employment with a leading dry-goods firm, he mastered the business, married, and within ten years had set up for himself as the senior member of the firm of Rudolph Blankenburg and Company, merchants and manufacturers, a firm which is more prosperous than ever after thirty years of continuous existence, demonstrating his possession of exceptional business capacity.

Successful as he has been in business, however, the pre-eminence of Mr. Blankenburg consists in his unselfish civic spirit and the ability and courage he has displayed as an aggressive champion of civic righteousness in public administration. He is an uncompromising fighter against machine rule and public corruption in all its forms, and, like most men of his class, is at his best when confronted by the fiercest opposition. In appearance, this German Quaker, who is now sixty-three years of age, and who still takes as keen a delight in a strenuous political campaign as he did when he was thirty years younger, is a lithe, active man with a good, round head, set well on a firm neck rising above strong shoulders. His full beard and mustache are snow white, as is the scanty poll of hair, once chestnut-brown, which covers his shapely head. His eyes are gray-brown, keen and penetrating, and they meet those of the visitor squarely and frankly. Rudolph Blankenburg looks every man squarely in the face, with the eyes of a man who has nothing to conceal, and who has a keen knowledge of human nature. He is an



PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. E. PURDY, BOSTON

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

entertaining companion, loves a good joke, is hospitable in the highest degree, and one of the wittiest after-dinner speakers in Philadelphia.

One of the striking characteristics of Mr. Blankenburg consists in his stubborn adherence to what he considers sound principle in public affairs. A better illustration of this trait cannot be cited, perhaps, than that of his prompt resignation from the famous reform Committee of One Hundred in 1881, when that body was deluded into nominating the late William S. Stokley for Mayor of Philadelphia. Stokley had served three terms as Mayor, and, while a man of commanding executive ability, had been to a large extent subject to the domination of a Gas Trust led by a shrewd political manipulator, the late James McManes. Some prominent friends of Stokley had been included in the membership of the Committee of One Hundred, and, by the device of supporting the nomination of two well-known reformers for the offices of Tax Receiver and City Solicitor, had managed to include also the indorsement of Stokley for a fourth term. When the indorsement of Mayor Stokley was announced, Mr. Blankenburg arose, and, in a voice that rang throughout the chamber, said, "I joined this Committee believing it to be a body organized to secure certain reforms in the city government. Being now convinced that the purpose for which the Committee was formed is at an end, I herewith tender my resignation."

The resignation was promptly accepted, but within a month the members of the Committee who had been misled recognized their mistake, repudiated the nomination of Stokley, and invited Mr. Blankenburg to re-enter their ranks. The one man had converted the hundred, because he had clear insight from the first and possessed the courage of his convictions. It will be noted from this that Mr. Blankenburg is a man who does not scare easily. He has been a conspicuous target for the innuendoes and malignity of the machine cliques for many years. Detectives have followed him for weeks seeking some clue with which to assail his character. He has been the subject of cartoons in organization newspapers, has been caricatured by the minstrels, and threatened in anonymous letters. Notwithstanding all this, he has never faltered, has been good company for himself when others would not flock with him, and has remained from first to last the most cheerful, good-natured, and hopeful of the little group of stanch reformers who have been trying for years to liberate Philadelphia from municipal misrule.

Probably the most unwelcome experience of his entire political career came to him last year, when the leaders of the reform movement in Philadelphia which swept the contractors' gang from power decided that the exigencies of the canvass required Mr. Blankenburg to become a candidate for City Commissioner. During his entire career as a political reformer he had refused to be a candidate for office and had denounced the professional self-seekers on every suitable occasion. He felt keenly that if he accepted a nomination for any office he would in a certain degree lay himself open to the charge of hypocritical self-seeking, and when the proposition was first made to him to become a candidate he resolutely refused, declaring that he would support any other candidate the City Party Convention might choose with all the energy in his power, but that office-seeking for himself was impossible. The tide of popularity, however, had begun to run so strongly in his favor that his clear-headed associates, several of whom had been members of the Committee of One Hundred with him a quarter of a century before, insisted that it was a public duty for him to accept the nomination and thus throw the weight of his forceful personality into the canvass. With the greatest of reluctance he yielded to these claims, but, having done so, he became the leader on the stump in the campaign that followed. He predicted his election in the first speech, and became the towering figure of the campaign of oratory which followed. He made three or four speeches every night for weeks, and overflowing audiences would listen patiently to duller speakers and remain in crowded halls till ten or eleven o'clock at night if assured that Blankenburg would turn up to address them before he went to bed. Gifted with a lively imagination, he would inject into his speeches amusing imaginary conversations between prominent individuals of the ruling clique that was fighting for its political life, which were very telling. He also possessed the gift of coining expressive words and phrases which became campaign catchwords. In one of his speeches he dubbed the Torresdale Boulevard the "McNichol Boodlevard," a name that will stick to it for a generation. The wisdom of the reform leaders in compelling him to become a candidate for office against his will was fully justified by the result, as the entire ticket was elected by a sweeping majority, his own vote leading that of all others. Mr. Blankenburg, after his election, frequently assured his friends that he wished he could bestow his office on one of them, as office-holding was quite as foreign to his nature as office-seeking.

It is one of the anomalous traits of Mr. Blankenburg that he is as prominent in works of charity and benevolence as in fighting boodlers and grafters in public life. One would naturally expect that a man of his aggressively militant spirit would have little inclination to bestow attention upon the weak and unfortunate. The contrary is the case, however. He was one of the founders of the Citizens' Permanent Relief Committee of Philadelphia, which furnished liberal contributions for the relief of the sufferers by the Charleston earthquake, the Russian famine, the Johnstown flood, and other similar disasters. He accompanied one of the relief ships sent from Philadelphia to Russia during the famine period, making a personal visit to the sections affected by the food scarcity, and studying the industrial, social, and domestic conditions which led to the famine. During the term of Mayor Edwin S. Stuart he was directed by the Citizens' Permanent Relief Committee to investigate charges of gross extortion inflicted upon the poor by pawnbrokers and other usurious money-lenders. The results of this investigation he summarized in a report published in 1894, in which the extortionate practices of these money-lending sharks were unsparingly exposed, the report being accompanied with a recommendation that a Loan Society should be established which should make temporary loans at the legal rates of interest to those compelled to seek temporary accommodation. Mr. Blankenburg is very popular among his employees. No employer puts more humanity, justice, and reasonableness into the affairs of a business than he, and nearly every individual in the regiment of employees of the manufacturing and commercial concern which he founded thirty years ago, and of which he is still the active head, feels that he has no better friend than the chief who has seen similar service and has not forgotten it.

Mr. Blankenburg writes as he talks upon political and charitable subjects, in direct, clear, businesslike style. He has been a frequent contributor to the literature of these subjects in magazine and newspaper articles. His latest and most effective work of this nature consisted of a series of magazine articles published during the early part of the year 1905, entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness, or Masters and Rulers of the Freemen of Pennsylvania." He little dreamed, when writing these articles, that Pennsylvania would emerge from the political wilderness into the promised land of better public administration before the close of the year.

A sketch of Rudolph Blankenburg would be incomplete which failed to refer to his talented wife, who is scarcely less famous than her husband as a leader in movements for civic betterment and the advancement of the political influence of women. Mrs. Blankenburg is equally public-spirited with her husband, sympathizing with and abetting all his endeavors. She is President of the Pennsylvania State Woman's Suffrage Association, and is prominent in many clubs and philanthropic enterprises. The close association with the Friends inaugurated by his early marriage to Lucretia Longshore, the daughter of Dr. Hannah Longshore, one of the eminent pioneer women physicians of the United States, was doubtless one of the strong influences which helped to mold the political and charitable ideals of Rudolph Blankenburg.

KARL BAEDEKER

# THE HOUSE OF BAEDEKER

## BY JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

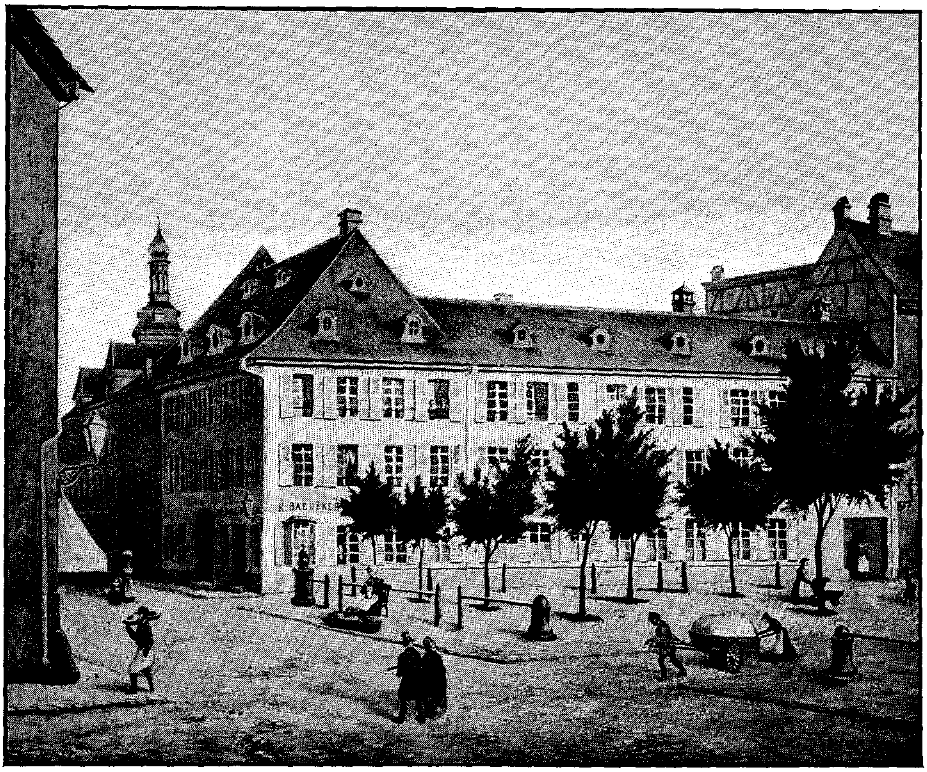
IF we were asked suddenly whether we should like the privilege of having our name pass into the language as a common noun or verb, probably the instinct of most of us would be to reply, blushingly, that on the whole we rather should. Our first thought would be of the honorable distinction implied in the existence of such words as daguerreotype, hansom, mackintosh, macadam, cardigan, and spencer, while it might not be till later that we recollected the ghastly notoriety of Dr. Guillotin, the embarrassing fame of Captain Boycott, and the half-ludicrous, half-tragic woes of Dr. Osler. The owner of the name at the head of this paper has had, *nolens volens*, to taste both the bitter and the sweet of such lexicographical popularity; he has had to be prepared for either fate. It certainly cannot be other than pleasant to him to hear the word "Baedeker" used as a synonym for guide-book, especially when (as is very often the case) it is distinctly used in the sense of good guide-book. But this pleasure must have been clearly dashed when a German judge decided that the process of transmigration was so complete that another firm might publish a so-called "Baedeker" for Berlin without any infringement of copyright. This Berlin "Baedeker" has been followed by others equally innocent of connection with the real Simon Pure, among which I remember a "Neu-Yorker Baedeker," prepared for the German-speaking visitors to Gotham; a "Baedeker de la Republica Argentina," in Spanish; and a "Himmels-Baedeker," or Baedeker for heaven. On the last of these I believe the worthy German publisher could look with perfect equanimity, feeling that here at least there was no poaching on his preserves and recognizing that with regard to the pilgrimage to the Elysian Fields even Baedeker is but as other men.

Curiously enough, it is in France that the popularization of the name has gone farthest. A Frenchman will say, "Je ne me ferai pas le Baedeker du panorama," meaning that he will not give all the details; "le Baedeker électoral" signifies the member of the Chamber of Deputies who does the honors of the capital for his provincial constituents. They have even coined a verb "baedekeriser."

In spite of the fact that "Baedeker" now nearly monopolizes the field among the synonyms of guide-book, I fear I cannot make the claim that Baedeker was the earliest representative of the kind of volume that we now associate with the name. This eminently practical invention must be ascribed to England, the pioneer and leader among the traveling nations, and Herr Baedeker himself (as will appear further on in this paper) would be the first to admit the fact. Baedeker's claim must be one of excellence, not priority, and must rest on the fact that he has bettered his model—that it is a case of survival of the fittest. It is enough if Baedeker be recognized along (say) with its technological schools, as one of the proofs that the dreamy and philosophical Fatherland is not without its triumphs in the severely practical world.

It is difficult to say where we are to look for the origins of the tourist's guide-book, properly so called. Doubtless the young Athenian consulted his Herodotus when about to visit the land of the Nile, and unquestionably the educated Roman would look into his Pausanias before starting for a visit to Athens; but it is clear that it would hardly be exhaustive to call either of these works a handbook for travelers. Numerous so-called itineraries were prepared in the Middle Ages, especially for the use of pilgrims; but their contents are seldom of the practical nature that we might expect from the name. One of the earliest was a small anonymous MS. found at Einsiedeln in Switzerland, and dating from about the time of Charlemagne. This is devoted to Rome, and mentions many of the classical ruins the pilgrims would see in passing from church to church. It also gives a list of about eighty classical inscriptions. One of the most popular of these mediæval itineraries was the so-called "Mirabilia Urbis," another handbook to Rome, dating from the twelfth century and in vogue for about three hundred years. That its contents were hardly of a Baedekerian exactitude may be gathered from the fact that it describes the Colosseum as vaulted over with a sky of gilded bronze, and takes the well-known statue of Marcus Aurelius to represent a Roman giant who saved the city by kidnapping the diminutive king of a besieging horde of Oriental barbarians. The want of practicality in these mediæval itineraries often began with their very title, which sometimes carefully concealed the true nature of their contents. One of the quaintest, issued in 1439, was entitled "Ain hubscher Tractat wie durch Gottfrid von Pullen das gelobte Land gewonnen ist" (A fine treatise, showing how the Promised Land was won by Godfrey de Bouillon). In the sixteenth century began to appear guide-books or itineraries intended for secular travelers, such as scholars, antiquarians, soldiers, merchants, and even wandering journeymen. Traveling now became recognized as a necessary part of the education of the higher classes; and many of the published books of travels undertook to give hints for the guidance of the future followers of the same routes. [It may be noticed in passing that this new movement was not without its reaction. Thus Elector Frederick III. of Brandenburg (1700) issued an edict against traveling, and Marperger (about 1720) proposed that a tax should be levied on every traveler leaving his native land.] Three of the best-known English works of this class are Coryatt's "Crudities hastily gobbled up in Five Month's travels in France, Italy, etc." (1617), the "Itinerary" of Fynes Moryson, and Howell's "Instructions for Foreign Travel" (1642).

Coryatt finally dedicated his travel-worn shoes in the church of his native village of Brockdon, and no doubt breathed a sigh of relief at his happy exit from the perils he had undergone. The contemporary reader must have found much to interest him in Coryatt's book, but the little that would have been of practical service to him is more than outweighed by a mass of absolutely impertinent matter, such as various long epistles in Latin and Greek. Moryson's "Itinerary" is little more practical. Howell's book, in spite of its name, is perhaps the least practical of the three. At least it is hard to see the use of his dissertations on episcopacy and politics, and his anecdotes, though amusing, are scarcely Baedekerian in their helpfulness. The following is a sample: "Everyone knows the *tale* of him, *who reported hee had seen a Cabbage under whose leafes a Regiment of Souldiers were sheltered from a shower of raine:* Another who was no Traveller (yet the wiser man) said, *hee had passed by a place where there were 400 brasiers making of a cauldron, 200 within, and 200 without, beating the nayles in;* the Traveller asking for what use *that huge Cauldron was?* he told him, *Sir it was to boyle your Cabbage.*"



BAEDEKER HOUSE IN COBLENZ

Here the elder Karl Baedeker lived and produced all of his guide-books. The present head of the firm was born here

The objects of interest on which these books laid special stress are often very different from those starred in Baedeker. This difference is especially striking in the matter of scenery. Erasmus did not even look at the Alps when crossing them in 1506, but kept his eyes fixed on the poem he was writing on old age; and Thomas Burnet, in 1681, speaks of the Alps as having "neither form nor beauty, neither shape nor order." Evelyn, in his diary (seventeenth century), alludes to the "horrid craggs" of Switzerland; another Englishman, writing in 1812, declares his preference for Richmond Hill over Lucerne, Lamanus, or the Lake of Morat. Perhaps we can hardly even now quarrel with Lord Essex's advice rather to go one hundred miles to speak with a wise man than five miles to see a fair city, but fortunately it is often possible to combine the two. Dr. Johnson's taste for scenery was distinctly of a Cockney order, even though we do not press too far his assertion that the finest view in Scotland was that of the highroad leading to London. Sir Walter Scott was one of the first popular writers in whom the love of beautiful scenery is strongly in evidence; and his poems and romances were undoubtedly powerful factors in stimulating travel, especially in Scotland.

J. B. Ebel's "Guide or Manual for Switzerland," published in 1793, contains a few small maps and some practical hints, but it is arranged in the form of a gazetteer, is spread over four volumes, and is weighted with sundry most impractical moral essays. Still, such as it is, it is probably more like a modern guide-book than any of its predecessors. Goethe's friend Knebel published in 1747 a book on European travel, with notes on the best routes and lodgings. Richard's "Passagier auf der Reise," issued in 1801, proved so serviceable that it lived to see a nineteenth edition in 1861. Meanwhile the growing prosperity of Great Britain was fostering the national propensity for travel and giving occasion for the production of aids thereto. Even the poet Wordsworth wrote a "Guide to the Lake District," in regard to which he was asked by a country parson, desperately anxious to please, "whether he had ever written anything else?" Paterson's "British Itinerary," first issued in 1776 and not discontinued till 1840, when the spread of railways interfered with its usefulness, is arranged in the form of a thin ribbon of road, with the points of interest to the right and left of it duly marked. Mrs. Marianna Starke, known as "Jack Starke" from her manlike costume, published her "Letters from Switzerland" about 1814, her "Travels on the Continent" in 1820, and her "Information and Directions for Travellers on the Continent" about the same time (fourth edition 1824). The year 1814 saw also the appearance of Galignani's "Picture of Paris," the first English handbook for that city. Boyce's "Belgian Traveller" appeared in 1815, and Brockdon's "Excursions in the Alps" in 1833. The Travellers' Club, the condition of membership in which is to have traveled at least five hundred miles in a straight line from London, was established in 1815. Albert Smith's famous lecture on the "Ascent of Mont Blanc" may also be noted here as among the minor causes making for the popularity of travel. That none of the pseudo-guide-books above mentioned was quite satisfactory may be gathered from a very cursory examination; and we have besides such direct evidence as that of Cardinal Wiseman, who, writing in 1839, complained that the English guide-books then in existence were all likely to mislead the traveler in a thousand points.

But a new era was now to begin, and its inaugurator was undoubtedly John Murray, of London, second of that name. In 1829, as a young man, he made a prolonged tour on the Continent, during which he took many practical notes on points in which he himself felt the inconvenience of lack of guidance. On his return he persuaded his father, the well-known publisher, to issue his observations in the form of a "Handbook for Holland, Belgium, and North Germany." This book, published in 1836, was the first of the now well-known series of "Murray's Guides;" it was also the first English work to use the English form of the German word *Handbuch*.

One of the earliest admirers of Murray's work, and among the first to recognize its great practical significance, was a young German of Coblenz, who, like Murray himself, was a publisher and the son of a publisher. Karl Baedeker was born in 1801 at Essen am Ruhr, where his father, Karl Gottschalk Diederich Baedeker (d. 1841) had his book-shop and printing-house. Like the Rivingtons of London or the Elzevirs of Holland, the Baedekers had been connected with the making and selling of books for several generations, the founder of the dynasty being the court printer, Diederich Baedeker, of Bielefeld, who died in 1716. Karl Baedeker served his apprenticeship at Heidelberg and Berlin, and had also attended sundry university lectures before he set up for himself at Coblenz in 1827. Among the very first of his ventures was the taking over of a small book by Professor S. A. Klein, giving an account of the journey down the Rhine from Mayence to Coblenz, and described on the title-page as a "handbook for hurried travelers." This he published both in German (1828) and in French (1829). In 1836, as above mentioned, appeared Murray's first handbook, and the sight of the numerous English travelers following the footsteps of "Childe Harold," with this work under their arms, suggested to Baedeker the desirability of providing his German countrymen with similar guidance. The second (1836) and third (1839) editions of Professor Klein's Rhine were edited by Karl Baedeker himself, and the beginning of the transition to the Baedeker of to-day is clearly evident in this volume, all unlike as it is in external appearance to the little red *vade-mecum* of the modern tourist. Its yellow covers are freely adorned with Prussian eagles, knights in armor, peasant girls, and the like, while inside are various engravings of scenes on the Rhine. Baedeker's "Handbook for Belgium and Holland," published in 1839, is avowedly modeled on the practical English guide-book of Murray, and the preface duly expresses the obligation of its editor to "the most admirable traveler's handbook that has ever been published." The preface to Baedeker's "Handbook to Germany," first issued in 1842, still acknowledges its obligation to Murray; but it is at the same time a kind of declaration of independence, inasmuch as it goes on to say that the editor is able to make use of the frame only of his model. In other words, the differentiation of Baedeker had distinctly begun—a differentiation which is emphasized in another sentence of the preface to the effect that the editor purposely refrained from long-winded descriptions of scenery or objects of art, because he considered it presumptuous to anticipate the feelings of the traveler in regard to them. Karl Baedeker was himself an ardent traveler, with an especial predilection for wanderings on foot, and, like Hahnemann, the homeopathist, he took all his own doses before experimenting on the bodies of his patients. His own experience thus showed him in what points it was desirable to modify his English model for German tourists, and, besides, gave him the opportunity of collecting a large mass of new material, which was regularly transmitted to Mr. Murray for use in his English handbooks. Mr. Murray did not fail to thank Baedeker for this courtesy, and the relations of the two publishers of guide-books seem to have been of the most friendly nature down to Karl Baedeker's death in 1859. These relations, however, became more and more of an absolutely equal and reciprocal character, and the later handbooks published by the elder Karl Baedeker and all those since published by his sons are perfectly independent works. Indeed, they are far more likely to have been a source of information than *vice versa*, as I believe I am correct in asserting that two or three carefully revised new editions of Baedeker's handbooks have generally appeared to one of Murray's. It is a curious fact (and I have good reason to believe it is a fact) that the elder Karl Baedeker was so far from anticipating the great success the guide-books would attain that he rather expected that his sons would give up publishing them. Instead of this, the guide-books now practically comprise the whole output of Baedeker, the only other publications of early date which he still retains being a few historical primers. Baedeker also acts as the publisher, on "commission," of the German Palestine Society.

Baedeker's "Germany," of 1842, was the first of his handbooks to wear the red linen dress which is now so familiar. It contains one map and eight plans of towns. The asterisk of commendation seems to have been first used in 1853, and the convenient arrangement of numbered and lettered squares on the plans made its appearance about the same time. The first Baedeker for "Switzerland" is dated 1844; the first "Paris," 1855. At the time of the older Karl Baedeker's death the series consisted of nine volumes, all of which were written in German.

The first of the French and English translations of the Baedeker guide-books, which soon became of equal importance with the German originals, seems to have been a French version of "Switzerland," issued in 1852. A spurious French translation of the "Handbook to Paris" was published in 1860, and brought forth an authorized version in 1865. The first English edition seems to have been "The Rhine," issued in 1861, and the next "Switzerland," which appeared in 1863. All the early English editions were prepared with the aid of Mr. John Kirkpatrick, a Scottish advocate, who was elected Professor of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh in 1881, when (it is interesting to notice) Robert Louis Stevenson was among the unsuccessful candidates. A glance at any of these English "Baedekers" will clearly demonstrate their claim to be independent works, while the more recent handbooks, such as "Greece," "Egypt," and "The United States," had not the slightest connection with Mr. Murray's books either in inception or origin. The war was carried unmistakably into the enemy's country when the English edition of Baedeker's "London" appeared in 1878, to be followed by "Great Britain" in 1887.

Murray's name appears on the title-page of the first edition of "The Rhine" as Baedeker's English representative, but in the second edition (1864) it has given way to that of Williams & Norgate. For many years the English agents have been Dulau & Co., of Soho Square.

A comparison of the first edition of "The Rhine" with the last (1906) shows that in forty years the size of the book had almost doubled (260 pages as against nearly 500), while the number of maps and plans had increased from 25 to 81. And the other handbooks have undergone similar transformation.

If the space at my disposal were unlimited, it might be interesting to analyze at some length the less obvious differences between the early and the later Baedekers. The trend towards the severely practical is shown by the disappearance of the twelve attractive views of Rhenish castles and scenery with which the first edition of "The Rhine" was embellished. The preface of the same handbook sounds a personal note not afterwards characteristic of Baedeker in the statement that "the editor was once unfortunate enough to be despoiled of a great part of his wardrobe" by putting his clothes and boots outside his door to be brushed. It also mentions "*douceurs* in various shapes" offered, and offered in vain, by hotel-keepers; and a reference to the German edition shows that one of these "shapes" was *Victualien*—presumably sausages. The maps and plans of these early editions seem to be nearly all by Ed. Wagner, father of the Ed. Wagner who makes the plans now in use. In precision of execution they resemble the maps and plans of the present handbooks, but, being generally printed in black or neutral tints, they do not make so brave a show as their successors.

To complete the history of the Baedeker firm, we may note that in 1872 its seat was removed from Coblenz to Leipzig, the great focus of the book trade in Germany, where it forms one of fully five hundred booksellers and publishers. After 1859 the head of the firm was for a time Karl Baedeker the second, another diligent and enterprising traveler, who made sundry "first ascents" of Swiss peaks. The present chief representative of Baedeker is Fritz, a younger brother of Karl the second; and with him are associated two of his sons, who are probably the first young men whose education and training have been expressly designed to fit them for the editing and publication of guide-books.

It is, perhaps, a little difficult to say wherein Baedeker differs essentially from all preceding guide-books, or what it is that has made it, so to speak, *le dernier cri* in this branch of literature. Most of the tendencies Baedeker represents may be traced, in their germs at least, in many of the books I have named earlier in this article. He has, as it were, simply advanced some deliberately taken steps along the path they were uncertainly treading, and has crystallized the idea of practicality floating more or less dimly before their eyes. The chief merit of the elder Karl Baedeker seems to me that he was the first to formulate clearly for himself the difference between a book of travels and a guide-book. The first is written to inform and amuse readers who may never leave their armchair; the latter is prepared for use on the spot, and so omits much that is necessary to a logically complete account, leaving the eye of the traveler to fill up the gaps. From the writer's point of view this is a severe self-denying ordinance; but it is perhaps true, as Mr. Harris phrased it, that the more interesting a guide-book is away from the object and before you have seen it, to that degree it fails in its purpose. An enlightened Edinburgh reviewer said as early as 1873 that a guide-book "is not to be treated like a work of pure literature, although its composition may often demand rarer qualities than are required for that;" and Karl Baedeker was the first deliberately to give up the attempt to combine the two incompatible excellencies.

Mme. de Staël describes traveling as "un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie;" and our final judgment on Baedeker will depend upon whether we lay more stress on the adjective in that definition or on the noun it qualifies. But if we do travel, we must, I think, feel grateful for so trustworthy and so compact a guide. In this respect at least we may exclaim:

"The good of ancient times let others state,
I think it lucky I was born so late!"

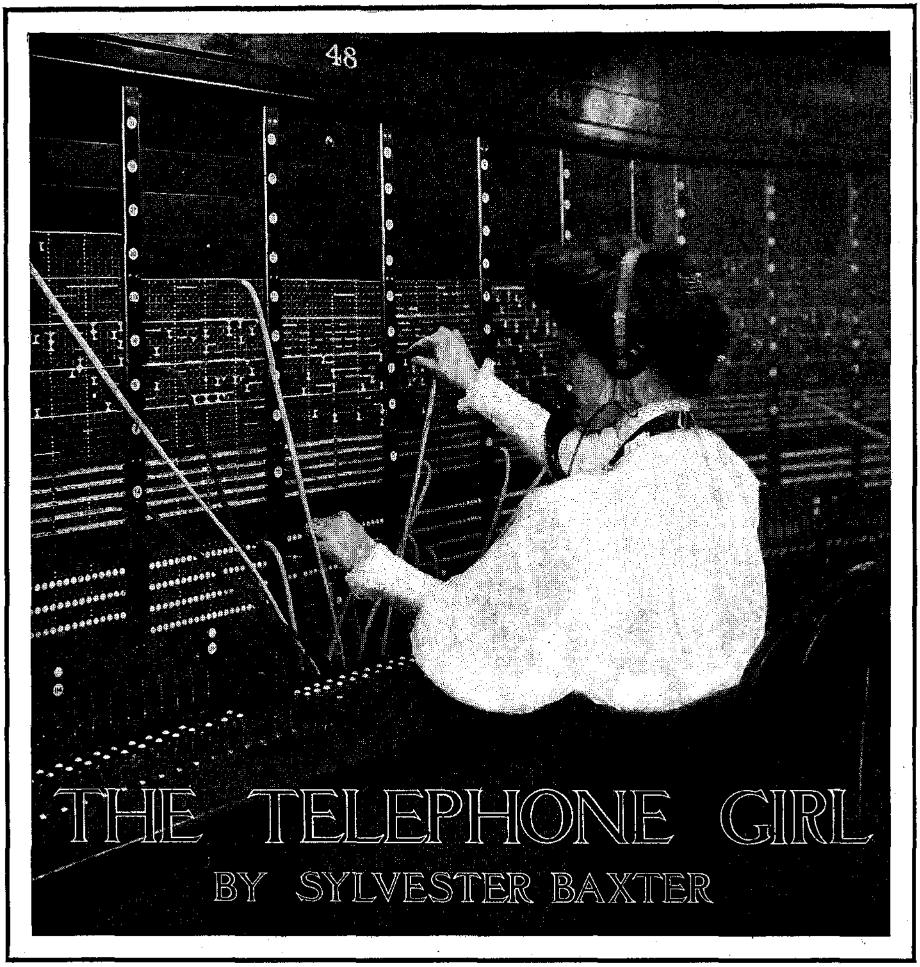
# A DEAD MAN'S PURSE

## BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

Since to the holiday domain
Or spirit-industry of men
He silent sped, how quick the pain,
So keen contrasting now with then,
This partner of his trade provokes;
This outgrown purse of leather red,
Holding his secrets and his jokes—
Another proof that he is dead!

His little summary of debts,
An unused ticket for the play,
A cheering table of assets,
The flower from some withered May,
A time-worn hymn, a lock of hair,
Or bit of shining foreign gold,
Perhaps a hint of grief laid bare—
A tender story never told.

And once a woman searching some
Last pledge of faith in one close hemmed
By rumor's breath—inscrutable and dumb
Before the lips that harsh condemned—
Found just this single penciled line,
A truce to doubting human breast—
"Thou knowest"!
Scant and vital sign
'Twixt him and God who loved him best.



# THE TELEPHONE GIRL

## BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

AT THE SWITCHBOARD

"NUMBER?"

The Voice is of pleasant quality; daily one hears it and often. But on the Voice's part the conversation is restricted to a few set words. The Voice seems strangely impersonal; little more than the sound from an automaton, wound up always to say the same things over and over again. But the irritating effect of the "line-is-busy" phonographic attachment, now pretty generally discarded, indicates that the average telephone-user appreciates, subconsciously at least, that, after all, the Voice is something more than impersonal; that its owner acts as a friendly guide to our conversational ends.

In the earlier days of the service there was more latitude for the exercise of amicable offices on the part of the telephone operator. But now the friendly manifestations are those very appreciable ones that come from a highly organized system, rigidly disciplined, yet flexibly disposed to meet the best requirements of its patrons. In those days, however, conversation between telephone operators and telephone users was not entirely unknown—furtive bits, hasty asides, perhaps, in busy hours; lengthier chats when traffic was quiet. For instance, the writer remembers how, in that period, he had occasion to call up a friend at his business office one day early in the year.

"He's a fine man!" remarked the girl at the switchboard.

"He is? How do you know?"

"He sent me a V for Christmas."

Our friend doubtless received good returns for his generosity in the way of exceptionally prompt service. But nowadays he could gain nothing from such an outlay, even were it possible to identify his operator.

Another memory of those times is that of the day after a closely contested election in the early eighties. The writer, who had voted on the winning side, called up a suburban friend who had been an intense champion of the defeated candidate, and gave a close imitation of a crowing rooster—whereupon a merry peal of laughter from the telephone girl mingled with some emphatic remarks from the other end of the line. Such an episode would likewise be impossible now.

There are traditions about susceptible subscribers, charmed by pleasing voices, falling in love with telephone girls; of courtships conducted by telephone, the parties not meeting till after the engagement. Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" had a sweetheart whom he called "Hello Central!" He fell in love with her in some such way, and pined for her out of the legendary past, back into which he had so strangely slidden. But all tales of telephonic courtships, so far as the girls at the switchboard are involved, belong to a past that is rapidly growing remote.

We of the great public who may be disposed to be petulant with the telephone girl—too often scolding her as well—are little aware that the troubles complained of cannot, as a rule, be in the least degree of her making or in any way connected with her, but due to circumstances of outside origin. Hence telephonic amenities are too apt to be of the jug-handled order—all on one side. And a most remarkable aspect of the case is that such offenses, as a rule, are very much greater at the top of the social ladder than at the lower rungs; that in the swellest residential district of a great city the ordinary courtesies of life are much less observed in telephonic intercourse than in the humbler sections. In the former there is apt to be not only much imperious conduct but no little rudeness and even abusiveness, together with a generally inconsiderate and unreasonable attitude that would hardly be looked for among intelligent, not to say well-mannered, people. While such things are far from the rule, they are altogether so frequent as to justify some question as to the politeness of polite society.

The absence of face-to-face relations is responsible for such scant courtesy. As we have seen, the Voice at the switchboard seems to most of us more of an abstraction than a presence—merely a factor in the complex mechanism of vocal exchange. Hence, telephone users are tempted to allow themselves liberties of speech towards their operators that they would never think of taking if brought face to face with the same person. A somewhat extreme instance of this sort of thing, though perhaps not untypical, is the case of a prominent business man in a certain great city, who, in his daily use of the long-distance service, resorted to such violent profanity in addressing the operators that he had to be expostulated with from headquarters.

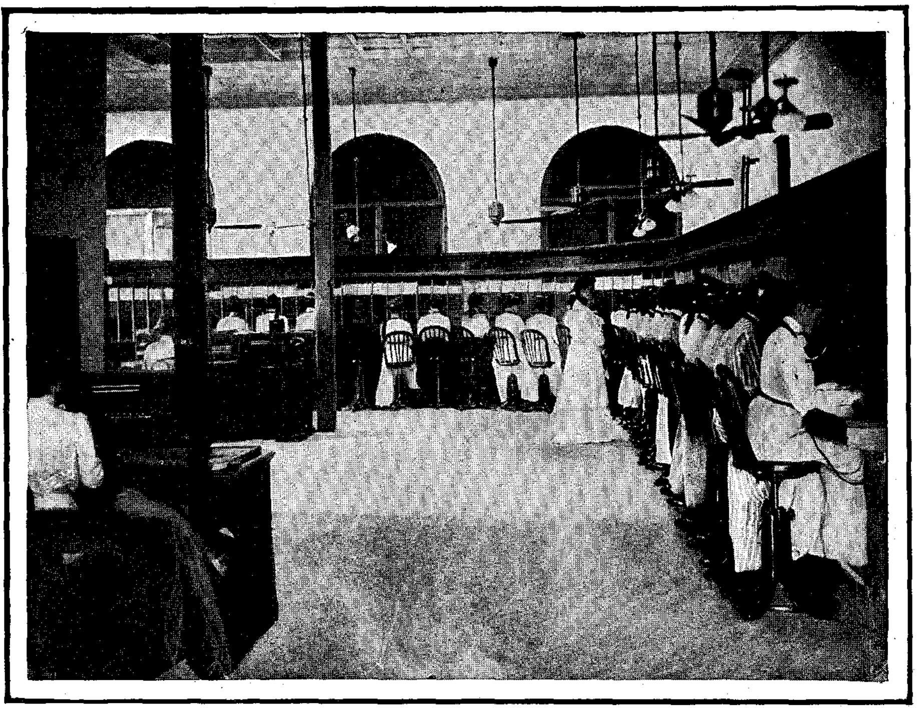
"Now suppose one of your customers should come in and use such language to your stenographer?" he was asked.

"He would be kicked out of the door before he could put in another yip!" was the frank response.

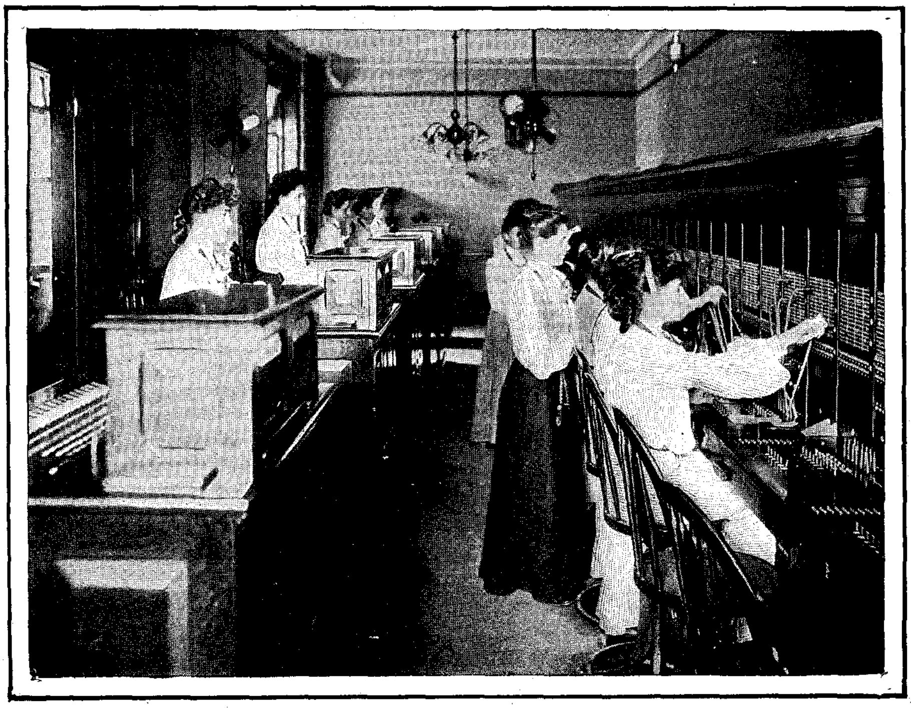
The man was quick to see the parallel. But the habit was too strong upon him.

At present only an insignificant fraction of telephone users have more than the vaguest idea of the operations that make possible their daily exchanges of speech. They picture, perhaps, a room where some girls are receiving their calls and crying them out in shrill tones to other girls somewhere across the room—the latter somehow effecting the connections by stringing various cords from side to side, filling the place like the maze of clothes-lines in a tenement back yard. That is apt to be the limit to which the imagination goes, if exercised at all.

Let us look for a while at the actual workings of a great telephone exchange. Telephone managements say they welcome the public to such inspections. There is a very good reason why they should. Every telephone patron has had some annoying or exasperating experience in connection with the service. Almost invariably the blame is laid to



AN EXCHANGE



A TELEPHONE OPERATORS' SCHOOL

the service itself rather than upon circumstances beyond its control. Hence all sorts of hard feelings are cherished. In the light of his new understanding the open-minded visitor is likely to declare that whatever complaints he may have to make in the future will be made with reservations and in a more charitable frame of mind.

One finds such a great exchange quite other than the gossip-shop that the mind may have pictured. The first thing noted is the absence of chatter, of confusion. This seems astonishing. The volume of talk that is passing through, could it be tapped and let out all at once, would make a veritable Niagara of words—surpassing the clamor of a stock exchange, even that of an afternoon tea! But here the first impression is one of orderliness, of quietness, almost of silence, for the atmosphere is that of subdued and repressed utterance. As we come into the center of the room we see on all sides of it, seated back towards us, scores of girls, all facing their tasks at the switchboard. Behind these, at intervals, other girls are standing or passing to and fro. The operations are so deft, systematic, and well ordered as to justify a military comparison. Outside of the great factories, it is doubtful if any other aggregation of girls in our modern industrial life is so indicative of organization, of discipline, of collective activity in a great public service.

One quickly perceives how thoroughly the telephone operator has been misrepresented by the cheap wit of the "pert paragrapher" in his talk about the "hello girl." The actuality is something far from the giddy, inattentive, and gum-chewing creature, over-curious as to the affairs of the community at large, depicted in the funny columns. The girls are all seriously busy at their posts, but there is no effect of bustle whatever, their activities are so well adjusted. Looking along the ranks of youthful femininity, one notes the dominance of distinctively American types, notwithstanding the modifying tokens of various peculiarly racial characters imparted by the divers foreign elements that are blending themselves in the populations of our great cities. A correct-featured quality is the rule among these scores of maiden profiles. As an attribute of the gentler sex the word "pretty" has been somewhat overworked; at times our public conveyances suggest some doubt as to its justification. But no doubt occurs here! The charm of youthful good looks is heightened by the air of intelligence necessary to the task. Altogether the telephone girl represents almost precisely the same social grades as the stenographers and typewriters—the wholesome American middle class.

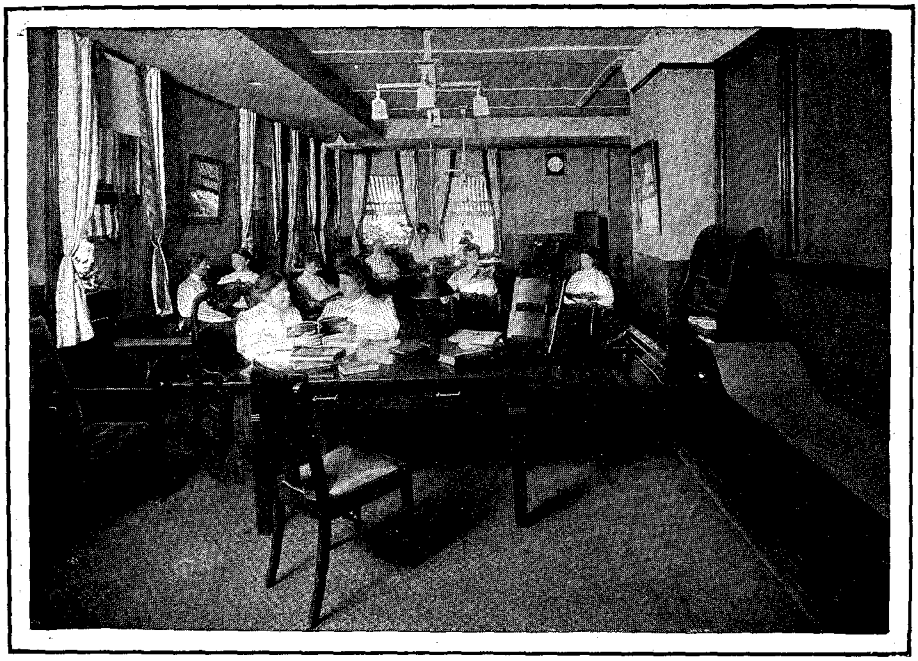
In attractiveness for young women the telephone operator's calling is on some accounts even superior to that of typewriter and stenographer. The pay is better, on the whole; the working hours are shorter and more regular; there are more openings for promotion; there is less nervous strain. The telephone girl, to be sure, is subject to no little vexation from the capricious tempers of her public. But the burden of such relations is borne by the "desk" operators, who have considerable responsibility in their relations with the community at large. The work of the ordinary operator is one of routine, devoted to the expeditious discharge of functions that, on the whole, vary little from time to time.

Let us watch the work for a few minutes. With their tasteful dress, quietly appropriate to their occupation, bearing the dainty touches of individual adornment, these girls are altogether charming to look upon. They sit comfortably in high chairs designed with special reference to ease of position. Held in place on the head and covering the ear is the receiver; before the mouth the transmitter is affixed, hung from the neck by a yoke-like contrivance, regalia-like in effect. With a nice deference to the natural feminine regard for presentable appearance at all times, these instruments are inconspicuous in design and not in the least disfiguring. They are likewise extraordinarily light, contrived with a wise consideration for the fact that weight means fatigue and impairs good service.

At the back of every nine operators a supervisor paces to and fro—a young woman who has been promoted from the ranks for exceptional efficiency. This divides the working force into companies of ten—the supervisor, a sort of sergeant in this army of gentle Amazons, ever vigilant to see that the work is going well, lending a hand whenever any situation out of the ordinary develops. Each girl keeps a close watch upon her section of the switchboard, quick to see the opalescent dots of electric light that respectively appear and disappear at various points, according to the demands of the moment; in response inserting and removing little metallic plugs with their attached cords, as connections are to be made or broken. Before the great switchboard the girls seem like weavers at some gigantic loom, the numerous cords crossing and recrossing as if in the execution of some wondrous fabric. Indeed, a wondrous fabric of speech is here woven into the record of each day. Were it but phonographically recorded, and shown with all its intricate interrelations of conversation, it might make much marvel in the world.

The switchboard is a wonderful affair, a phenomenon of costliness. When one learns the expensive character of this huge instrument, it seems almost remarkable that telephone service can be as cheaply performed as it is. In the quarter-century of practical telephony switchboard types have several times been successively adopted and discarded at enormous outlays. Apparatus costing millions of dollars has been ruthlessly consigned to the scrap-heap upon the invention of something better. In the present type perfection appears to have been reached. Yet it is not impossible that some great innovation may yet send this equipment the way of its predecessors.

The switchboard in one of the central exchanges of a great city represents an investment of as high as three hundred thousand dollars—the cost of a goodly public building. All this exceedingly complicated mechanism must be kept in absolutely perfect order, free at all times from the suspicion of a fault. In the great exchange at Chicago, for instance, there was much trouble from the foulness of the soot-laden atmosphere of the city. The metal-work would get so grimy and dirty that insulation was seriously affected and satisfactory service was impossible. So the windows were hermetically sealed, and, at a great cost, an elaborate system was installed whereby the



OPERATORS' PARLOR, CHICAGO

air, washed and filtered, absolutely free from all smoke and dust, was pumped into all the rooms under ideal conditions of purity, humidity, and temperature. This not only remedied the electrical and mechanical troubles; the health of the employees was correspondingly improved, with a marked diminution of coughs, colds, and bronchial affections.

In the Bell companies of the United States the switchboards alone have cost at least $20,000,000. Nearly half that figure has been invested in the central stations of the ten largest cities, where the switchboards represent an outlay of almost nine million dollars. In these there are seven million sockets and sixty-five thousand miles of speech-transmitting wire, not to mention the more than two hundred thousand miles of fine wire wound around the numerous magnets and relays.

The switchboard before us directly serves 13,176 subscribers' stations. The huge mechanism forms a sort of high dado, not only around one room, but several. This exchange, it should be noted, occupies adjacent floors in two great neighboring office buildings. On other floors are the switchboards for the toll lines and long-distance systems that connect with the other districts of the company and with all the allied companies of the parent corporation throughout the country. This single switchboard has over four thousand miles of receiving and transmitting wire, while the attending girls have to keep vigilant outlook for the glimmerings of 6,354 little lamps that incessantly flash up and go out, somewhat after the manner of the intermittent lighthouse signals strung along the coast.

AN OPERATOR

To describe in detail the various operations necessary to bring two persons into speaking relations would be hardly worth while here. To be really understood the process would have to be seen. But to convey a general idea may well be attempted. Every subscriber's telephone in the exchange has its circuit that connects it with every section of the switchboard. In the first place, it is represented by a switch-socket and a line-lamp, with its corresponding number, in the lower part of a given section. In the second place, it is again represented by another switch-socket, with its number repeated, in the upper part of each and every section. It is thus repeated dozens of times. Before each operator is a battery of flexible cords arranged in pairs and terminating in little metallic plugs. When not in use these cords are kept down by the weights that are attached below. A line-lamp suddenly glows. The operator touches a switch that connects her own personal telephone with a certain pair of cords. She inserts one of the plugs into the socket by the lamp, and the connection with the subscriber is made. The turning of a small key enables her to speak to him and hear his reply. "Number?" she asks. Repeating the number demanded, she then inserts the other plug of the cord-pair into the upper switch-socket that bears the number called for. A turn of the "ringing key" sets the telephone bell to jingling. The connection is thus made, and if the subscriber whose number is called for responds, the conversation proceeds. The operator does not hear it. She has "cut herself out" by moving the little key again. But the watchful signal lamps at the cords through which the connection is made flash the news to her when the talk is over.

In this way every subscriber in the exchange is thus brought within "reaching distance," literally speaking, of every other subscriber, and likewise of all other parts of the system, including districts, toll lines, and long-distance service. The "listening" that the funny men of the press have made so much of is fictitious. The operator is too busy to listen. She is occupied with the calls that quickly recur, often at the rate of perhaps two or more a minute.

We may be prone to complain of having to wait at the telephone. In reality, the time required to establish a connection is phenomenally short, as a rule—on the average no longer than is consumed in drawing a long breath. One hears the operator so clearly in response to a call that it is astonishing to note the undertone in which she actually speaks. Even when we stand close at hand what she says is scarcely audible. But her transmitter has a megaphonic quality that enlarges her voice at the receiver. These subdued tones make the exchange room seem extraordinarily quiet. A multitude of simultaneous remarks makes hardly an appreciable augumentation of sound.

Invariable courtesy in her daily intercourse with subscribers is the absolute rule for the operator. The system of inspection is of such a sort that her work is under the closest scrutiny during a certain fixed proportion of the time. She cannot know when this scrutiny occurs. Therefore she has to be constantly on her guard against the slightest departure from the prescribed standards of conduct. Otherwise she is likely to hear from it. The "all-hearing ear" is closely approached in the supervisory workings of a great telephone exchange. In this fact there is no incompatibility with the circumstance that in telephonic communication the conditions of secrecy are as completely safeguarded as in the mails themselves. Practically the only conditions under which conversation can be overheard outside occur in the use of "party lines." There, of course, it is forbidden by social standards and by the rules of the management. Operators, as we have seen, may not listen. And whatever listening the company officials have to do in connection with their duties is safeguarded by almost masonic-like obligations. Moreover, the laws impose severe penalties—fines, imprisonment—for betrayals of telephonic confidences.

One necessary qualification for a telephone operator is a voice of agreeable tone, with a clear and distinct enunciation. The telephone girl is, therefore, no inconsiderable factor in promoting "that most excellent thing in woman." Her example correspondingly discourages the all too prevalent fault of American femininity—a high-pitched, rasping voice and a slovenly pronunciation.

The telephone girl's working time is comparatively short. After two hours at the switchboard there may come a recess of fifteen minutes. Then another two hours of work is followed by a noonday intermission of forty-five minutes for lunch, followed by four hours and a quarter for work, broken by a recess like that of the morning. The disposition of time varies with different exchanges according to local conditions. With such hours there is little danger of the fatigue that interferes with efficient service.

A curious technical term in telephony is the name "trick" applied to the working time. Thus we have the "split-trick schedule." Operators are classified respectively as "a trick," "b trick," "c trick," and "d trick," according to whether their service is for morning-afternoon, afternoon-evening, morning-evening, or all night.

Another bit of telephonology that is Greek to the outsider is the term "jack." This is the switchboard-socket, differentiated as "answering-jack," and "call-jack" or "multiple jack." The "answering-jacks" are the sockets in the lower part of the switchboard where the operator answers the signals given by the line-lamps. The "call-jacks" are the other set of sockets by which the numbers asked for are called. Since these repeat every number in every section of the switchboard, they are termed "multiple jacks." Then we have "a operators" and "b operators." The "a operators" receive and transmit the calls from the subscribers direct. The "b operators" need more experience and skill for their work. They receive and transmit the trunk-line calls between other exchanges and systems and the great switchboard. The "b operator's" position is the first step in the line of promotion. As the supervisors are the sergeants of this little army, so the "b operators" may be called the corporals.

The great exchanges usually have commodious lunch-rooms attached. With many companies it is customary to provide excellent coffee and cocoa, kept hot in insulated vessels and served free to the employees; some even run restaurants, where a liberal range of wholesome food is supplied at cost. Every such exchange has its "rest-room," for use during the leisure moments of the day. Here is an air of comfort and refinement—lounges, easy chairs, magazines, good pictures on the walls, a sympathetic matron in charge.

Some exchanges have co-operative societies and associations for mutual benefit and social enjoyment. For instance, every girl in a certain exchange agrees to pay an assessment of five cents a week into a fund for adorning the rest-room with statuettes and pictures. Such an association in one of the Boston exchanges gave a delightful concert of high-class music in the finest public hall in the city, all the talent coming from its own membership. In one of the Chicago exchanges the girls instituted a "rest-room scrap-book." The idea spread to other exchanges, and the results were so interesting that the company offered two prizes for the best collections. The highest prize, fifty dollars, was applied by the successful exchange to books for a library in the rest-room. The company contributed the bookcase, and a committee of the girls selected the books. The choice did credit to their literary taste. This led to a regular library system, the company duplicating the girls' subscriptions. Three of the Chicago exchanges are supplied from the Public Library, the latter collecting and delivering the books.

The large exchanges customarily have an emergency-room for the proper treatment of any cases of illness that may suddenly develop. Another aspect of welfare work is the employment of some competent young woman to discuss with the girls their social and intellectual needs, and make recommendations for improvement. This has led to systematic courses of reading and study; also to classes for sewing and for physical culture. In various suburban exchanges where there is ground-room about the building, the girls are encouraged to establish and cultivate flower gardens, the products of which charmingly adorn the rest-rooms. The tendency is towards a steady increase of these efforts to make the telephone girl's lot a pleasant one—amply compensating for disagreeable moments that inconsiderate subscribers occasionally may cause her. Among the attractive new propositions for her benefit is one for roof gardens in connection with the great office buildings where large exchanges are often located. These would be outdoor summer rest-rooms, with refreshing breezes and wide prospects at command.

The average period of service for operators is about three years. The reasons for resignation are numerous—matrimony a leading one, as in all forms of feminine employment. It would augur well for the improvement of mankind if wives and mothers were generally of so high a grade, physically and mentally, as these telephone girls are. The telephone operators' ranks are kept up by a constant stream of new recruits. The demand is greater than the supply. With the steady increase of this army the standard of intelligence and capacity tends to rise. To meet this demand schools for telephone operators are now maintained by the companies in several of the great cities. Here the girls serve a brief cadetship; instead of paying for tuition they are paid for learning their work, as at Annapolis and West Point the youth are—a novelty in civil education. A small wage, usually $2.50 a week, is allowed, meeting expenses for car-fares, luncheon, etc. The course lasts four weeks. The first sifting of applicants is at the company's employment bureau. Girls of the high-school grade are preferred; with only a grammar-school training their minds are not sufficiently developed, as a rule. Alertness and discriminating capacity are essential. At least half the class usually drops out in the first week—rejected as not up to the mark. The course is purely technical: lectures and examinations that impart a thorough knowledge of the whys and wherefores of the work, together with daily switchboard drill, under conditions that reproduce nearly all possible situations in actual practice. A competent principal, a cultivated and pleasant-spoken young lady, is in charge; her assistants, stationed at the desks behind the students at the switchboard, play the parts of subscribers and give the calls that comprise everything common to actual experience. Among them comes emergency work: demands for doctors, ambulance, fire alarms, and police. Tests of temper and patience are included—fault-finding, scolding, and abuse are realistically simulated. When the novitiate is over and the girl is assigned to some exchange, she takes up her task as a fairly skilled operator, needing only experience.

Altogether the position of telephone operator offers an attractive calling for young women—well paid, agreeably circumstanced, and with assurance of promotion for faithful and competent service. The telephone girl who does not marry, therefore, has no reason to look apprehensively to the future.

# SELF-ABNEGATION

## BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

NOTHING could have been more complete than the contrast between Susan Somerset's old life in her brother's home and the new life in her husband's. It sometimes seemed to her that the whole thing was incredible, as if she must have changed places with her brother, she received from her husband so exactly the same services she was used to giving Peter. She ascribed it to the difference in their training. Peter had always been the only man in a New England household of women, and he expected as matter of course to be considered first and waited upon by whatever petticoated creature happened to be nearest him.

One by one the aunts had died, the cousins had married or gone away, and Susan and Peter were left alone in the big house, so that it fell naturally to Susan's lot to make up to Peter for the absence of the others. She had never thought consciously of it, taking it as the inevitable course of nature that everything should be as Peter wished it, with no regard for her. Peter did not like onions, and so she never cooked them, although she was very fond of them. Peter did not like the sun shining in the windows, his eyes not being very strong, and so the shutters were always closed, although to Susan, alone day after day, the yellow glow would have been a cheering companion. Once in a while, when Peter was at work in a field far from the house, she ventured to throw open the shutters and bask in the warmth, but she always took pains to close them before the time for his return, lest he cast one of his sharp words at her. Peter liked "boiled dinner," and they had it always for Thursday, although Susan disliked the smell of boiling cabbage so that she never could eat anything on that day. Peter took pride in the fire and spirit of his young horses, and they always drove to church behind a prancing, curvetting pair whose antics made the timid Susan sick with apprehension, while the staid old farm-horses, whose quiet jog would have been so inexpressibly soothing to her, ate their hay in the barn.

It must not be supposed for a moment that Susan resented any of this; she never once even thought of it, in her entire devotion to her brother and in her absorbing desire to do her duty by him.

She accepted the terrors of the ride to church quite as she accepted the horrors of a thunder-storm when she found herself alone in the big house. There was as little thought in one case as in the other of rebelling against the inevitable.

It was a perpetual amazement to her to see how differently her husband looked at things. During their brief engagement she had not noticed the change so much; but he could stay but a short time on his visit East, and insisted on marrying her and taking her back to Montana with him. On the way there Susan was like one in a dream. Jack was so surprisingly, so overwhelmingly kind to her! She was almost afraid to express a wish, it met with such an instant compliance; but the whole journey was so new an experience to the untraveled New England girl that she hardly realized that any of it was real.

After they had settled down in the bright new Montana town, in the comfortable house Jack had bought, and the familiar business of housekeeping began, the reality of the difference between her husband and her brother was borne in on her. Jack had grown up on the frontier among men, and it seemed like a daily miracle to his superstitious admiration of women that he had been able to persuade the shy and flower-like Vermont girl to share his life. He looked at her adoringly as she moved about the pretty rooms, occupied with her careful reproduction of New England housekeeping, and felt a passionate desire to think of more services he could do her. Her surprise at his kindness touched his tender heart, and stirred him to wrath against the absent Peter. "Great Scotland! Your brother must be a hog and no mistake!" he exclaimed, in the unreserved Montana fashion which Susan found so disconcerting.

This was apropos of a conversation on the subject of boiled dinner. Susan had prepared one for him, and he enjoyed it vastly, as he did all of her cooking, although he was disturbed by her eating nothing. Little by little he extracted from her the confession that it made her sick to cook cabbage. In a fury of indignant tenderness, he cried out, "Why in thunder did you cook it, then?" And Susan, as a matter of course, "I thought you might like it. Peter does, and we always had it Thursdays." Jack jumped up from the table, snatched the dish of cabbage and bore it outside to the chicken-yard, where he scattered it far and wide. On his return he said, with mock roughness, "If ever I see another bit of cabbage in this house, I'll get out my gun and shoot the dishes off the table." Later, as he smoked his pipe on the veranda, he gave vent to the sentiment on Peter's character recorded above.

After that he took to investigating his brother-in-law, and was always discovering new horrors. "Say, a man like that would get strung up to the first tree handy if he lived out here." This was his final verdict. At first Susan defended Peter, but so quickly do ideas change and so relative are all values that she soon fell into Jack's way of thinking of him as some sort of dreadful domestic tyrant, and remembered her life in West Milton as an experience in purgatory.

All but the climate! The New England girl, used to fresh mountain air and frequent rains, pined and faded in the parching alkali winds of Montana. Her pretty color left her and her springy step. She had frequent and terrible nervous headaches, grew listless, and sometimes peevish. Her husband was in an agony of apprehension and remorse, and devoted himself to her night and day, absenting himself from his business to wait on her and shield her from every care. In her nervous condition her fear of thunder-storms increased to a morbid dread, and at the least cloud in the sky Jack would close his office, leap on his horse, always standing ready, and gallop madly to his house, to be there and comfort Susan. He tried in his rough and blundering way to keep the cares of housekeeping from her, and often tied an apron about his big square body and washed the dishes, taking great pains not to rattle them and disturb the restless and fretful woman in the next room.

It was, indeed, in an effort to achieve the impossible—to secure a servant in that frontier country—that he undertook the expedition which proved fatal to him. He had heard of a Chinaman, forty miles away, who was said to know how to cook, and he had ridden furiously in that direction with the determination to "bring the Chink home if it took a gun." No one ever knew what happened—perhaps simply that accident incredible to Western horsemen, a fall from horseback; but his broncho came back to town with an empty saddle, and the searching party found his body lying at the bottom of a gully.

Susan was completely prostrated by the blow, and was scarcely conscious of what was done for her. Of the funeral, of the long drive to the railway station, of the interminable journey back to West Milton, she retained only the vaguest impression of misery. She did not even notice that when Peter met her at the station it was with the steady old farm-horses, or that the shutters throughout the house were thrown wide open to admit a flood of sunshine.

Peter was shocked to see his sister so changed and broken. Living alone had done much to alter his ideas of things, and all the kindness and affection lying in the depths of his nature were stirred to life at the sight of the pale, languid woman, who had gone away from him a blooming girl. Indignation at the West in general, the arid, blighting West, and at Jack in particular for taking her there, glowed in his heart. Moreover, he was moved by the despairing sorrow of the widow to try and stand in her husband's place. And so it happened that Susan scarcely realized that Jack's boundless devotion was no longer about her. She was very ill for a long time, when Peter nursed her incessantly, learning to know the absorbing interest of combating illness. Then during her convalescence she was so weak that he was obliged to do everything for her. It was quite as hard in the little New England hill town to get any "help" as it had been in Montana, and Peter put to good use the knowledge of housekeeping which his solitary life had given him. He took pride in showing Susan how well he could cook and wash dishes, and one day he brought in on her tray a dish of boiled onions—an act which a white-winged angel could scarcely have surpassed in disinterested devotion. Susan was suffering from one of her "nervous spells" at the time, however, and only noticed them to remark, fretfully, that there was too much salt on them.

That little scene came up before her with remorseless distinctness a few months later as she stood, haggard and anxious, with a crowd of village women waiting for the news from a wrecked train on which a number of West Milton men were returning from the county fair. "If only I'd thanked him for the onions!" she cried aloud again and again, straining her eyes down the track, ominously black in a starless night. No one noticed the grotesque exclamation, each one being absorbed in her dismay and woe. Indeed, when the station-master drew her on one side, and told her that he had just heard by telegraph that Peter's dead body had been found, there was no one to support her or to go back with her to the desolate house. The whole village was desolate and filled with the sound of weeping. Not a person felt the impulse or had the strength to seek out the woman they had come to know as selfish and self-centered. Those who thought of her said it was a deliverance for Peter from the life of ceaseless self-abnegation he had led since his sister's return from the West.

No one said that more constantly or more severely than Susan herself as she sat in the silent rooms of the big house. Her isolation and the shock of her grief swept away all minor considerations, and she faced the facts of her life with a vision wonderfully purified and discerning. She went over to herself the history of her relations to Peter, and puzzled herself sick in the endeavor to see the true meaning of them. She remembered what he had been before her marriage—the thoughtless and incredibly selfish recipient of another's very life; and she saw that she had made him so; that in her way she had been as utterly selfish as he, fostering every evil quality in him to feed her own mistaken and self-righteous passion of devotion. She remembered what he had been since her return; the boundless wealth of kindness and entire self-forgetfulness which her incessant and exacting demands had uncovered in him; she saw again the contrast between her own fretful and discontented face and his, glowing for the first time in his life with the joy of self-sacrifice—and she wondered at the meaning of human relationships. She realized that she had made both Peters what they had been. The first one she had shut into an intolerable prison of self-seeking while she reveled in her own debauch of self-abnegation. The second she had set free into the joyous world of forgetfulness of self, and she discovered to him the inestimable pleasure of service.

But her own life! What that had been in this second phase! She thought of herself with horror. Drearily she went over and over the times when she had not thanked Peter, when she had taken his loving care, ungratefully, for granted. And yet, by that very means . . . She sat lost in a maze of speculations as to the astonishing ways of this world.

A knock sounded on the door. After all these days of solitude, she was startled by a summons from the outside. Some one tried the handle and pressed on the locked barrier. She turned the key, opened the door, and confronted her brother Peter, pale, with a bandage about his head, but alive and in the flesh. He looked at her with the strange eyes of one who has gone to the gate of death. "Here I am, Susy," he said, with a little smile that quavered off at the sight of her shocked and amazed face. "The doctors thought it was all up with me, but I guess I'm a pretty tough nut to crack." He swayed uncertainly, and put out his hand to the side of the door. Susan did not stir to help him, in spite of the wild burst of joy at seeing him which swept over her. A feeling deeper even than that held her motionless. Confusion and perplexity unutterable looked from her white face. "Oh! oh!" she cried, "what shall I do *now?*" And she stood gazing at the man, with a problem centuries old clouding her eyes.

# THE MOTHER-HEART

## BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

No child can ever be so dear to me
  As thou wert, sweet;
And yet all childhood is more dear to me
  Since I have kissed thy feet,
My babe—who bode with me so brief a space
  Yet left upon my life forevermore
The glory of God's grace!

Thy childless mother, little son, I cry
  To childhood motherless:
"Lo, here am I! My heart is open wide
  To welcome and to bless!
One stands within, invisible but sweet,
  True to his post.
He calls the children to me from the street,
  Himself their host."

# Comment on Current Books

*All for the Love of a Lady* The author of that engaging romance, "Nancy Stair," writes this pretty tale of love and intrigue with much spirit and charm. Two boys of eight or nine years display familiar characteristics, loving adventure, and fighting each other fiercely upon all occasions. They declare fealty to the same lady—a sweet maid of double their years—who is besieged by troubles, yet of a brave front. The boys enter into a compact with her noble and favored lover to guard her in his absence, and when they are men to fight each other for her, the survivor to marry her, succeeding the lover to whom they willingly give her for the present. All this they agree to, with the serious belief in their plans possessed by all imaginative boys. Incidentally the story is furnished with a villain, and a faithful old retainer in the person of a Scotch lawyer, who, by the help of the two dauntless midgets, rescues the maid from her danger and restores her to her true love. There are much wit and many clever scenes in the story. (All for the Love of a Lady. By Elinor Macartney Lane. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.)

*The Girl with the Blue Sailor* A slight but rather pretty summer romance, opening with an amusing case of mistaken identity. The author occupies, at times, a curiously feminine point of view, yet at other times there is evidence of ignorance of womankind. The Roberts girls are a delightful group—and, as their father says to every new arrival, "You must meet Mrs. Roberts and the Misses Roberts." (The Girl with the Blue Sailor. By Burton E. Stevenson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.50.)

*In Vanity Fair* Instead of "Arms and the Man," Miss Brainerd sings of "women and clothes," and manages to treat a frail and trivial subject with much skill. She calls her views snapshots of the inner courts of Vanity Fair, and the representation must be viewed entirely apart from any moral or ideal sentiment. Frocks, dining, races, sport, hunting, fashionable Paris in its most extravagant follies, with Americans following hard after, make up the record. The charming pictures, presumably photographs, might perhaps win a somewhat stony-hearted Puritan to indulgence in costly chiffons. (In Vanity Fair. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

*The Invisible Bond* The scene of this novel is laid in Kentucky, but the action might have taken place anywhere. A scheming woman, poor and beautiful, ensnares a man whose nature demanded a nobler companion spirit than hers. Unhappiness, disgrace, and tragedy followed their marriage. But, with the power bestowed upon novelists, the author restores the worthy characters to happiness and consigns the unworthy to their own place. (The Invisible Bond. By Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. $1.50.)

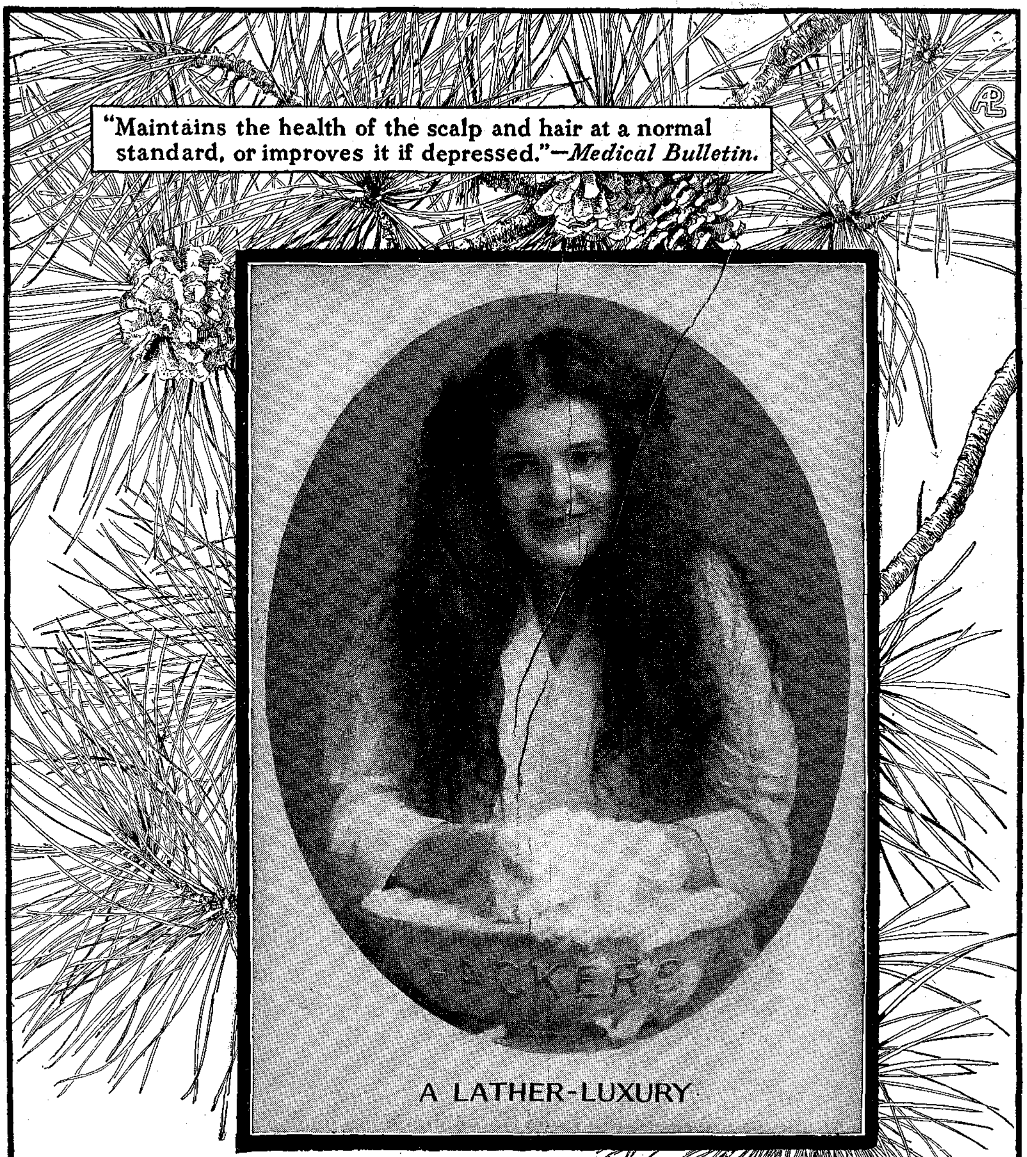
*Life After Death* This is a new edition of a book too little known in this country. The author, a professor of physics in the University of Leipsic, and described by Professor Wundt as "the first to introduce exact methods, exact principles of measurement, and experimental observation for the investigation of psychic phenomena," is at once a scientist and a poet—that is, a man of careful observation and of cultivated imagination. The imagination predominates in this book, but it exists in that combination with the philosophical habit of mind which is always so fascinating. His fundamental postulate is the continuity of life, and it will commend itself alike to the student of the New Testament and the student of philosophy; but some of his deductions appear to us rational, others as not irrational but fanciful. The chief defect of the book is its tone of assurance, the author's fancies being affirmed with the same positiveness as if they were scientific observations or philosophical deductions. The biographical sketch of the author which is appended to the volume adds to its interest and serves to interpret it. (On Life After Death. From the German of Gustav Theodor Fechner, by Dr. Hugo Wernekke. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.)

*Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary* Manuscript accounts of miracles by Mary, the mother of Christ, exist in great numbers in most European libraries, sometimes alone, but more often bound up with prayers and homilies. The Mary-legends were spread abroad from the fourth century onwards, particularly in the twelfth and thirteenth, but not after the close of the fifteenth, that doomsday, as has been well said, of many simple and delightful things. For centuries, then, the Mary-miracles occupied a prominent place in popular literature; they were really "the fairy tales of mediæval Catholicism," as Evelyn Underhill declares in her just published edition. Like the "Life of Saint Mary Magdalen," also just published, so the "Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary" should revive deserved interest, not only among Roman Catholics and not only among professed students of hagiography and folk-lore, but also in the "general reader," who, if he be a Protestant, should understand that, less awful than the Deity, and more powerful than the saints, Roman Catholics naturally speak of Mary as human being to human being, especially as woman to woman, that this woman was supposed to have wrought miracles, and that the accounts of them grew with the telling. The present accounts, taken from a number of languages and newly set forth in English, strikingly show the bold yet touching reliance of the faithful on Mary's human sympathy with all mankind in matters of the body quite as much as on her mystical intercession in the affairs of the soul; they reveal the simple and familiar friendship which may quite naturally exist alongside actual adoration, just as every good mother evokes at one and the same time her child's intimate confidence and yet his exalted emotion. The accounts in the present volume vary from crude sensationalism to the heights of mystic devotion; sometimes both extremes are quaintly present in the same tale, as, for instance, in the "Virgin's Bridegroom," that age-old legend with endless variants, in which the hero, betrothing himself to the image of Mary, is afterwards prevented by her from contracting an earthly marriage; a parallel to this in pagan lore may be found in that ancient story, "The Ring Given to Venus." (Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary. By Evelyn Underhill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.)

*The Prophet of the Poor* This title, recalling, as it does, the text by which Jesus in his discourse at Nazareth described his mission, is singularly appropriate to the character and work of the greatest church leader of our time, missionary, martyr, master-builder. In its special mission of reclaiming and preventing the waste of humanity, the Salvation Army has put life and force into the desiccated idea of the "Church militant." Of this idea, as well as of the poor, General Booth has been for over half a century the prophet, and also the prophet of a human brotherhood, the Christian ideal of which is more largely realized in his Army than in any other branch of the Church. The life-story of this great leader, and of his like-minded and noble wife and comrade, the "mother" of the Army, is an illustrious chapter in the yet unfinished Acts of the Apostles. What has been accomplished under such leadership by the church of the poor shows what the churches of the rich and great may achieve, when awakened to apply to sore human needs the social half of the Gospel. (The Prophet of the Poor. By Thomas F. G. Coates. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

*Red Saunders' Pets* Mr. Phillips has what Red Saunders himself might call "a husky humor." We think his publisher's statement that his first Red Saunders book made millions laugh is pretty nearly correct, and if it isn't quite as true of his "Mr. Scraggs," it deserves to be. The present book is a group of short stories, many of which tell about the most remarkable animal pets which afforded amusement and comfort to the cow-punchers with whom Red Saunders lived. There is not a particle of harm in the book, and there is a great deal of honest fun. (Red Saunders' Pets and Other Critters. By Henry Wallace Phillips. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $1.25.)

*The Way of the Gods* Mr. Long has succeeded in conveying in this romantic yet thoroughly modern story a fine impression of the marvelous persistence of hereditary ideals of honor and sacrifice among the Japanese. The little Samurai —a "girl-boy"—born to be a gentle poet, is educated and inspired to be a soldier of the Emperor, from filial respect, and to release his father from the punishment inflicted upon him by the gods for rebellion against the Emperor. Never a warrior in appearance, the spirit and patriotism of the man carries him honorably through two wars. He succumbs to love for a Japanese maiden of lowly birth whom he finds in China. He marries her, and upon that act follow all the tremendous train of suffering and tragedy in which the two loving souls are engulfed. While the ideas of honor are noble, the methods of satisfying them are truly Oriental, and Mr. Long is able to make us see from the Japanese point of view, and reverence the nobility of the lowly maid who sacrificed all for love and rose to heights of heroism that her beloved Samurai could never attain. (The Way of the Gods. By John Luther Long. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)



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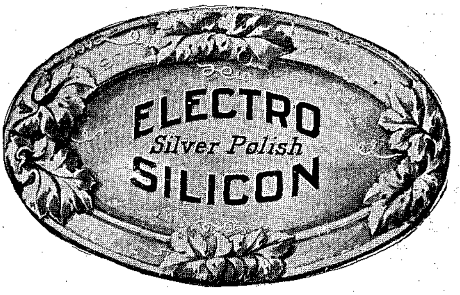

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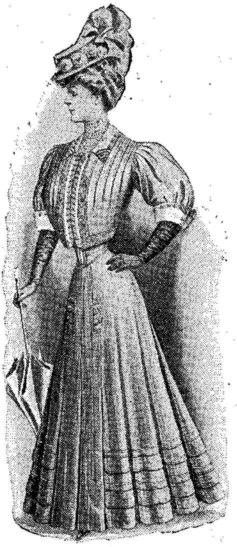

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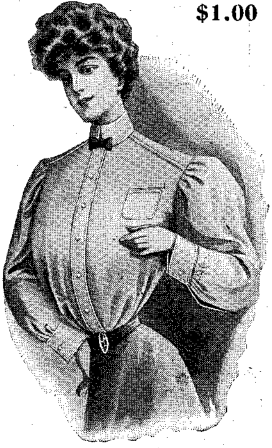

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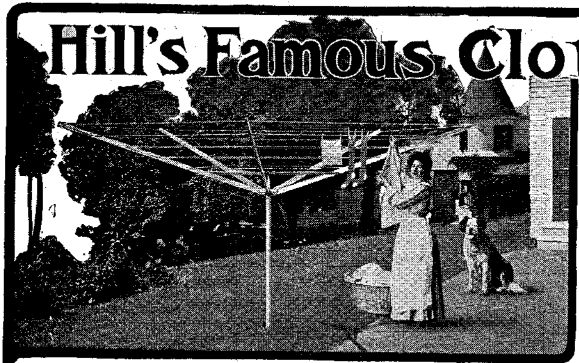

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## HILL'S FAMOUS LAWN DRYER

It always looks neat and tidy. Holds 100 to 150 feet of line, quickly removed after the wash. Lasts a lifetime; saves line and clothes. No tramping in wet grass or snow; line comes to you. More than two million people use them. Also **Balcony and Roof Dryers.**

If not found at hardware store write for catalog 10.

**HILL DRYER CO., 341 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.**

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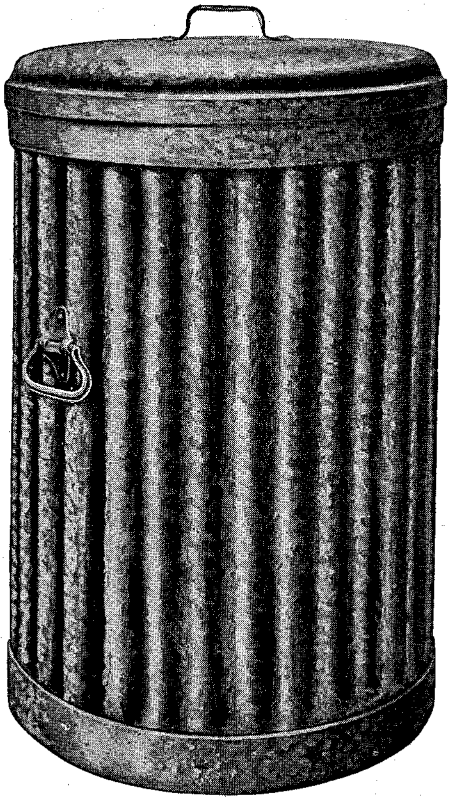

# Dogs can't get a smell! Much less their nose in!

# Witt's Garbage Cans

and pails have a tight-fitting lid, that *keeps in* the smell and *keeps out* the dog.

## Corrugated,

that's another word for *triple* strength. The *all*-steel Witt Garbage Cans and Pails have their strength tripled along the lines of strain. That's because they're corrugated. Last for years.

Ask at the stores for Witt's Can and look for "Witt's Can" stamped on lid. 3 sizes—No. 1, 15¾x25 in.; No. 2, 18x25 in.; No. 3, 20½x25 in. Pail 2 sizes, 5 and 7 gal.

If not on sale in your town order direct from us. Use it and if you don't like it, we'll pay for its return and promptly refund your money.

Dealers sell Witt's Can the same way.

**The Witt Cornice Co., Dept. O, Cincinnati, O.**

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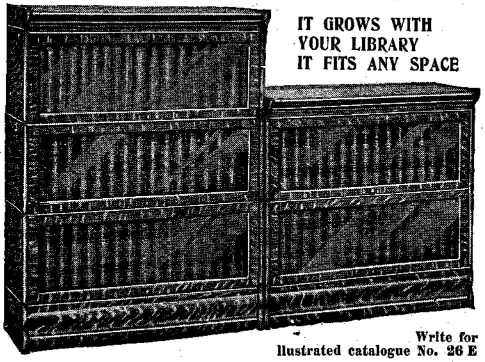
# On Approval, Freight Paid Per Section $1.00 without Door $1.75 with Door



IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY IT FITS ANY SPACE

Write for illustrated catalogue No. 26 E

# "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase

**Pronounced the Best by its Thousands of Users**

The Lundstrom cases are made under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production is sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such reasonable prices. In purchasing a Lundstrom Sectional Bookcase you are not helping to test a doubtful experiment, but are getting an article which time and experience have proven a wonderful success. Our sectional bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. Every book section has a **non-binding**, disappearing **glass door** and is highly finished in **Solid Oak.** Tops and bases, $1.00 each.

***All goods sold direct from factory only***

**The C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.**
**Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets.**

$15.
ERMOOR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**Buy of us OR of our Dealer**

# OSTERMOOR

## MATTRESS

**BUILT**

**NOT STUFFED**

*The Perfect Mattress* is the one you never feel—the one that never forces itself upon your mind—the one that *lets* you sleep at once if sleepy and *lulls* you to dreamland when restless.

*Express paid to your door.*

## Our Free Book, "The Test of Time"

tells all about the Ostermoor, and explains why it fulfills these conditions. It contains 136 pages of vital importance to any one who values health and long life, and the restful sleep that insures both. Your name and address on a postal will do.

*Try an Ostermoor for thirty nights free.* If it fails to satisfy in any particular, we refund your money immediately and without question.

## We Sell By Mail, or Through 2000 Ostermoor Dealers

| Regular Sizes and Prices | |
|---|---|
| 2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs. | $8.35 |
| 3 feet wide, 30 lbs. | 10.00 |
| 3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs. | 11.70 |
| 4 feet wide, 40 lbs. | 13.35 |
| 4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs. | 15.00 |

All 6 feet 3 inches long.
**Express Charges Prepaid.**
In two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

*Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere*—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. We were compelled to this move by the necessity of protecting the public against a deluge of worthless imitations. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask *us* who he is—will show you a mattress with the *Ostermoor name and label.* That alone stands for mattress excellence the world over. *Be sure to look for our name and trade-mark sewn on the end.* Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

**Ostermoor Boat Cushions**

The kind that are better than hair—more buoyant (life-saving) than cork. Non-absorbent. Any covering desired. Send for booklet and special prices. Prompt delivery to order.

**OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 120 Elizabeth Street, New York**
Canadian Agency: Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Montreal

*Style 608.* *Price* $1.50

**Auto Dress**

The pleasures of automobiling are greatly enhanced by an easy and comfortable costume. Be sure to wear a Ferris Waist, it is firm enough to give restful, bracing support, permits freedom of motion, still maintaining the graceful lines of the figure.

**FERRIS**

**GOOD SENSE WAISTS**

are a great improvement over the unyielding corset.

You can never appreciate the real pleasure of motoring until you add a Ferris Waist to your automobile costume.

There is a size and shape to fit you exactly. The name in red is sewn on each waist.

Send for the free Ferris Book showing photographic reproductions of the various styles on living models.

**THE FERRIS BROS. COMPANY,**
**341 Broadway, New York**

CORTICELLI
WARRANTED
100 YDS.
SPOOL SILK
A

**Corticelli Silk**

WEARS LONGEST AND HOLDS STRONGEST

**IF ANY DEALER OFFERS YOU A SUBSTITUTE WHEN YOU ASK FOR THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER**

Sample Pair, Mercerized 25c. Silk 50c. Mailed on Receipt of Price.

**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE**

OVER TWO HUNDRED STYLES WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

**LOOK** FOR THE NAME AND THE MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

VELVET GRIP

"NO BETTER IN THE WORLD"

# AMERICAN HOSIERY UNDERWEAR

*Nine Highest Awards*

**WHAT A GENTLEMAN DEMANDS**

The true gentleman wants what the world does not see to be as good and genuine as what the world can see—he will have not only his suit and overcoat and hat to be the best, but also his underwear and hosiery.

Leading dealers everywhere, can supply American Hosiery Underwear in wool, silk, cotton, or linen, for men, women, and children. All weights adapted to all climates and seasons. Every length of sleeve and drawer. Insist upon having your correct size. If your dealer cannot supply you, write

**American Hosiery Co., 108-110 Franklin Street, New York**

*Wholesale only.* *Mills at New Britain, Conn.*

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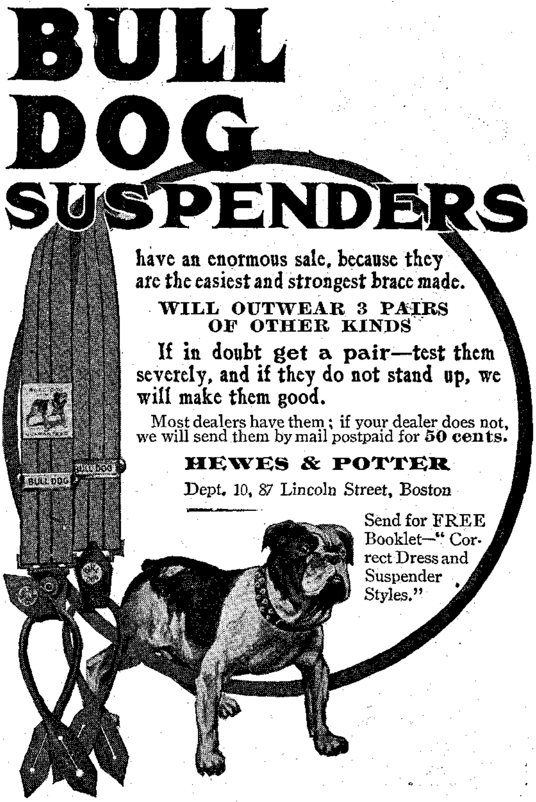

# BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

have an enormous sale, because they are the easiest and strongest brace made.

**WILL OUTWEAR 3 PAIRS OF OTHER KINDS**

**If in doubt get a pair—test them severely, and if they do not stand up, we will make them good.**

Most dealers have them; if your dealer does not, we will send them by mail postpaid for **50 cents.**

**HEWES & POTTER**

Dept. 10, 87 Lincoln Street, Boston

Send for FREE Booklet—"Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."

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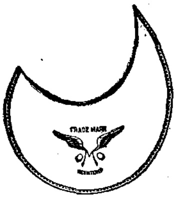
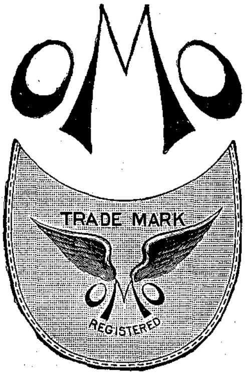
# The only ODORLESS-IMPERVIOUS Dress Shield

**Curvette**



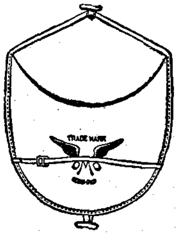
Specially adapted for Stout Persons

**Contains No Rubber**



**Can Be Washed**

**Detachable**



Attached without sewing. Quickly removed

**Zouave**

A detachable Dress and Corset Shield.

We will send circular showing Zouave upon application

## DRESS SHIELD

## GUARANTEED

We will pay for damage to garment resulting from an imperfectly made OMO DRESS SHIELD

## HYGIENIC

Made from a pure, odorless, impervious fibre without the aid of acids or chemicals and recommended by journals of health and the medical profession for purity and hygienic qualities

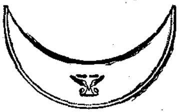
We make every STYLE and SIZE of shield necessary to protect the garment

**Send for Illustrated Circular**

**LinenMesh**

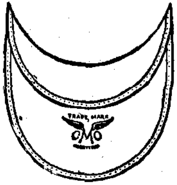
An Ideal Hot-Weather Shield

**Out of Sight**



Specially for Summer Shirt Waists

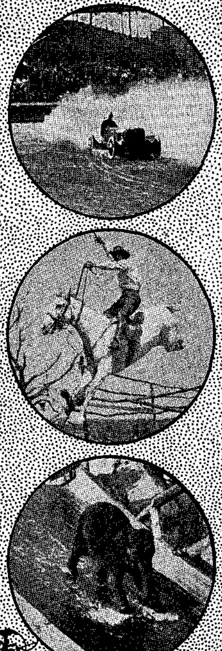
**Short Flap**



Is invisible when worn with thin sleeves

**THE OMO MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. M, Middletown, Conn.**

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss
TESSAR



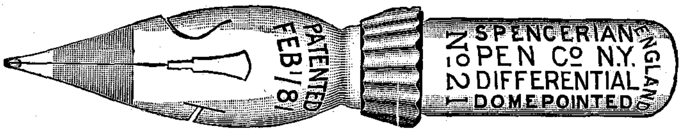
When Buying a Camera

you must remember that photographs like those shown in this advertisement are almost impossible with the lenses usually furnished and that the most interesting views you would like to photograph are often the most difficult to get. The *lens* is the all important part of a camera. The new TESSAR Lens, now furnished with all Kodaks, Premos, Century and Hawkeye Cameras, will make pictures such as those shown here as easily as any other kind. It will make any kind of a picture from a racing automobile to a portrait. TESSAR is only one of many fine photographic lenses made by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company and described in a beautifully illustrated booklet, "Aids to Artistic Aims," just issued, sent free on request. Ask your dealer to show you cameras with the new TESSAR Lenses

**Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.**

NEW YORK BOSTON WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

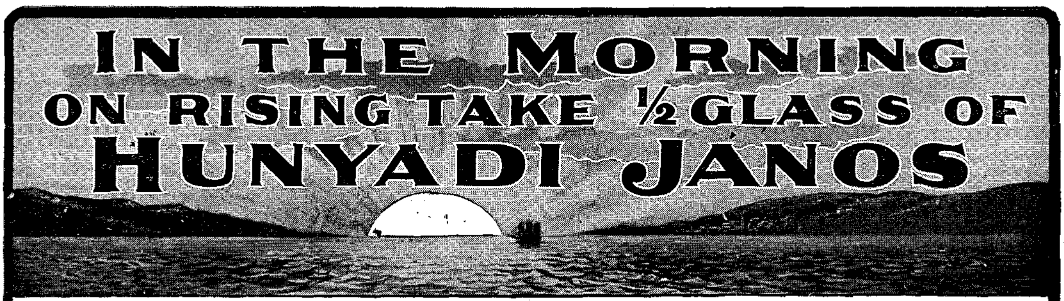
SPENCERIAN O. N. P.



Our New Pen No. 21—Dome Pointed. Ball shaped points to prevent scratching and spurting; will write as smoothly as a quill.

*12 Samples for trial on receipt of 10 cents. Ask for No. 21 O. N. P.*

**SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York**



A bottle of the famous **Natural Aperient Water, HUNYADI JANOS,** always in the house, is the very best safeguard against biliousness, sick headache, nervousness and the many disorders arising from imperfect or overworked digestion. One dose brings a quick and natural relief.